Stuff FOR MEN

SEPTEMBER 2001
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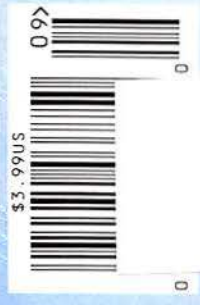

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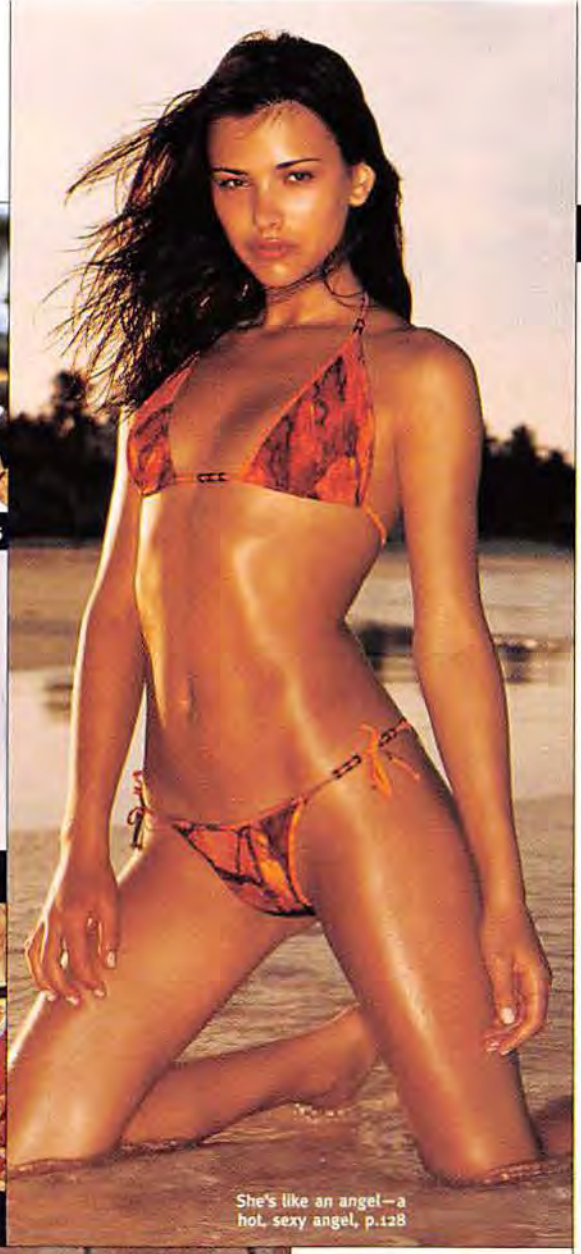

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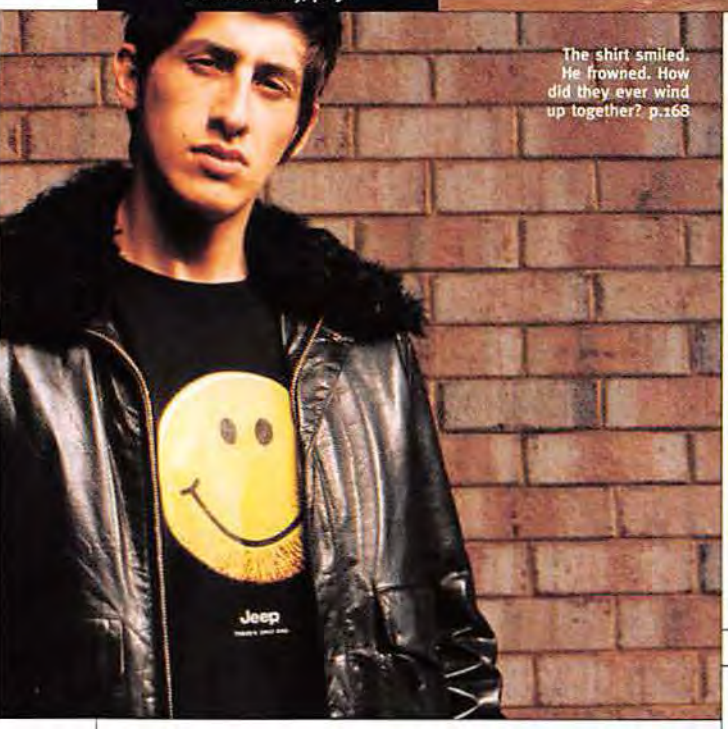

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It's difficult to appreciate some of the greatest tourist destinations in the world when you're racing through them at 225 mph. But with over 30 different racecourses and cars from the world's top manufacturers which are created according to the exact specifications of their real-life counterparts, you'll feel like you could. Besides, when the competition starts battling with you for every inch of space on the track, you won't have time to see the sights. However, you can test your skills in the intense arcade mode or the simulation mode, where true car fanatics can supe-up their cars to no end. So don't worry about packing all your things, because if you're good, it'll be a short trip.

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Stuff

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Ye gods! I'm as hard as a rock.

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Two women. Two tiny bikinis. One beach. Eight pages of big photos. Who loves you?

On the Cover

Jennifer Lopez

PHOTOGRAPHED BY TONY DURAN FOR ARTMIX THE AGENCY

STYLING BY ANDREA LIBERMAN FOR MARGARET MALDEONADO. HAIR BY ORIBE FOR THE ORIBE SALON NY-MIAMI/L'OREAL. MAKEUP BY SCOTT BARNES FOR GARREN NEW YORK. MANICURE BY LISA JACHNO FOR CLOUTIER/L'OREAL. PANTIES BY PAT FIELD.

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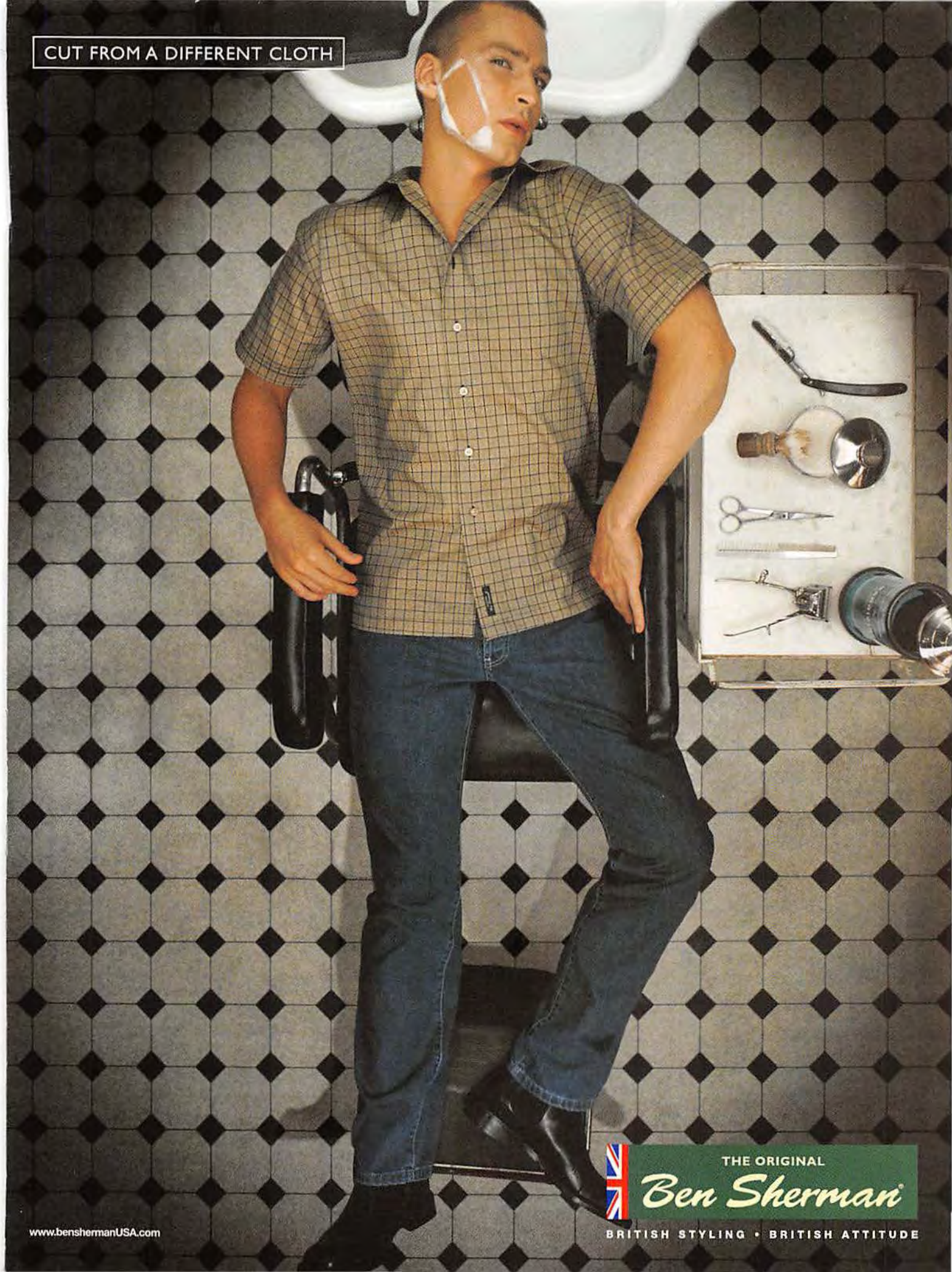
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September? My thought exactly.

1

2

3

4

5

Carl the Cable Coupling says:
"FYI, to save money on energy bills, fashion a housecoat out of electric blankets and lower your thermostat! That's the A to the FAQ! Now, go hook up!"

September is my favorite month for three reasons.

- I was born in September.
- It's National Chicken[1] Month. Chicken is not only nutritious and easy to prepare, but it's also quite versatile. For example, the one I own goes great with jeans *and* khakis.
- The fall foliage[2] is simply beautiful—I love looking at all the reds, browns and greens. Then I leave the hospital and it's even better.

Speaking of which, we were going to put an autumn landscape on the cover of this month's issue, but frankly, Jennifer Lopez made better scenery—besides, every men's magazine on the planet was annoying her for her picture. So we had to tell them to back off. I think that affected her deeply. Because here she is on our cover, with even more of her inside. Lots more, in fact. Check it out.

Speaking of my life, there seem to be so many things missing from it: a tan convertible,[3] a sturdy woman,[4] a huge dog I could ride to work. I guess I am a pilgrim, a seeker. So it isn't surprising that we have in this issue a handbook on how to seek things. People. Sunglasses. Tea strainers. Car keys.[5] The little things that always seem to be hidden, which is why we seek them. That's why we call this feature "Looking for Someone?"—close your eyes, count to 20 and see if you can find it. And, of course, we have a piece about how to get lost. *This* just might be the article you've been looking for. Take this quick test:

Do you inexplicably fall sound asleep every night and stay that way for hours?

Yes ____ **No** ____ **Don't know** _____

Scoring: A yes answer means that perhaps you've grown tired of your job, your family and your girlfriend and you're thinking that it's time to skip town. We'll show you how to drop everything and start over! It's a must-read for people with skin disorders, people with commitment problems or serial killers, who never have problems with skin or commitment. Those people are just amazing.

Speaking of amazing, turn to "*Stuff*'s Most Amazing Things." This is one of the most amazing stories in this issue, full of the things that are often ignored by foul-smelling performance artists, yet which we find profoundly beautiful. And do you know what's amazing to me, dear reader? You, that's who.

Speaking of you, check out our special fashion section, what I privately like to call our fashion orgy: It's 31 nonstop, throbbing pages of practical, sharp-looking threads. Question: Why do the models look so unhappy? Would they be happier without the clothes? Without the money? Something is wrong in their lives. What are they missing? A hug? Or maybe a special new friend?

Like, say, Carl the Cable Coupling? He's our new mechanical friend who will help dispense cool information on all sorts of topics. Here he is (look to your lower left).

So get lost. In this magazine. We'll find you next month.

GREG GUTFELD EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

ANOTHER PHONE MESSAGE FROM MY MOM

"Hi, that wasn't me. I wouldn't leave you any messages except very decent ones. I'm glad you're coming home. What's the flight number? Anyway, there is a baby shower on Saturday. And Sunday is your nephew's birthday! It would be nice if you got him something-but please not another magazine. Anyway, in the paper they had something about your magazine, *Stuff*. It was actually about Amber... what's-her-name?...Brkich something?... oh, well. Tell your staff thanks for the candy and those pictures of your desk. You should be ashamed of yourself. What is that thing on your chair? Anyway, I got a note from someone who saw you and said that you've matured. I sent him a thank-you. I hope that's true. Anyway, Greg, can you get a haircut at the airport?"

THE STUFF HOT LIST

This month: Courtesy of the kids at St. Williams Elementary School in San Enselmo, California.

WHAT'S IN

- Tetherball
- **Capri Sun**
- Address labels with fruit on them
- **Using the letter *z* instead of *s*, and triple *e*'s instead of *ea* when spelling: Pleeeze!**
- Flavored bandages
- **Blowing off the bake sale**

WHAT'S OUT

- Clipboards
- **The water fountain with gum in it**
- Peter R. Crassley's leg cast (It's starting to smell.)
- **Monkey bars**
- Making fun of the orphan
- **Measles**

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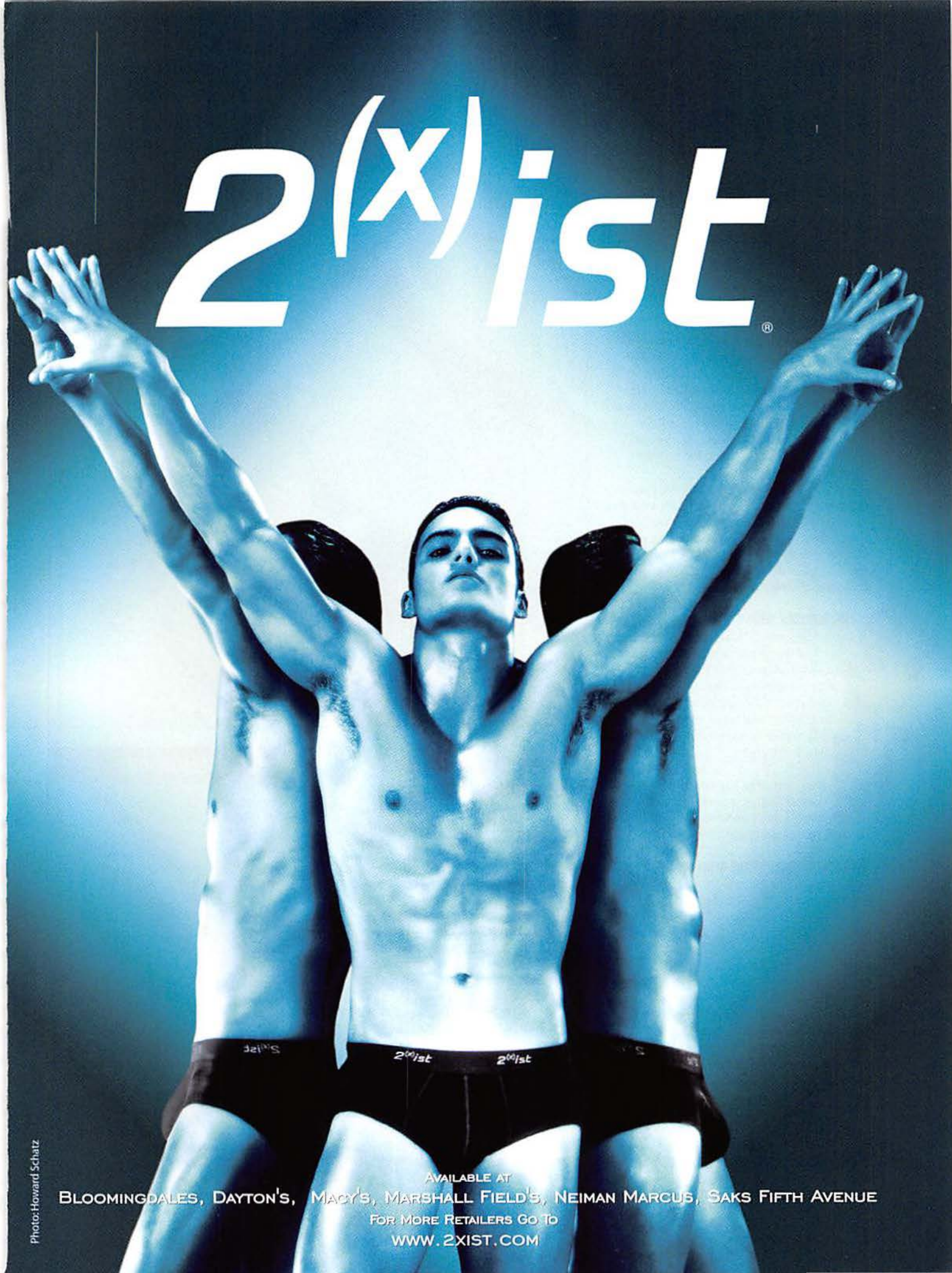
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Dear Stuff

We just love it when you write to us–as much as a magazine is capable of loving.

Now you stay there. We're just popping out for a salad.

Scratching that Brkich

I never saw a single episode of *Survivor: The Australian Outback*, but I have to admit that I am definitely impressed by Amber Brkich's July *Stuff* cover pictorial. The woman has the face and body of a goddess! You really turned on the sizzle with this one, and again you show all the other magazines just how it's done. All they can do is sit on the floor and cry like the babies they are!

—Stephen Roldan, Aiea, Hawaii

Truth be told, Stephen, we never saw a single episode of *Survivor: The Australian Outback* either. We spend our evenings working with children at a nearby sweatshop. It doesn't pay much, but the kids are so cute behind those big sewing machines.

People who complain about *Stuff* are neat

The trouble with clowns

In your May issue, I saw a page near the back of the magazine with a picture of a clown and a caption that said, "Hey, kids—Mommy and Daddy don't really love you." It did not seem to be related to anything else in the magazine. Could you explain to me what it means and why it is there?

—Jane F., via e-mail

Jane, that page appeared only in your copy of *Stuff*. It means that your parents don't really love you. We thought the message was pretty clear.

The insurance-fraud man can

While reviewing the July issue, I came upon a letter submitted by Ziad Manuel in which he describes an accident he had while operating a Honda CRX [True Lies]. Mr. Manuel makes light of falsehoods that were furnished to the police officer to support a fraudulent insurance claim that he intended to present. Individuals like Mr. Manuel cost the insurance industry in excess of $80 billion annually, and those costs are passed on to the consumer. In the state of Maryland, making a material misrepresentation in support of a claim with a value over $300 is a felony punishable by up to 15 years' imprisonment and a fine of up to $10,000. Not so funny, huh?!

—Ronald A. Sallow, associate commissioner, Maryland Insurance Fraud Division

We agree! Those friggin' insurance companies must be stopped now, before their power increases tenfold and they kill us all! ▷▷▷

Stuff answers other magazines' letters

From *Entertainment Weekly*, June 8, 2001

Dear *Entertainment Weekly*,
As someone who saves every spare cent to see the Dave Matthews Band, I am often asked, "Why would you want to see the same concert over and over again?" I think I may now just hand out your article and save my breath. Thank you for telling the world what thousands of us already know...that DMB is "the best of what's around."

–Cayce Fournier, Hammond, La.

***Stuff* says: We'll tell you what's the best of what's around–your attitude. Kudos to you and your obsession with the Dave Matthews Band. We're sure Dave appreciates the great financial sacrifices you make to see him perform and that he thinks of you all the time.**

Sun bright. Hurt Dave!

Letter of the Month

I am currently living in Singapore, which has draconian censorship laws. So what? you might ask. My problem is that they have censored your recent July issue. They have torn out pages 58-60, the Powder Room, "Which of These Girls Likes Girls?" Surely you can get around such trivial attempts at censorship by posting these three pages on your Web site for all us pathetic individuals living in this country. Go on, please start an international incident of some sort by posting them on your site. The worst that could happen is that they ban your mag completely and I get deported.

–Steven McDermott, via e-mail

We have no problem posting our stories on the Internet so people can read them without purchasing our magazine, thereby ripping the food out of our mouths and the mouths of our indentured servants. Still, we feel for your situation and suggest a self-caning for kicks. We'll send you a pair of Nike PSC Communicate walkie-talkies (worth $140) to ease the pain.

Photography: (Amber) Chris Cuffaro; Styling: Kenny Hash; Hair: Kali for Celestine L.A.; Makeup: Beth Carter for Karlee at Karlee Artists Management. (Clown) Damien Donck.

tomboy
Hennessy. Mix accordingly.
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For the Love of Pete

The interview you did with me in the June issue ["This Man Thinks He's Peter Pan"] was comical without being insulting, but it didn't offer much to indicate that I have a brain. However, it generated more traffic on my site, which meant more chances to meet friends. It also created some nasty mail, but that's par for the course. Because of it, FOX did a TV piece on me. This, in turn, has brought two new girlfriends into my life! <Big SMILE!> So I'm glad. It seems the more I allow people to make jokes, the more I get to share my message–that no matter how strange you may be, God loves you too! So thanks!

–Randy (Peter Pan), via e-mail

Randy, it was our pleasure. Don't mind those nasty folks. They'll never accept you the way we do, our flying bob-haired friend. <Big GRIN!>

Another cheesed-off grammarian

Hey, I read your magazine all the time, and I've realized that about two or three times an issue you guys use the phrase "by the by." In context, it should be "by the way." I've never heard of "by the by." Is this *Stuff*bonics?

—Tony F., via e-mail

Tony, if life has taught us anything, it's to acknowledge our mistakes. Our biggest mistake? Those Polaroids.

Why we didn't go into radio

This shit had me and my crew here at Wild 98.7 FM in Tampa, Florida, laughing our asses off, wondering what one of your writers was smoking when doin' the Hype! Movies section of your June issue. On page 48, the last movie review for *Tomb Raider* reads "Based on the popular video game *NBA Shootout 2001*." Really? Hmmm, last time we checked, it was based on the video game *Tomb Raider*!

—Third-Leg Greg and the Wild Bunch, Wild 98.7 FM, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Wait a second, *Tomb Raider* was based on *Tomb Raider*? Well, that would explain their identical names. You know, that would also explain our obvious *NBA Shootout* joke. Sorry, what was the question again? We're a little out of it. Must be all that morning zoo-riffic wackiness!

Sarasota dreamin'

I'm a subscriber to *Stuff* and also have been on the radio in Sarasota, Florida, for 10 years. As a single guy, I have to say I was shocked to see in your story "The Best Cities for Guys" [July issue] that Sarasota is No. 1 for finding single women. I don't know where you found this information, but I will tell you from the extensive field research I've conducted, there is no way this can be true. We do indeed have a lot of beautiful women in Sarasota. But very few of them are single or willing to date losers like myself. Even with our older population, every man who hits 60 would have to croak and leave a widow to make Sarasota the best place to find single women in America. The other reason I'm writing is to discourage guys from coming down here, as it will further decrease my chances of getting a date. Please, stay away!

—Maverick Johnson, 1320 WAMR, the Sports Animal, via e-mail

Maverick, you should move to St. Petersburg and hang out with Third-Leg Greg and the Wild Bunch. The Sports Animal, Third-Leg Greg and the Wild Bunch together? Insane!

Are we in heaven, or is that Ira Silverstein???

That Time of the Month

I've had the regrettable occasion to look through the pages of the July issue of *Stuff*. It is nothing short of a stinking pile of shit! I failed to see any information that will be helpful at a later date. The only item close to being worthwhile was how to survive a shipwreck, but even that was common sense. Is your marketing strategy targeted toward Neanderthals, dictating that this swill be completely devoid of content? It is amazing to me that so little can be said in so much space, and that *Stuff* has an avid and loyal group of readers. If the purpose of the magazine is to print pictures of beautiful women, why not supplement the pictures with something newsworthy, informative or interesting rather than sensationalistic crap and base, ignorant humor? Anyhow, enjoy wasting paper on your next issue. If I see one, I'll put it to the most effective use I can think of: recycling.

–Jesse Tuel, Emporia, Kan.

Sorry, Jesse, but *Stuff* is printed on a specially coated paper that is impossible to recycle. In fact, it never biodegrades, either. This eco-unfriendly paper is way more costly than the regular kind, but we spare no expense to piss you off.

Corrections

- Our continuing series about race relations in America got a little off track last issue. We think we stretched the concept a bit far by adding go-cart races instead of just focusing on major automotive, bicycle, foot and potato sack.
- In the July issue, we stated that "nothing travels faster than the speed of light." We neglected to mention that Ed Gaines, a buddy of ours from college, appears to move faster than this whenever we're at a restaurant and it's time to pay. Try picking up a check, Ed!
- A bunch of us were really bored a few weeks ago and decided to shave our feet. Big mistake.
- "Hitting the books" shouldn't cause bruising, bleeding or other physical discomfort. We apologize to those who were hospitalized after reading July's "Summer Learnin' Special."
- Parakeets don't "fry up real nice" as reported in a recent Recipe of the Month ("Breakfast Nook," July issue, page 48). They're mostly gristle. We regret the error.

Win $200 Worth of Birkenstock Shoes

We can remember when Birkenstock just made excavating equipment. Now the German conglomerate produces everything from clerical robes to glass figurines. It also produces some darn nice shoes. And not just hippie-style sandals worn by guys named Boon who play bongos and clean their teeth with baking soda. Today Birkenstock makes the kind of footwear that wouldn't look out of place on a high-powered attorney or even the pope, with classic lines, fine leathers and a special contoured foot bed. We'll give you $200 worth of Birkenstock's fall shoe line if we choose your ramblings for letter of the month. So drop us a line and you may walk away a winner! Unless you've got no feet. Then this whole conversation was pointless.

Send your letters to: **Letters, *Stuff*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018; or letters@stuffmagazine.com**

For rules, see the Where to Buy page

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True Lies

Eddie hated Fruit Day. But Jar Day was much worse.

"Don't Die on Me Now, Man!"

True stories from your twisted lives.

Rescue 911

One day my associate and I got a call to go to a building downtown. When we arrived, there was a huge commotion at the front door. A security guard was lying on the floor, the apparent victim of a heart attack, and he looked as if he had been dead for hours. The people who had gathered around began to look at me as if they were expecting me to do some *Third Watch*–type shit. Willing to please, I got down on my hands and knees and began performing CPR on the guy. I pounded on his chest and started screaming, "Don't die on me now, man! Live, damn you!" After a while, the paramedics showed up and pronounced the guard dead at the scene. As we all watched

TRUE LIE OF THE MONTH

When my little brother Edward was in the second grade, his teacher, Mrs. Goldstein, organized a fruits-and-vegetables party. In an attempt to promote better nutrition, she had each student bring in a specific fruit or vegetable and explain its merits to the class. My brother was assigned the tangerine. However, Edward was a very poor listener and also quite stupid. So stupid that he told my mother she needed to buy him a tambourine for school. When he showed up with the instrument, everyone in his class abused him physically and verbally. For the next decade his nickname was Moron.

—Jason B., Deer Park, N.Y.

What the students failed to realize is that tambourines are very high in fiber. Dumb constipated kids. For taking advantage of your brother's lifetime of suffering, you've won a case of Dirty Olive vodka or gin worth $200. Toss Moron a bottle...and watch him drop it.

Illustration: Jason Johnson.

him being wheeled away on a stretcher, an onlooker asked me, "Do you think we could have done anything else?" I shook my head and sighed, "It was just his time." With a reassuring nod, my partner and I walked off. By the way, I work for the cable company and don't know shit about medicine.

—Scott, somewhere in Illinois

Why porn is bad, bad, bad

I had just moved out of my house to go away to college for my freshman year. My younger sister called to ask if she could have my old room, and I said OK. As soon as I hung up the phone, my stomach dropped. I had just remembered that I'd left a stack of hard-core porno mags hidden in the back of my closet. My school was 1,000 miles from home, so there was no way I could get back there and grab the mags before she found them. I had to just sit back and wait for the dreaded call from my outraged mom. But oddly, the call never came. A few weeks passed before I learned why: When my dad was helping move my stuff out of the room, he stumbled upon the naughty pile of goodness and removed the mags before my sister had a chance to spot them. That was the good news. But then came the bad news: My mom found the mags in my dad's closet hidden under a bunch of clothes and made him go to a therapist.

—Christian L., Fargo, N.D.

Don't stand so close to me

A number of years ago, I was on a date at one of my favorite restaurants, sitting at the best table by the window. Suddenly, the manager approached me and said, "Andy Summers, the guitarist from the Police, is here, and he wants your table. Would you mind moving?" I looked at him in disbelief, appalled that they would have the gall to treat one of their best customers like this. So I got up and stormed off without a word. As my date and I made our way to the exit, we came face-to-face with Summers. I didn't care who he was—he looked like a short little dweeb with an attitude problem. So I pulled a toy pistol out of my jacket pocket (long story), put it to his head and said, "Enjoy the meal, motherfucker—it will be your last." Then I pulled the trigger. *Bam!* He fell backward, and it clearly looked to me as if he'd shit his pants. Let me tell you, there was a little black spot on the sun that day, my friends.

—Stewart Percy, via e-mail

Eat this

One night a buddy of mine brought a woman back to our apartment who proceeded to eat everything in sight. My pal realized he'd screwed up by bringing this human garbage disposal home, but he was too polite to tell her to leave. It became my duty to come to his rescue, so I devised a plan. I wandered out of my bedroom, disheveled, and mumbled that there had been an accident. "I think I might have gone too far," I said. In a dazed monotone, I explained that my girlfriend and I were enjoying some rough sex, but now she wasn't breathing. "She might be dead," I whispered. My roommate went along with this as his date stared at me in horror. Then I snapped out of it and started to panic, screaming at the top of my lungs, "We can't go to the cops! I'm in fucking med school!" I grabbed a kitchen knife and started running around yelling about my ruined life. The gluttonous girl, trying to be sensible, said, "You have to do something." Holding up the knife, I replied, "You're right. Are you hungry?"

—Trevor Winslow, Tampa, Fla.

Who's the dope?

I had never smoked pot in my life, until one night I was hanging out with my sister's boyfriend, Ted. He told me that a friend of his quit smoking and gave him his entire stash for free. Ted asked if I would celebrate his amazing score by smoking some with him. Figuring it wouldn't hurt to try it, I took a few modest hits from a joint. Then we went for a walk. Suddenly, all of the street signs on the block were upside down, and I started to get really paranoid. Ted just laughed. Right then I swore I'd never do drugs again. The next morning on the way to school, I noticed that, in fact, the street signs *were* upside down. Ted had flipped them himself, and it wasn't even pot that he gave me—it was moss. Asshole.

—George C., via e-mail

WIN A CASE OF GOSLING'S BLACK SEAL RUM

Seals are funny creatures. They balance big things on their noses and will do anything for a fish. *Anything.* What does this have to do with Gosling's Black Seal Rum, you ask? Absolutely nothing. Our point: We're giving away a case of this sweet stuff (worth $200) to the person with the most outrageous tale. So send us a strange story that enlightens the mind and astounds the senses, and Seal the deal.

For rules, see the Where to Buy page.

Send your stories to: *Stuff*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018; or letters@stuffmagazine.com.

Check out more True Lies at www.stuffmagazine.com.

Blitz!
A FULL-FRONTAL ASSAULT ON YOUR SENSES

First lady

Feast Your Eyes On Her

Padma Lakshmi is just like you and me–but smarter. And hotter. The host of the Food Network's *Padma's Passport* heats up our camera and stir-fries our hearts. In return, we grill her.

Padma is so hot that her boyfriend, Salman Rushdie, feels compelled to show her off everywhere. Which is something, considering the million-dollar price on his head and the fact that the entire Islamic world wants to use Salman in a rice dish. Padma recently traded the high heels and glitzy ensembles of runway fashion for the eggbeaters and well-oiled woks of daytime cooking television, and our sets have been overheating ever since. She is also set to hit the big screen in *Glitter*, playing a vocally challenged lead singer who is upstaged by an overachieving (and presumably buxom) backup performer portrayed by Mariah Carey. We chatted with Padma to find out what hot and spicy things are happening in her life. There, now we're all out of food puns. Chop-chop!

STUFF: You have a cookbook, *Easy Exotic: A Model's Low-Fat Recipes from Around the World.* That title is a bit wordy, no?

PADMA: I wanted to call it *Quick Recipes for Fast Broads*, but my editor didn't think that was a good idea. I think it's funny. I think we've lost our sense of humor, and that's unfortunate. ▷▷▷

Her hair cascades down her shoulders like some sort of beautiful hairy waterfall

Some would even say tragic. Not me, but some. Your Food Network show is part of the Melting Pot series. Do you really think America is a melting pot?
I do. What's great about America is that we're this hodgepodge of different nationalities. Everyone has had a Korean roommate in college or a Colombian next-door neighbor or a Chinese baby-sitter.

You met your controversial boyfriend at the launch party for *Talk* magazine. Not to get too personal, but I have to ask this: What do you think of *Talk*?
I think it's OK. I'm not in the publishing business myself. I can't comment on the merits of one national magazine vs. another national magazine.

Hmmm...ducking the question, eh? Soon the masses will see you in *Glitter* with Mariah Carey.
It's a lot of fun. My character thinks she's great, but she just can't sing. Mariah starts out as my backup. And there's this one part of the choreography where I have to slide down on my knees à la Prince.

Do you look deliciously sexual like one who might be found in Prince's Paisley Park harem (quite possibly the only harem to be found in northern Michigan, by the by)?
I'm supposed to look like one of those women. Like Vanity. I watched *Purple Rain* to see how she was dressed, how her hair was and stuff. I got to wear a lot of lace and corsets.

Hang out much with Mariah?
I did hang around her a little bit when we were in the makeup van and stuff like that. She was all right.

Is she, in fact, a diva?
Yeah, there certainly was a lot of entourage around her. But she was cool. She had a lot going on, as she probably always does. When you're on a movie set, it's like a circus that comes to town. It's not possible for everyone to sit around and chitchat. When you have downtime, you're usually in your trailer memorizing your lines.

For the sake of argument, let's say that Mariah, Cher, Madonna, Britney, Christina and Aretha Franklin are pitted against one another in a diva wrestling match. Who do you think would win?
I have no idea how to answer that. I would imagine Aretha Franklin, because she's got the most experience.

Not because of her size? She's fairly enormous, you know.
No. I've pushed over a lot of people who are much bigger than me. That doesn't mean anything to me.

You can push me over any day.
—Mike Olson

Photography: Mark Veitmin.

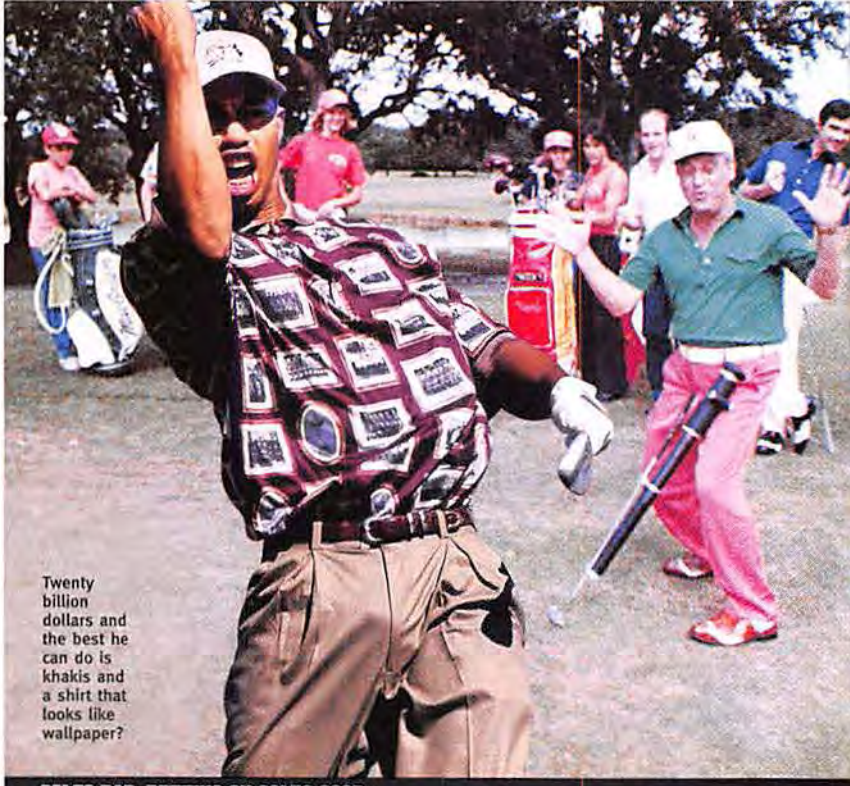
THERE'S A THIN LINE BETWEEN SANITY AND MADNESS. HERE'S HOW TO WALK IT.

Our design bunker is an asylum. We couldn't invent Arrowhead™ footwear in a sane world where flat pencil drawings are used as blueprints for building shoes. We use Net Shape Technology™ to capture every curve with optical sensors that digitize, triangulate and map billions of data points in three dimensions. That way, every single component fits perfectly into a system that works with human anatomy. For comfort and durability, it's total overkill. But that's just the madness in our method. For more info visit us at www.oakley.com or to find an authorized dealer near you call 1-800-501-5880.

POP QUIZ

Tennis Pro Or Porn Star?

Answers: A. Tennis pro; B. Tennis pro; C. Tennis pro; D. Tennis pro; E. Porn star; F. Tennis pro; G. Tennis pro; H. Tennis pro; I. Porn star; J. Tennis pro; K. Tennis pro; L. Tennis pro; M. Porn star; N. Tennis pro; O. Tennis pro; P. (Not pictured) Our art director quietly masturbating to all of them. He's a weird dude.



Twenty billion dollars and the best he can do is khakis and a shirt that looks like wallpaper?

GOLF? BAD. BETTING ON GOLF? GOOD.

THE WIZARD OF ODDS

Ryder Cup

USA	MINUS $200 (PUT UP $200 TO MAKE $100)
EUROPE	PLUS $150 (PUT UP $100 TO MAKE $150)
DRAW	PLUS $800 (PUT UP $100 TO MAKE $800)

While it'd be great if Tiger and Co. could pull a repeat, the best value here is the draw. And given the balance of the teams, that's a distinct possibility. In addition to providing a hefty payday for the investors and allowing the Americans to keep the Cup, the third tie in Ryder Cup history would really piss off Cuba. The only thing those Commies hate more than Uncle Sam is the game of golf.

Super Bowl

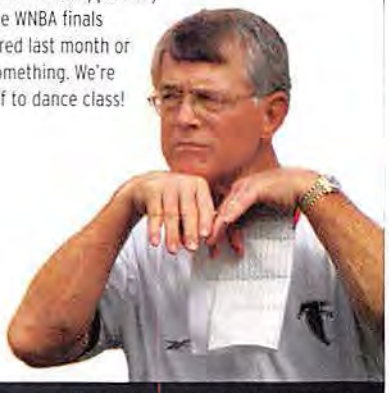
FAVORITE	RAMS	3-1
LONG SHOT	FALCONS	100-1

Scratch the Rams; their "unstoppable" passing attack got them a first-round playoff exit last season. Of the faves, that leaves the Bucs (give us a call when their offense is, like, good), the Giants (or the Meadowlands Flash in the Pans, as we giggly refer to them) and the Vikes (who seem as if they're playing on Vike-odin, if you will). Take a shot at some real cash with Michael Vick and the Falcons. Vick, the No.1 overall pick in the draft, has the skills to be an instant star. Plus he'll be guided by head coach Dan Reeves, the league's winningest active coach with 171 victories. Though they're coming off a 4-12 season, Reeves knows how to rebuild in a hurry: The 1997 Falcons went 7-9 and a year later won the NFC Championship. In 1998, his soufflé fell flat right before his boss came for dinner. But he whipped up a new one, and no one was the wiser!

Will the WNBA fold in three years?

THE ODDS	10-1
THE BET	NO
THE PLAYERS	UGLY

Don't touch those odds with your wallet (or with your hand–you don't know where those odds have been, mister). This is a league that has TV contracts with NBC, ESPN, ESPN2 and Lifetime (of course), as well as the full-frontal backing of the NBA (the name alone should've clued you in). According to a WNBA rep, "During the 2000 season, a record 2.5 million fans attended games, and the WNBA's combined local, national and international television coverage reached nearly 60 million viewers in 23 different languages and 158 countries." And some of them weren't even lesbians or female pro golfers! In other news: Apparently the WNBA finals aired last month or something. We're off to dance class!



We know we shouldn't feed him from the table, but he's so cute when he begs

Picks by *New York Post* betting guru Hondo and bookmaker William Hill.

MARK WAHLBERG

JENNIFER ANISTON

ROCK STAR

THE STORY OF A WANNA BE
WHO GOT TO BE.

WARNER BROS. PICTURES PRESENTS

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DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY UELI STEIGER EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS STEVEN REUTHER GEORGE CLOONEY MIKE OCKRENT WRITTEN BY JOHN STOCKWELL PRODUCED BY ROBERT LAWRENCE TOBY JAFFE

BEL-AIR ENTERTAINMENT

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SEPTEMBER 14

DIRECTED BY STEPHEN HEREK

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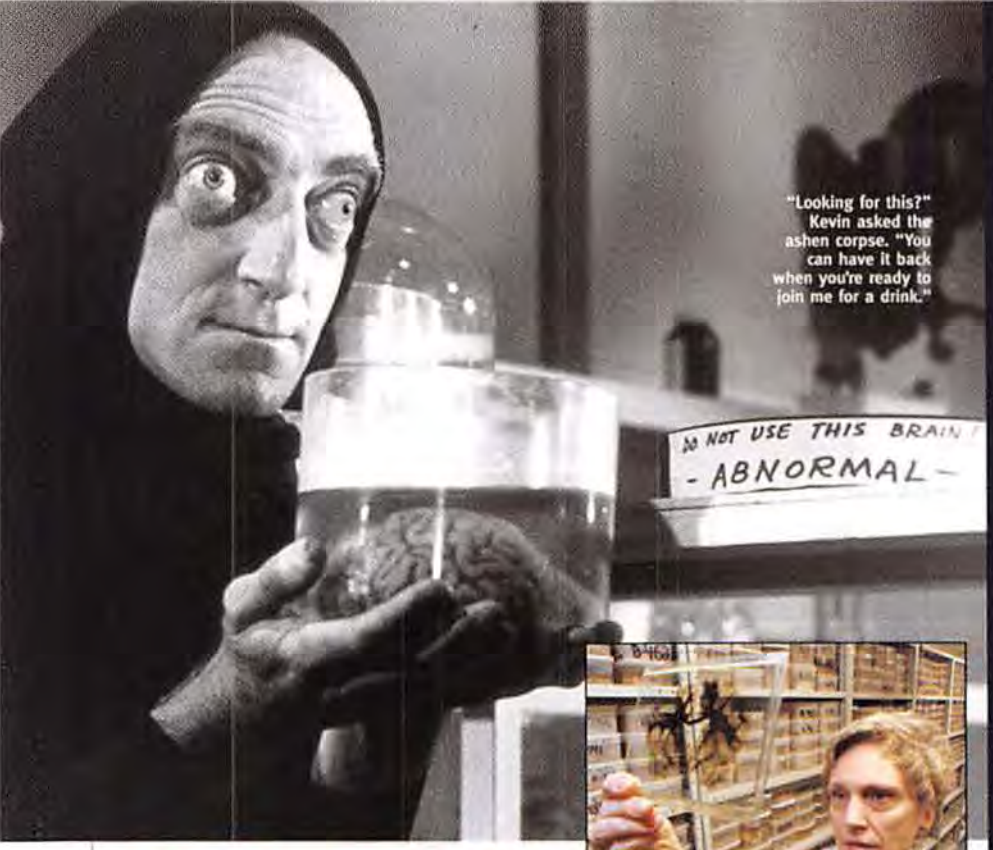
www.rockstarmovie.com America Online Keyword: Rock Star



"Looking for this?" Kevin asked the ashen corpse. "You can have it back when you're ready to join me for a drink."

"No one understands us, Blobby...."

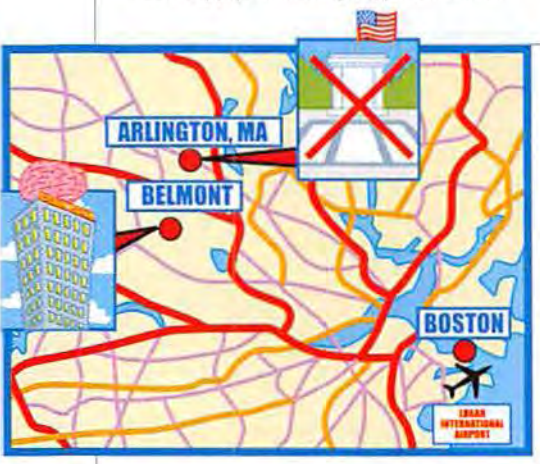
The Brain Bank

Use your cerebral cortex as collateral!

Harvard University is interested not only in the brains of the nation's best and brightest but in those of the diseased and insane, as well. This revered institute of higher learning is home to the Harvard Brain Tissue Resource Center, or—as the help call it—the Brain Bank (neurologists kick serious ass when it comes to alliteration). Its vaults boast a collection of more than 5,000 brains. Half of each brain has been sliced, diced and iced in a freezer kept at a maximum of -112 degrees Fahrenheit (each has its own backup system to prevent melted brain juice in case of a power outage). The other half is stewed in a Tupperware tub filled with formaldehyde and stored on floor-to-ceiling industrial shelving.

Researchers from around the world come in droves to make withdrawals, and after filing the necessary paperwork can get approved for their own little slice of head heaven. And like most banks, this one's constantly trying to solicit new clients eager to make the ultimate deposit. But you don't have to be a slobbering half-wit to qualify. In fact, the more normal the noggin, the better. "Scientists always need normal specimens to use as a benchmark," notes the magically delicious Francine Benes, M.D., Ph.D., who heads both the Brain Bank and our fancy. "Those whose families don't suffer from a neurological disorder don't really think about [it]." Whatever, brainiac.

Just log on to their official Web site (www.brainbank.mclean.org:8080), go to How to Make a Donation and fill out the Brain Donation Questionnaire. Then illustrate your utter distaste for those haughty Harvard types by devoting the rest of your life to destroying your donation. We recommend reading every Scott Turow novel you can get your hands on. *–Shane Mooney*



How to Get There

With your donation preserved in its transport case (an Igloo cooler or a living—but ideally terminal—body), fly into Boston's Logan International Airport.

Take Route 1A-Sumner Tunnel to Storrow Drive. Go west for about six miles, then bear right at the sign marked ARLINGTON. Try not to act too surprised when you ask about that Tomb of the Unknown Soldier at the Arlington National Cemetery and people laugh. It's in Arlington, *Virginia*, silly. Kudos for wanting to pay your respects, though.

On Route 2, head to Belmont and look for the MCLEAN HOSPITAL sign. Drop off the brain and feel happy about the good deed you did—in the name of both *Stuff* and science. Extra points if you do all this without pants.

Blitz!

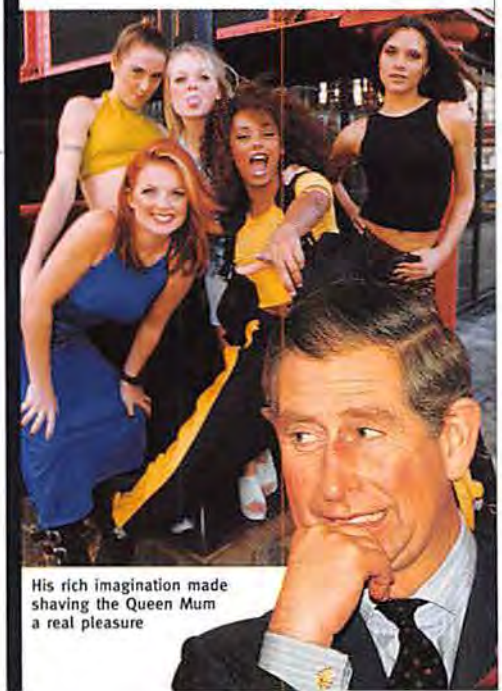
"Way to be nocturnal," said a nearby owl

USELESS FACTS

When an opossum "plays possum," it isn't playing dead. It has actually passed out.

- Mary Shelley, the author of *Frankenstein*, kept her dead husband's heart on her desk.
- Relative to its size, the flea has the largest penis on earth—up to two times its body length.
- Sylvester Stallone used to sweep the lion's cage at the Bronx Zoo before he became a star.
- Two out of three people in the world have never made a telephone call.
- Cockroaches have two brains—one in the head and one in the tail.
- In the United States, a patient speaks an average of 18 seconds before being interrupted by a doctor.
- Peanut shells can be used as an ingredient for making dynamite.
- Former president George Bush attended a CIA meeting wearing a false wig, a big nose and thick glasses.
- In 1996, a British retiree was sentenced to 56 days in prison for excessive pigeon feeding.
- Each year in Paris, 650 people break bones or are hospitalized after slipping on dog feces.
- Human birth control pills work on gorillas.
- Before becoming president, JFK was known as Mattress Jack in Palm Beach, Florida.
- In the 18th century, another phrase for anal sex was "to navigate the windward passage."
- Prince Charles ranked meeting the Spice Girls as the greatest moment of his life.

Wanted: One cabin boy. Must have full, pouty lips.



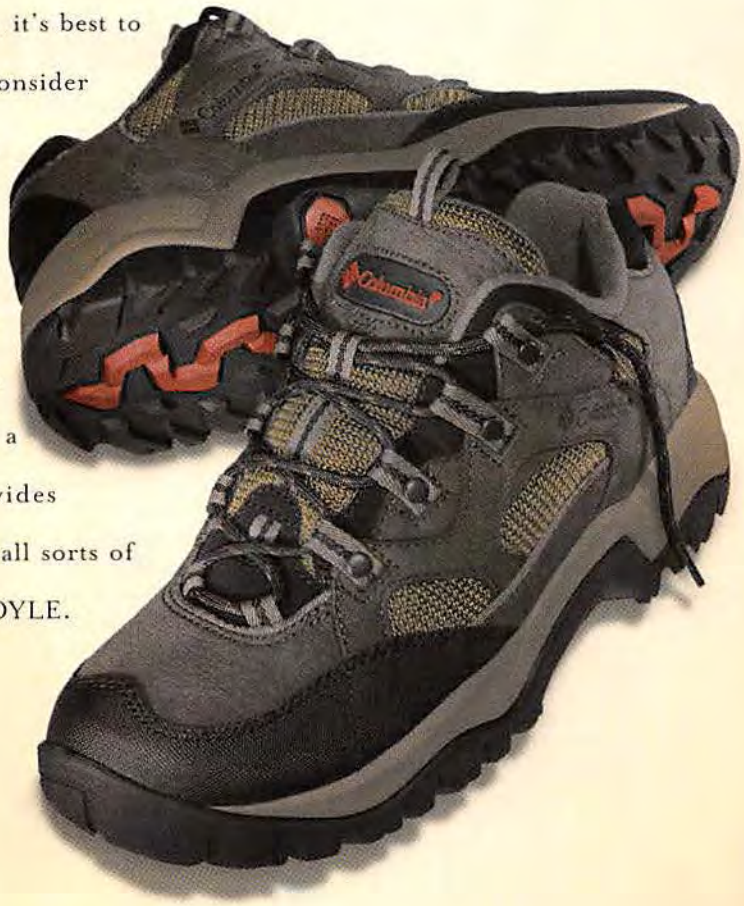
His rich imagination made shaving the Queen Mum a real pleasure

Illustration: Gary Brandham

NATURE HAS A WAY OF WEEDING OUT THE SICK, THE WEAK AND THE WING-TIPPED.

Chairman Gert Boyle

In areas where only the strong survive, it's best to surround yourself with easier prey. Consider the company of a baby harp seal, ailing wildebeest or anything in dress shoes. Further improve your odds, as well as your overall outdoor experience, with the Trail Grinder Low™. A gusseted tongue keeps your foot inside and nature out. A shock-absorbing midsole softens the blows. And a multi-directional carbon rubber outsole provides maximum traction and minimal weight. Perfect for all sorts of getaways. For a dealer nearest you call 1-800-MA BOYLE.



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WE'RE BIGGER

We've got a hot new look, and it's all about "more." As in more women, more features, more fun and now: 20 percent more maltodextrin!

HOT GIRLS WANT YOU

All those specimens from our Sex Spy column have decided to stop talking about themselves and start talking about you, dear reader. Hear their conversations and ignore their advice at your own sexual peril.

RE-CREATE BAYWATCH

There are no slo-mo shots of Yasmine Bleeth running in the sand, but this is better: Help bikini-clad coeds swim to shore in our lifeguard video game. Your reward? You'll have to see for yourself.

FREE MUSIC AND GAMES

We've got music clips, movie trailers, game demos and hundreds of new reviews in our Hype! section. It's so good, we had to add the "!"

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100 Amazing gizmos!
50 *Stuff* cover girls!
25 Bizarre stories of stupidity!
5 Bar pranks on video!
1 Cuddly editorial assistant!

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Oh, to be her thumb. No, not that one. The one that gets to touch the hat.

COLLEGE
University of South Dakota School of Medicine

BIRTHDAY
July 6, 1977[1]

CAREER GOALS
Doctor (family medicine)

ACHIEVEMENTS
High school valedictorian (in a class of 10), homecoming queen

VICES
Jägermeister, mud-wrestling pigs for fun and profit

WHY WE LIKE HER
Prefers Burger King over fancy restaurants, hates cats and potato salad

Why must she lie like that? Oh, forget it.

WOMEN'S STUDIES APPLICANT NO.9

Joleen Falkenburg

Our latest sexy student vies for the $4,999 scholarship.

STUFF: I smoke cigarettes. As a future doctor, your thoughts?
JOLEEN: Smoking can cause erectile dysfunction. It's a vascular problem.

Your boyfriend is also a med student. Take a trip with me to Obvious Land[2] as I ask if you've ever played doctor.
Never played doctor, but being in the medical field allows men to know where the correct anatomy is. Male doctors excel at pleasuring a woman.

Mount Rushmore is in South Dakota. If you could add one of your body parts to said Mount, which would you choose?
I guess I'd have to put some breasts on there. If there were breasts, maybe more people would visit.

Good point. On your application, you claim to be a pro at digital rectal exams. Describe the ins and outs—and browns and pinks.
Of course you put on gloves. Don't forget to do that. Then lube up, because you don't want to cause any pain. And then you put a finger in and feel along the rectal lining for any bumps or nodules. It's only the depth of your finger. It's not like you have to get a fist in there.

Let's play word association. Ready? Farm silos.
That makes me think of the Penis on the Prairie. Nebraska's capital, Lincoln, has this big, tall tower that everyone calls the Penis on the Prairie.[3]

Pork.
Actually, that makes me think of pig mud-wrestling. We did that this summer. They released this pig into a big mud pit, and my sisters and I caught the pig and put it into a barrel in the fastest time. They had this trophy for us with a big pig on top and everything.

Fantastic. Last one: fifth base.
Whoa! But isn't fourth base as far as you can go? Either way, *whoa* still applies.

Any parting words?
You better not insult me! Since reading the [Women's Studies No.6] interview, I definitely tried not to say "like" too many times.

Speaking of "like," I, like, like you, like, a lot. And that's the sixth base, which is my heart, talking. *–Mike Olson*

Footnotes

1 Elvis died a little more than a month later. We're still "all shook up" about that.
2 And to paraphrase Naughty by Nature: If you ain't ever been to Obvious Land, don't ever come to Obvious Land, 'cause you wouldn't understand Obvious Land.
3 Ohmigawd! *Penis on the Prairie* is my favorite Laura Ingalls Wilder book! By far the best in the Little House series.

Are you, or someone you know, as juicy as Joleen? Want to win our $4,999 scholarship? Send us a picture and vitals to: Women's Studies Scholarship, *Stuff*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. For rules, see the Where to Buy page.

PHOTO: CARL POSEY

FOR INFORMATION: 877 VARCITY

VARCITY, USA

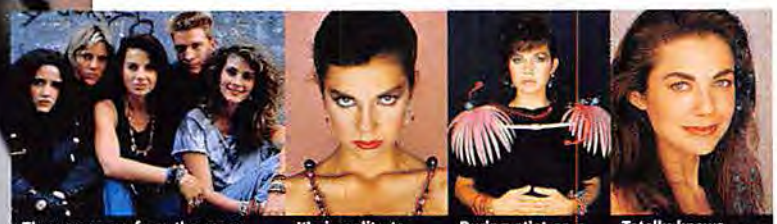
BIRTHPLACE OF STYLE

"I love it when you pull my hair....Ah, forget it—I'll just do it myself."

BABES OF YORE NO. 21

Justine Bateman

What would we dooo, baby, without Jus? Sha, la, la, la.



They came up from the mean streets of Beverly Hills | It's impolite to stare...and fart | During stint as a lawn ornament | Totally knows Jason Bateman

She's got eight more where those came from

1966 Justine is born in Rye, New York. Three years later, she's uprooted and transported to L.A. with her actor brother, Jason Bateman. It's no secret that their childish good looks helped keep the troops' spirits high in 'Nam.

1982 After appearing in two commercials, Justine lands the part of Mallory on *Family Ties*. Her taut ass and dopey grin are the perfect combo for boys repulsed by the monster that is Tina Yothers.

1988 Makes her big-screen debut in *Satisfaction*. Bateman plays the lead singer of a girl rock 'n' roll band. Costar Julia Roberts upstages Bateman on-screen and off by having a brief affair with Justine's leading man, Liam Neeson. That Irish actor is da (car) bomb!

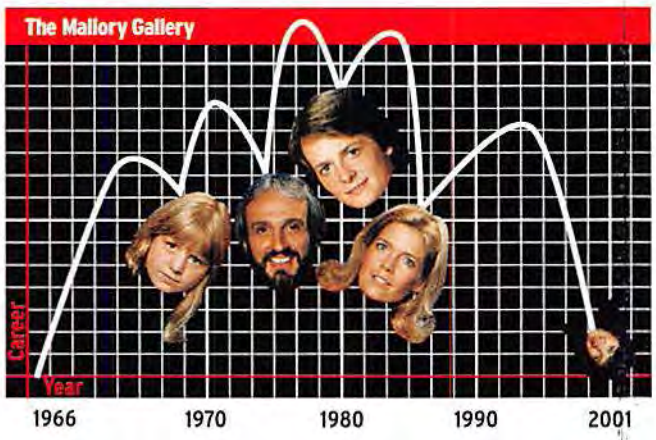
1989 *Family Ties* comes to a tearful conclusion. Justine's next gig is as a whore in a Jack the Ripper play at Berkeley. Ironically, one night the show is disturbed when Justine's very own stalker stages a standoff with the police, shouting, "I love you!" before finally being apprehended. Did we say ironically? We meant comically.

1993 Stars in *The Night We Never Met*, worth renting for one sequence in which straitlaced Justine turns into a whip-toting dominatrix. What would Steven and Elyse Keaton think? They wouldn't think anything. They're fictional TV characters. Man, get a grip.

1996 Justine comes clean about a long-term battle with bulimia and compulsive overeating. She also confesses to affairs with Billy Idol and Leif Garrett. Bateman claims she has discovered Jesus, despite worrying that she "would end up having no personality." She then realizes no one is listening and goes back to gorging herself.

1996 Makes her network-TV comeback in the sitcom *Men Behaving Badly*. The producers soon fire her because she is, er, behaving badly. You know who else behaves badly? Us—for not editing out that horrible pun.

2001 While Julia Roberts prepares her Oscar speech, Justine is hard at work as a clothing designer. She describes her line of knitwear as "a twisted version of Hello Kitty." Oh, like Hello Kitty wasn't twisted enough? We'll stick with OshKosh B'Gosh, thank you very much. *–Dan Nemet-Nejat*



WEIRD GESTURES OF THE PAST NO. 9

The "Honk Your Horn"

Highway high jinks are just one elbow bend away.

- Get the attention of a truck driver (flash your high beams or man breasts, if necessary).
- Lift your nondriving arm, creating a 90-degree angle at the elbow.
- Grab an invisible cord of some sort.
- Pull down on invisible cord.
- Repeat in a heated, frantic manner.
- Steer clear of the ensuing 15-car pileup when the deafening blast of the trucker's air horn surprises unwitting drivers.

Next month: The friendly stomach-punch

Illustrations: (Gestures) www.jovandjordjevic.com

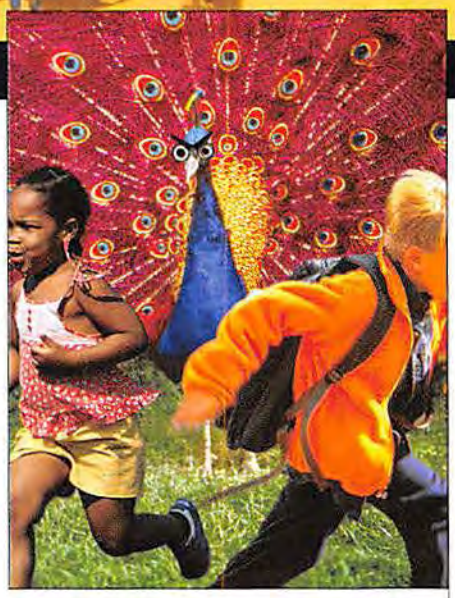
Mambo
claiborne
Come dance with me...
Mambo For Women and Mambo For Men. New fragrances from Liz Claiborne.
DILLARD'S CARSON PIRIE SCOTT
Mambo
women
Mambo
men
©2001 Liz Claiborne Cosmetics, Inc.

It wasn't easy putting this giant ball of bras together. It wasn't worthwhile either.

IT'S A SICK WORLD AFTER ALL

BIZARRE!

Our regular roundup of a world gone wrong.



What? You've never seen a peacock assault small children before? Well, sit back and enjoy the ride!

HIS INSANITY COULD FILL A D-CUP

From the files of the talentless: California artist Nicolino (just Nicolino–geniuses of his caliber have no use for last names) recently fashioned a "bra ball" out of his 1,300-pound collection of bras (hence the name bra ball). Unlike his last foray into undies art–which was a string of bras strewn across the Grand Canyon–the ball will feature several brassieres donated by midgets and dwarfs. We asked one midget what she thought of this and she was very short with us. Hoo-ha!

ETHNIC CAT CLEANSING

And then they came for Garfield. The United Kingdom recently invested nearly $700,000 in the British island of Ascension so that the cats on this plot of land could be quickly exterminated. Apparently, these nonnative felines were introduced to the area in 1815 and have proceeded to destroy the seabird population–including the almost extinct and intensely media-shy sooty tern. No word yet on how our fish-and-chips-eating friends plan to off the kitties, but could we make a suggestion? We can't? Well, screw you and the hoof-and-mouth disease you rode in on!

THEIR FEATHERS? COLORFUL. THEIR INTENTIONS? SEXUAL.

Hordes of feral peacocks–is there really any other kind?–have been wreaking havoc throughout villages in Britain in desperate, horny searches for, ahem, tail. The frustrated flocks have been chasing kids, decimating veggie patches and pooping with extreme prejudice, after ditching their owners' palatial mansions, where they once resided. Why? Female peacocks (peahens)–who lay their nests on the ground–have been slaughtered by the area's growing fox population, thus sparking this great 'cock migration. Alfred Hitchcock must be rolling over in his grave! Not because of the obvious *Birds* overtones, but just because we like to toss around his casket from time to time.

KIBBLES AND BITS...OF PEOPLE

Two beggars were caught selling some suspicious-looking dog chow in the Moldovan capital of Chisinau. (It's always something with that Moldovan capital, is it not?) Tests later showed that the meat these entrepreneurs sold as dog food was, in fact, of human origin and therefore, like, supergross. Police quickly arrested the two and theorized that the homeless men must have rummaged through a litter bin near a local hospital in order to reintroduce the dead into the world of the living. "Good to see you again!" said the dead. "Aaaagh!!!" screamed the living–who then promptly ran away. Can you blame them?

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The giraffe seemed uncomfortable—she could feel the guard's eyes on her ample breasts. Was there no end to this nightmare?

THE LINEUP

DIRTY ROTTEN SCOUNDRELS

Our monthly ranking of the truly rank.

1 Peter Buck

The guitarist for R.E.M. has gone quite M.A.D. Uncle Buck was recently arrested for allegedly assaulting a shiny, happy stewardess while on a flight to England, smashing plates and turning over a beverage tray for no other reason than he was loaded. In other news: R.E.M.'s front man, Michael Stipe, is still pretentious and irritating.

2 Toys "R" Us

The employees at a Brooklyn Toys "R" Us outlet are allegedly very trans-sinister when it comes to transsexuals. Three she-males recently filed a lawsuit stating that these borough-based bullies threatened them with a bat and called them "faggots" when all they were trying to do was purchase a couple of life-size Barbies. What? There are life-size Barbies? We'll be back in two hours!

3 British People

The good thing about our toothy neighbors across the Atlantic? They're not the French. The bad thing? They're just as unclean. A study by AOL revealed that an average of two grams of gunk (e.g., food, fingernails, insects and hairs) accumulates on the keyboards of our Limey friends each month. Wait—England uses computers? Next thing you know they'll have cordless phones! Good for you, guys!

4 Vibrators

Cancer? A definite comedy killer. But not when paired with the hilarity of the sex-toy industry! This summer, a slew of Danish sex shops were ordered to remove dozens of vibrators from their shelves after it was found that many contained too much of the possibly cancer-causing substance cadmium. Mortified Danes have since shunned all sex toys, substituting much safer rods of plutonium.

5 Oscar

The bald, bold and totally gold homoerotic tribute, the Academy Award, is said to be quite the age enhancer. According to scientists at the University of Toronto, Oscar winners are said to live four years longer than their statue-less peers—and even longer if they win a pair. This means that Tom Hanks will be waxing poetic about his "craft" until the ripe old age of 362. Shoot us. Better yet, shoot him.

WRONG!

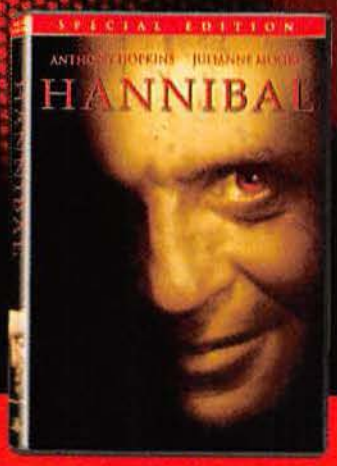
Sure, it looks bad, but you only turn 21 once

The citizens of Puerto Vallarta are a proud people. Proud to raise pigs, horses and bees. Proud to export bananas and fine woods. But most important, they are proud to export penholders that feature stuffed, lacquered and preciously posed frogs that are getting, like, really drunk and shit. Devoted and inebriated reader M. Sarmiento (the *M* stands for *Magical*) picked up this piece of posthumous tomfoolery during a recent trip to the aforementioned Puerto, which we believe to be near the equator. Because he was encouraged to send it in by his card-carrying PETA-member girlfriend, his discovery now belongs to the masses. And by masses, we mean *Stuff*. The happy couple are *now* card-carrying members of a more exclusive club: Wrong! contest champions. Note: Much like goats, said Wrong! club card can be used as legal tender in Puerto Vallarta.

Mr. Sarmiento (you can call him Sarmie) has a new pair of Nike sneakers for sending us such an offensive little item. And as for those frogs? Still dead. Own something equally and/or more wrong? Send it our way—along with your name, number and return address—and you may win a $125 pair of Nike Air Hyperflights. Here's where we be: Crap Editor, *Stuff*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018.
For rules, see the Where to Buy page.

Photography: (Lineup, Vibrator, Frogs) Damien Doneck; (Sneaker) Jens Mortensen. Illustrations: Gary Brandham and Simon Brown.

AMERICA'S MOST WANTED.



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HANNIBAL

THE SILENCE OF THE LAMBS

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ASK THE MAN WHO MAKES YOUR DRINK

The Lord Of the Bar

Get a beer, prop up this magazine, ask a tough question, get a straight answer. Is this a great bar or what?

DEAR LORD,

How come I can't get a drink when I go to a crowded bar? It seems like everybody else gets served ahead of me.

–Troy, Las Vegas

First, do a body check: Got legs? Money? Open sores? Once you eliminate the obvious, then zero in on the little things you're doing that make you invisible to bartenders. When you want a drink and the bar is busy, you have to stare intently with a serial-killer-like look that says, "OK, I'm dumb. Pour me some more stupid." But we do not read minds, those of us who are lords. So do this: Lean into the bar with a five in your hand, look like you've got to catch a bus and the bartender *is* the bus. Don't shout, pound or whistle. But, ultimately, if you're serious about drinking, drink in an empty bar.

Got a question for the Lord? Ask it at **www.stuffmagazine.com.**

OUR BEST BOTTLES

CUTTY SARK WHISKY

Sometimes we like to just pick up and go somewhere random—a road trip, a sojourn...whatever you want to call it. Anything we can do to get away from the puke factory where we work is a good thing. That's why we're really liking this new plastic bottle of Cutty Sark whisky called the Traveler. The container is impossible to break, and the specially designed PET plastic doesn't taste like some sort of Tupperware crap. In fact, it tastes like good ol' Cutty Sark whisky. Which is always a good thing, especially on the road. But not actually while driving. Because then we'd have to run you down. $18

He drank like a fish. His doctor said it was genetic.

THE JOKES

Ha...

Bubba dies in a fire, and his body is burned pretty badly. The morgue sends for his two best friends, Daryl and Gomer, to identify the body. Daryl goes in, and the mortician pulls back the sheet. Daryl says, "Yup, he's burnt pretty bad. Roll him over." The mortician rolls him over, and Daryl says, "Nope, ain't Bubba." The mortician thinks that's rather strange. Then he brings Gomer in to identify the body. Gomer takes a look and says, "Yup, he's burnt real bad. Roll him over." The mortician rolls him over, and Gomer says, "No, it ain't Bubba." The mortician asks, "How can you tell?" Gomer says, "Well, Bubba had two assholes." "What?" asks the mortician. "Yup, everyone knew he had two assholes. Every time we went to town, folks would say, 'Here comes Bubba with them two assholes.'"

Ha!

A rich woman who lives in a mansion comes upon the butler one day and says, "Butler, take off my blouse." He nervously takes off her blouse. She then says, "Butler, take off my skirt." Visibly shaking now, he takes off her skirt. Then she says, "Take off my bra." Still trembling, he awkwardly takes off her bra. Finally she says, "Butler, take off my panties." Shaking like a leaf, he begins to remove her panties when she says, "And if I ever find you wearing my clothes again, you're fired!"

Send jokes. Win cash.

Are you as funny as you think you are? Let us be the judge. Send your jokes to Lord of the Bar at *Stuff*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018, or go to www.stuffmagazine.com. If we use your joke, you'll score $50.

THE PRANK: THE MARK OF THE QUARTER

THE SETUP

Hold a quarter between your thumb and index fingers. Rub a pencil (it can be No.2 or not-whatever) around the entire edge of the coin. Make sure the quarter's edge is caked with lead, and by caked we mean yummy pencil cake.

THE EXECUTION

Bet someone a buck that he can't roll the quarter from his forehead to his chin and drop it into an empty cup on the bar. He must hold the coin in between two fingers without touching the edges. He'll see it as a way to promote his athleticism, especially if he's disabled in some way.

THE HAPPY ENDING

When he's finished you should notice two things: a smug look on his face because he just won a buck, and a profound black line running from his hairline to his chin. It's best to not burst out laughing—just wait for the mark to talk to as many people as possible. When he goes to the bathroom, run. He'll come out enraged, and your work will be done.

–Prank by Erik Buckman, www.gagbook.com

Check out our pranks on video at www.stuffmagazine.com.

Illustrations: (Joke) Jason Johnson, (Prank) Gary Brandham

SKYY
VODKA

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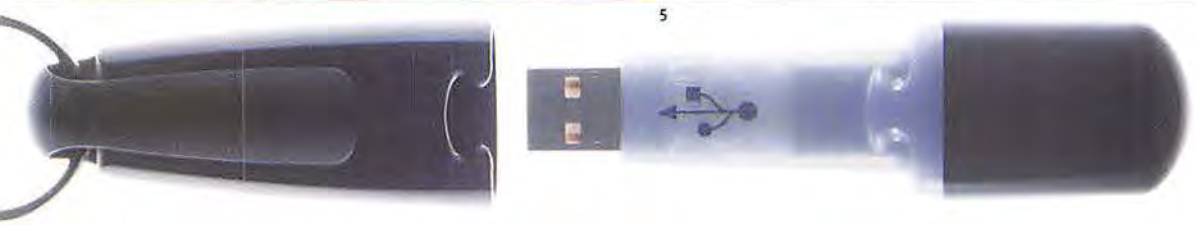

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"They kicked me out of Pencey!" I yelled over the music pumping from her **Aiwa XR-X7 mini stereo ($300).**[1] Its Osurround technology rocked my ears just as the realistic physics from the **Logitech GT Force controller ($100)**[2] for the PS2 rocked my hands mere hours earlier. Man, that thing takes driving games to a whole new level.

"Daddy'll kill you!" Phoebe shouted. I *had* seen the old man sharpening his stainless-steel **Spyderco C53 ($170).**[3] I made a mental note to hide my **Sony DCR-PC9 digital camcorder ($1,300)**[4] in the closet. Its Super NightShot function will record him, even if he attacks me in total darkness.

"No he won't," I said. Still, I might need some backup, just like the backup files I keep on my eight-MB **DiskOnKey key chain ($50).**[5] It plugs into any computer's USB port–it's like a floppy disk in your pocket. Phoebe just listened. The same way I listen to my **MOJO CD-MP3 digital jukebox ($179).**[6] Ten hours' worth of music burned on just one CD!

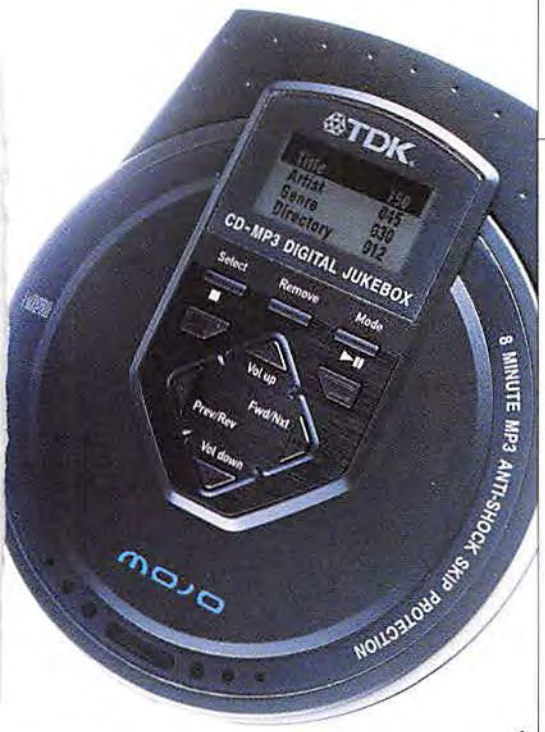
"What's that tune, something about catching a body comin' through the rye'?"

"It's '*meet* a body,' and it's a poem," she corrected. I called an old professor on my **Siemens S40 GSM phone ($379).**[7] I can make calls from any corner of the earth with my S40. She was right.

"Anyway, I keep picturing all these little kids getting 128k wireless access to the Internet using the **Merlin wireless PC card modem ($400).**[8] They even convert their e-mails to MP3 files and listen to them on their car stereos using the **Audiovox MP3J ($300)**[9] when they're not listening to tunes. I'm on the edge of some crazy cliff. According to the sensors in my **mio watch ($130),**[10] my heart is thundering. I have to catch everybody before they fall. I'd just be the catcher in the rye, except when I'm playing golf with Nike's new hyperdurable **Power Distance Ti-Velocity balls ($20 per dozen).**"[11]

"Daddy's going to kill you," Phoebe repeated.

"I don't give a damn," I said, clutching my **Madrid SUV Mountainboard ($250),**[12] imagining its off-road rubber wheels gliding over fields of rye.



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MOST WANTED

All the accessories necessary to enhance your unresolved teenage angst as described in chapter 22 of J.D. Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye.*

BY SETH KELLY PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHIN OHIRA

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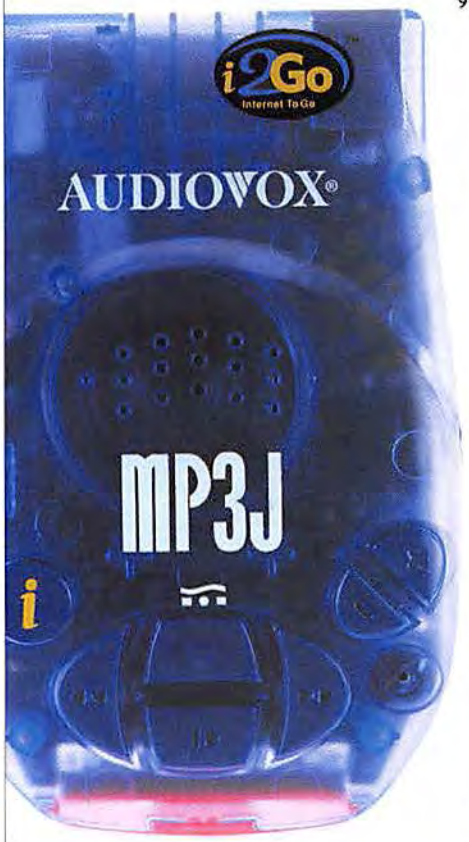

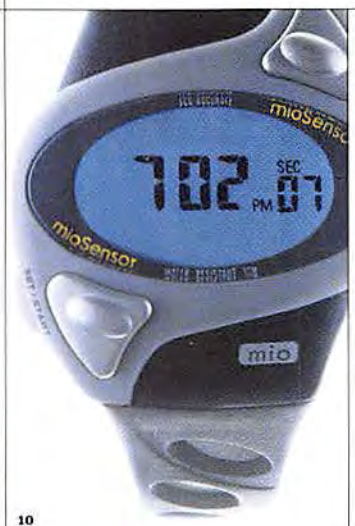

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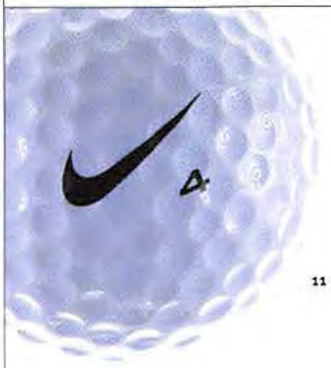

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Chillin' with your friends requires a certain sonic vibe. A vibe best not left to radio. Set the mood proper. Burn your favorite MP3s onto CD using the best selling CD burning software in the known universe. Easy CD Creator™ 5, by Roxio. Check out roxio.com/music. Mac addicts look for Toast™ 5.

don't trust the radio

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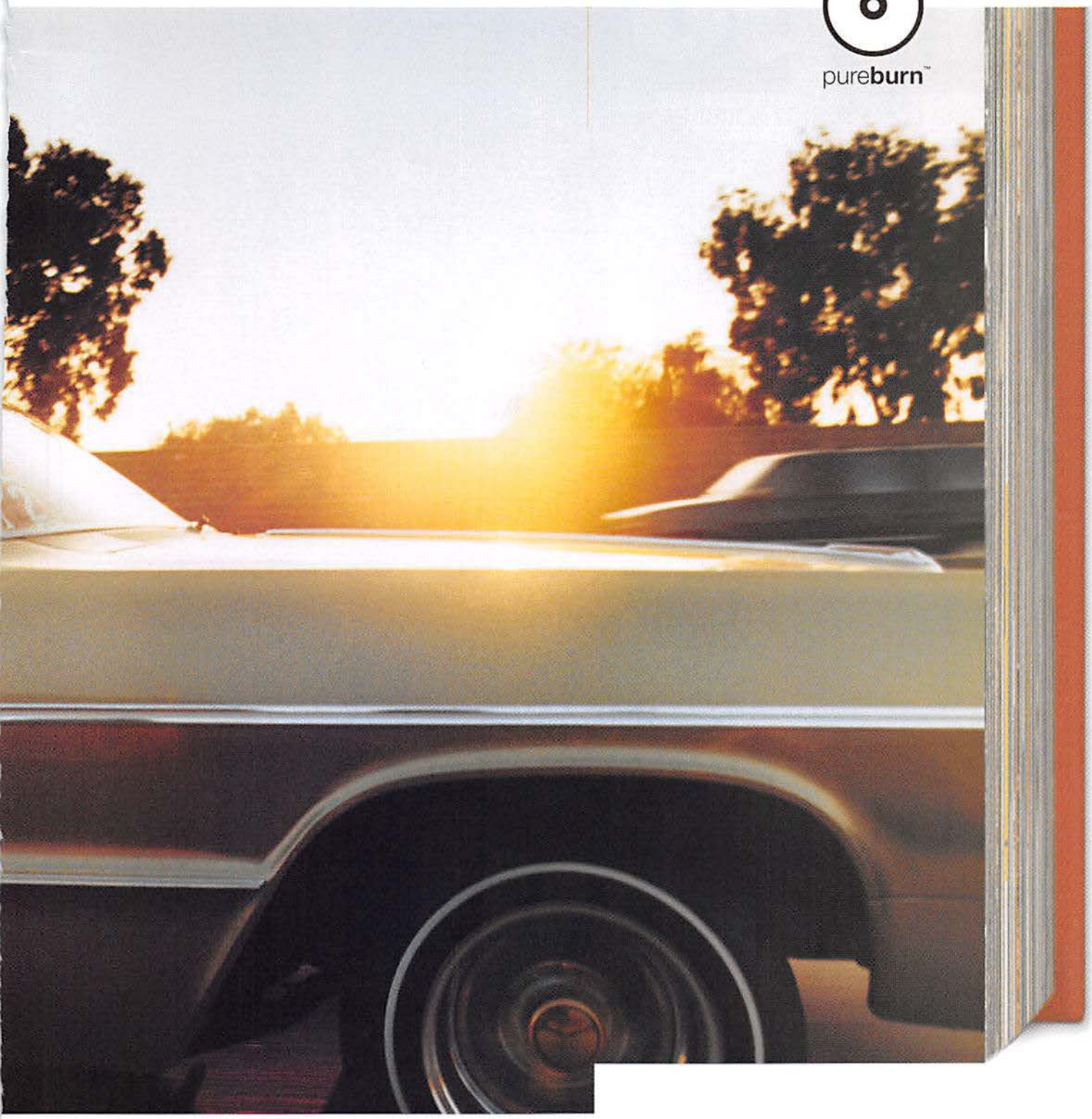

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Hype!

Bombs Away!

ANYONE CAN MAKE A HIT MOVIE—JUST LOOK AT JAMES CAMERON. THE REAL TRICK IS PUTTING TOGETHER A BOMB. FOLLOW THIS PLAN CLOSELY AND YOU MIGHT PULL IT OFF.

While Hollywood's early attempts at bomb making were clumsy and primitive, today's stinkers pack a real wallop. A *Battlefield Earth* or *3,000 Miles to Graceland* can demolish the careers of dozens of actors, directors and best boys, not to mention the damage inflicted on audiences. How do they do it, you ask? Here's how. —*Jordan Matus*

Box-Office Bomb Plans

Turns into an unfunny bat

1 **Find the appropriate vehicle to house the destructive material.** The title alone should strike fear into civilian populations worldwide (*Dracula: Dead and Loving It*). If it's too much effort to think up something terrible, just include a number in your title, in the tradition of *Gone in 60 Seconds, U-571, CB4, 8 Heads in a Duffel Bag, Six Days Seven Nights, 8 mm, Six Weeks, 54, Turk 182!, 28 Days, Thirteen Days, The 6th Day, Table for Five, 200 Cigarettes* and *102 Dalmations.*

2 **Pack the core with liquid explosives.** A watery setting has extreme destructive potential, as evidenced by such disasters as *Message in a Bottle, The Beach, Waterworld, The Deep, Sphere, McHale's Navy, DeepStar Six, Down Periscope, Speed 2, Gone Fishin', Cabin Boy* and *Flipper* (extra points for starring Elijah Wood).

Trying to talk his agent down from a ledge

3 **Attach elements that share a chemical bond to the outside chamber.** Make sure your leading stars are either married or in a long-term relationship. The results can be terrifying: Tom Cruise and Nicole Kidman in *Far and Away*, Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell in *Overboard*, Antonio Banderas (director) and Melanie Griffith in *Crazy in Alabama*, Kim Basinger and Alec Baldwin in *The Getaway*, Kevin Kline and Phoebe Cates in *Princess Caribou* and Ben Affleck and Matt Damon in *Dogma*.

"Hey, man, you're cute."

"Right back at ya!"

4 **Charge the core with a prepared burst of electricity.** A bad hairdo can discharge enough static electricity to do the trick. But it has to be painfully bad: Think Travolta in *Battlefield Earth* and *Lucky Numbers*, Adam Sandler in *Little Nicky*, Demi Moore in *G.I. Jane*, Kevin Costner in *Waterworld*, Bruce Willis in *Last Man Standing*, Liam Neeson in *The Phantom Menace*, Burt Reynolds in *Striptease* or Samuel L. Jackson in *Unbreakable*.

Best hair since Costner

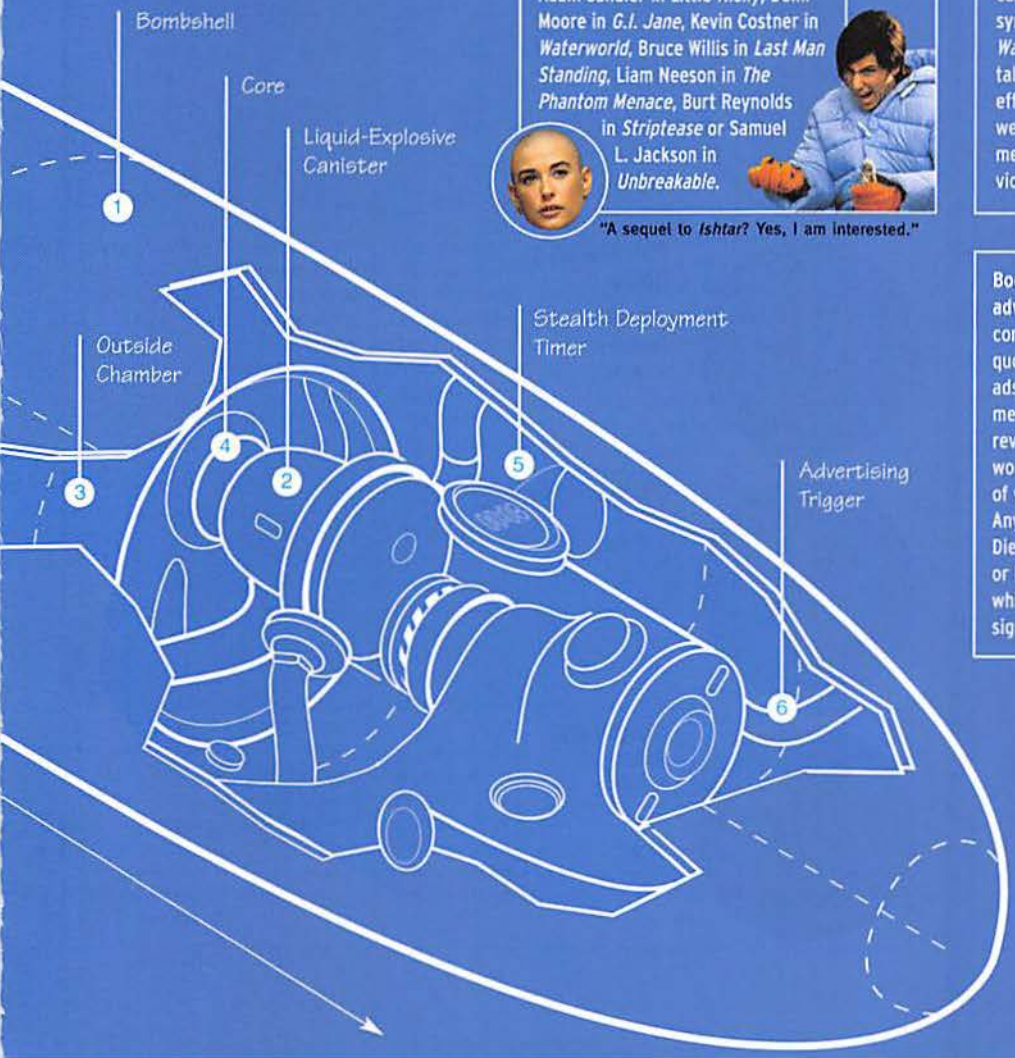
"A sequel to *Ishtar*? Yes, I am interested."

5 **Deploy without warning.** Releasing the film with few advance screenings (à la *Town & Country*) is a good way to make sure critics have no time to warn the general public. If complete surprise is an impossibility, camouflage your release date by synchronizing it with that of a *Star Wars* film or anything starring talking animals. The catastrophic effects will go unnoticed for weeks until several hundred members of the population fall violently ill.

"People liken me to galactic sputum."

6 **Boost the fallout with postrelease advertising.** Keep the negative comments coming by falsifying review quotes to appear in your newspaper ads or revealing that audience members who gave thumbs-up reviews in your TV ads actually work in the marketing department of your studio (à la *The Animal*). Any review by real-life critics Bill Diehl, Jeanne Wolfe, Earl Dittman or Paul Wunder (now deceased, which makes it even creepier) signifies an incoming bomb.

Destined to costar with Corey Feldman



Carl the Cable Coupling says:
"Aging actors such as Kris Kristofferson may look harmless, but they'll remain radioactive for generations to come. Bury them in concrete bunkers."

Illustration: Michael Lopez. Photography: (Carl) Damien Donck.

The drinking, the shouting, the head-butting...it had all become so *predictable*

ALBUM OF THE MONTH

The Crystal Method

TWEEKEND *Interscope*

★★★★★

Remember when electronica was going to turn the world on its head? Neither do we, but then what do we know? We were in the Peace Corps back then, while the rest of you were drinking cheap beer and running around in floppy hats. Not to judge, but you're a bunch of pricks. Anyway, instead of a revolution, we got Moby and lots of commercials featuring Moby. So thank you, Crystal Method, for making techno that actually works. On its second release, the L.A. duo takes all that's good about big beat (earthquake drums), adds some grimy funk, then sprinkles in big-ass collaborators (Scott Weiland, Beck and Rage Against the Machine's Tom Morello). The album's biggest coup, though, is its breadth. "Chunky" has a bootylicious vibe and girl-gang chant that would do Destiny's Child proud—and a teeth-rattling beat that was conspicuously missing from the last Chemical Brothers CD. You might say that everybody's working for the *Tweekend*! Try saying it at church. No reaction? Say it louder. —*Kirk Miller*

WEEZER
"HASH PIPE"

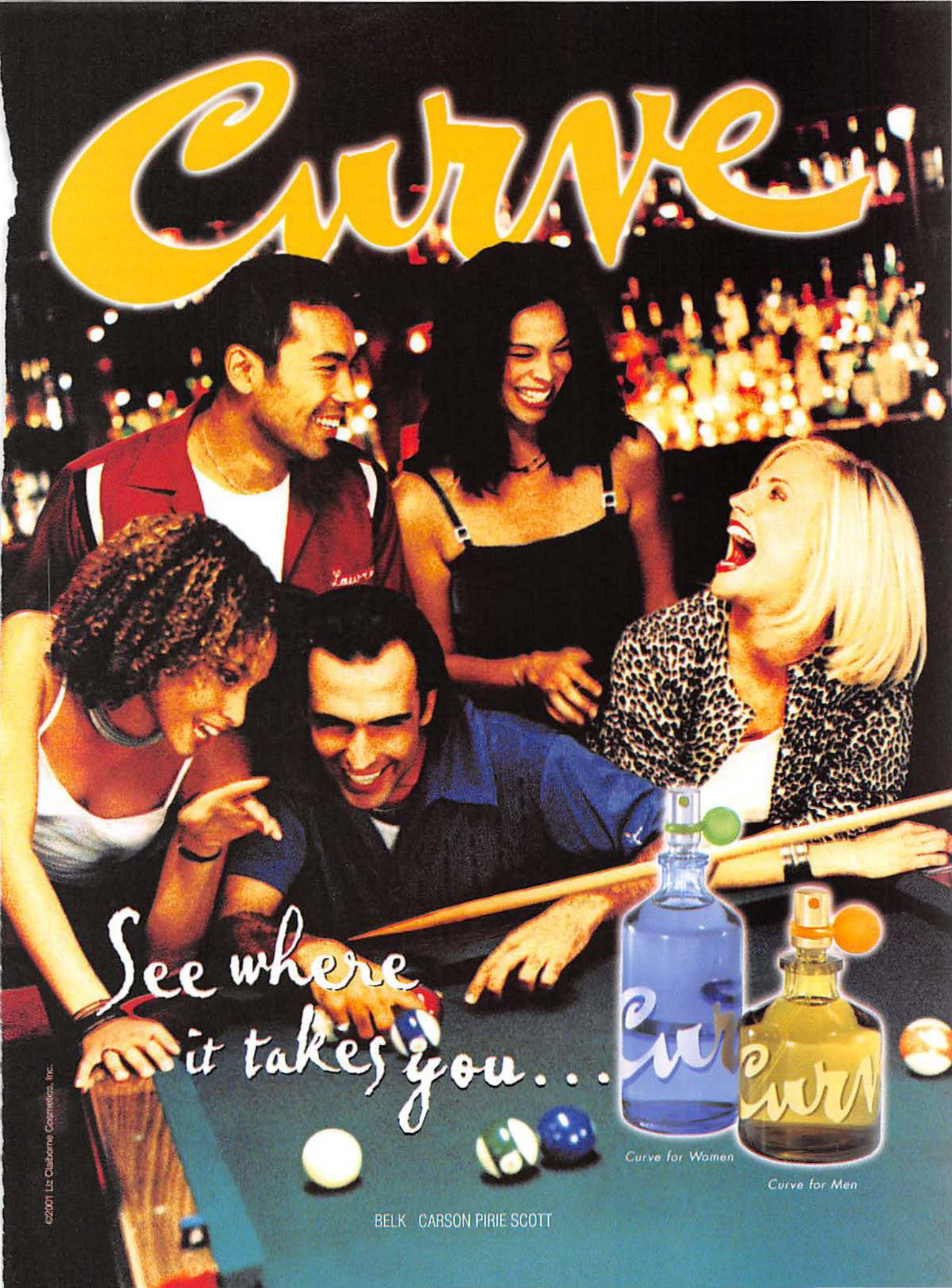
Wasted Opportunity

"'Hash Pipe' is the first song I wrote totally bombed," says Weezer's Rivers Cuomo. "I was going through a very scientific phase, and an experiment I came up with was, 'Let's see what happens when I drink half a bottle of tequila, take a couple Ritalins and try to write a song at 8 A.M.'"

MUSIC TO YOUR EARS

		DID YOU KNOW?	WE SAY
	The Avalanches SINCE I LEFT YOU *XL* ★★★★ Techno sensations use 600-plus samples, including Madonna, golf instruction tapes and horse noises. We knocked three strokes off our game!	Legal issues with the samples held up the CD's U.S. release. Madonna was cool, but the horse put his foot down. Twice. That means he's counting to two!	It's the groovy, soulful sequel to the Beastie Boys' *Paul's Boutique*. We knew there'd be a sequel. They never found the body at the end of the first one.
	Various Artists THE GOODLIFE *FB Entertainment* ★★★½ It's the musical equivalent of a T.G.I.Friday's sampler platter, with hip-hop, reggae, R&B and funky dance flava. Plus tasty chicken fingaz.	The new label (from clothing maker FUBU) plans to release clean and naughty versions of its CDs. Ask your mom which is right for you.	You've gotta respect any album that has a song about Cinnabons ("Fatty Girl"). This thing's as catchy as a deadly virus. But better for parties.
	Adema ADEMA *Arista* ★★★ This Bakersfield foursome *really* doesn't want to be known as the metal band with the singer that's related to Korn's Jonathan Davis. So keep it quiet.	Adema was the center of a giant bidding war without ever having played a live show. Plus, the lead singer is Jonathan Davis' younger brother.	When the band sticks to a metal/new-wave hybrid ("Freaking Out"), they sound genuinely creepy. Korn's Jonathan Davis would be proud.
	Cake COMFORT EAGLE *Columbia* ★★★ Sacramento crew returns with a mix of classic rock, disco funk and trumpet blasts. Speaking of which...that chili we had for lunch? Big mistake.	The band's weird '70s obsession continues. Having already covered the disco staple "I Will Survive," they've now penned a song about Rick James.	It's fun and goofy, like a Beck album that isn't trying too hard. Keep it in a manila folder, then tell girls that you have a file... with Cake in it! Works every time.
	Powerman 5000 ANYONE FOR DOOMSDAY? *Dreamworks* ★★★ Platinum rockers return with their comic-book rock intact: sci-fi geek lyrics ("The Future That Never Was"), industrial metal and funky '80s hip-hop.	The Boston band got its big break when they appeared on *Beverly Hills, 90210*. So did that blond guy....Steve something. Help us out here.	Heavy yet catchy. And the electric-boogaloo grooves would make Young MC bust a move. He's always trying to "bust a move." We're not machines, MC!
	Utah Saints TWO *Nettwerk* ★★★ U.K. duo that broke techno in the U.S. returns with an anything-goes sound and an all-star but annoying cast (Chuck D., Michael Stipe, Chrissie Hynde).	The Saints taped Stipe over the phone, then used him to create four tracks. Then they used a hand-tracing to create a turkey. We put it on the fridge.	It's the best mix tape we've heard since that one we made in college. Counting Crows and Sheryl Crow, back-to-back! We probably still have it somewhere....
	Corporate Avenger FREEDOM IS A STATE OF MIND *Koch* ★★ We love Rage Against the Machine, but their political messages are just so vague. These punk-funk anarchists have no such problem.	Among the song titles: "Christians Murdered Indians." When they bad-mouth murder like that, it makes us want to stab someone!	The perfect CD for those atheist, pot-smokin', antitax, anticop anarchists on your gift list. Which is great for us, because we never know what to get Mom. ~*K.M.*

Illustration: (Song story) Margaret Cusack.


Curve
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Curve for Women
Curve for Men
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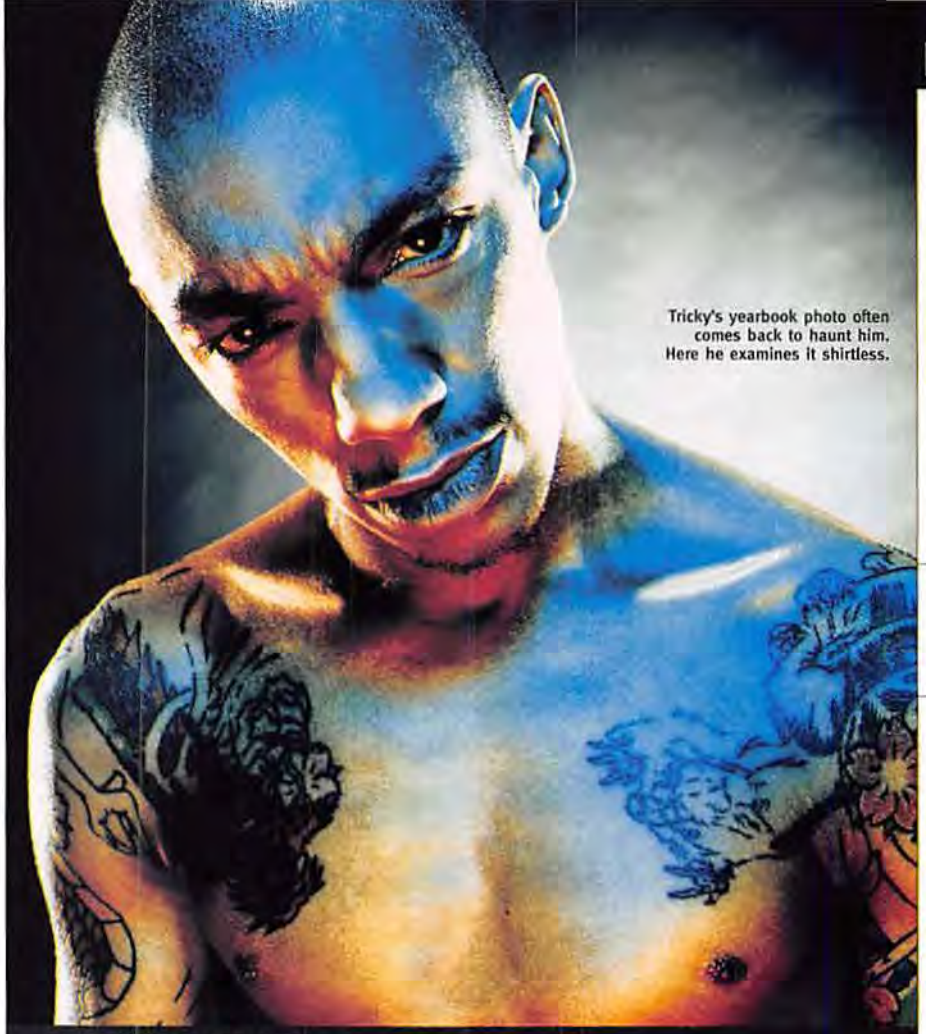


Tricky's yearbook photo often comes back to haunt him. Here he examines it shirtless.

SPINNING CLASS

Let's Talk Tricky

English native Tricky blew us away with his 1995 trip-hop debut. After a slew of side projects, he's back. And weirder than ever.

Everything you've read about Tricky is wrong.
He is not the pioneer of trip-hop. He is not a control-freak asshole. He did not reignite religious tensions in the Middle East. He is, however, the anti-Antichrist. And he does get many of his ideas from his seven-year-old kid...which explains his new CD, *Blowback*, the most bizarre major-label album ever. It's a metal-electronica-dub-reggae jumble with a cover of the *Wonder Woman* theme song, an appearance by Cyndi Lauper and a salute to Nirvana. We cornered the former Massive Attacker and tickled him playfully. When the laughter subsided, we demanded answers.

STUFF: How's England?
TRICKY: I live in New Jersey.

Huh. Is that near London?
I've got a couple acres of land. I love it! It's quiet—no cars, just deer and raccoons and pheasants. I did it for my kid. I was bored to death my first year, but then I really got into it.

What's with the *Wonder Woman* cover?
My daughter kept watching it, I kept listening and I got into the music. It's really intricate and good. I'd never noticed it before. I just thought, *I'm going to cover it.* I get a lot of ideas off my kid, from cartoons and stuff.

You got a lot of annoying people—Alanis Morissette, Cyndi Lauper, that guy from Live—on your album, and you actually made them sound *good*.
I'm a big fan of [Cyndi Lauper's] vocals. She wanted to do an album with me a while back, and I really wanted to work with her, but the engineer she was using, I *hated*. He's like a frustrated musician, and I knew I was going to have problems with him. He already had the job, and I wasn't going to be the one saying, "I'd love the job, but get rid of the engineer."

"I also get called the Antichrist. I don't think the Antichrist is a positive thing."

Favorite Cyndi Lauper song?
"True Colors"—her vocals on that song just kill me.

Your Nirvana cover is bizarre.
It's my tribute to Kurt Cobain. I'm not a fan of many people at all, but I was really a fan of his. I always thought we were going to work together. His death was quite depressing for me, the fact that he's not going to write another song. It's pretty fucking depressing.

Is this your attempt to go mainstream?
Yeah, I want to go mainstream on this. I wanna change radio. I wanna fuck things up.

Do you still "drink till you're drunk, smoke till you're senseless," as you used to sing?
No, that's what I used to be like. Now I don't drink. I still smoke, though.

Biggest misconception about you?
That I'm really dark. I'm very lighthearted, but everyone thinks I'm the prince of darkness. I regularly get called that in England. I also get called the Antichrist. I don't think the Antichrist is a positive thing.

Speaking of which: Do you remember meeting the guys from *Stuff* during our party at the 2000 Winter Music Conference?
You know what? I was drunk for four days. And I don't even drink! It was the first time in a year. It affected me hard. I really had a brilliant time, though. One of the best times I've ever had.

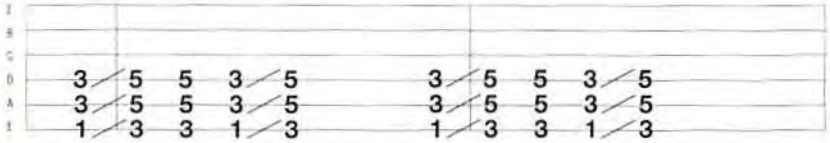
Thanks, man.
Yeah, this was wicked. —*Kirk Miller*

HOOK OF THE MONTH

"You Really Got Me"

This Kinks classic blasts off with a guitar riff that grabs your ears and won't let go. Kind of like your old summer-camp counselor.

Each horizontal line represents a string, and each number represents a fret.



PlayStation 2

Blood and Gore
Violence

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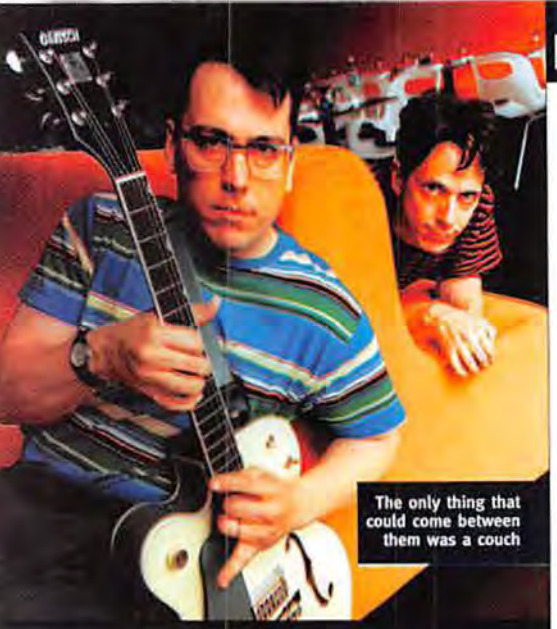

The only thing that could come between them was a couch

FAMILY TREE

They Might Be Giants

We've never taken They Might Be Giants too seriously. Once, we invited them to perform at our aunt's funeral. She was a big fan. Instead of doing the somber tune we'd requested, the wacky duo broke out two accordions and launched into a polka about analytic number theory. Well, we all had a hearty laugh. Then we buried our aunt. See what we mean, though? Not a serious band. Despite that—and despite their geeky nature—we kinda like the twosome of John Linnell and John Flansburgh. On *Mink Car*, the two comfortably hop between happy guitar pop, fist-pumping California punk and cheesy Euro synth-pop without missing a beat. Like a couple of precocious kids, TMBG dissects musical styles with little more than a synthesizer and clever lyrics, making it hard to tell if it's all elaborate cynicism or genuine reverence. Only the occasional snide comment makes you think *Hey, wait a minute* or *I wonder if I should start wearing sweatpants every day*. Here, we dismantle the Giants' *Mink Car*. —*Daniel Shumate*

"Hmmm...yes, Roy, I think I've figured out why you didn't go to the prom."

FUNNY STUFF

THE MODERN LOVERS
MODERN LOVERS
(Rhino) 1976
With his bizarre proto-punk, Jonathan Richman paved the way for TMBG's spy-theme surf guitars and ironic lyrics. Then he was in *There's Something About Mary*. Now he's gone again. Like magic!

"WEIRD AL" YANKOVIC
IN 3-D
(Scotti) 1983
With hilarious satire such as "Eat It," Weird Al made a huge impact on, like, three people. The Giants share Al's love of spoofs and accordions. Al loves solitude, too. Which works out nicely for him.

BLINK 182
ENEMA OF THE STATE
(MCA) 1999
On their major-label debut, the power-punkers sing about shit ("Dysentery Gary"). The Giants rip frat-punk success with their own three-chord mash-up ("Cyclops Rock"), then roar off in their '94 Accord.

SPIKE JONES
GREATEST HITS!!!
(RCA) 1999
Spike Jones is the Elvis Presley of musical parody. Where would TMBG be without Spike? And where would we all be without gravity? Flying around like gnats, that's where. *Buzzz! Buzzz!* Cool!

CROONERS

ELVIS COSTELLO
MY AIM IS TRUE
(Columbia) 1977
Two of *Mink Car*'s best, "Another First Kiss" and "Finished with Lies," drip with Costello sweetness. What else drips with Costello sweetness? His greeting cards. He always underlines the words *very special birthday*.

NEIL DIAMOND
THE JAZZ SINGER
(Columbia) 1980
Neil Diamond's crowning achievement sold more than five million copies. TMBG go all adult contemporary, Diamond-style, on *Mink Car*'s title track. It's called "Mink Car," don't you know.

CULT FAVES, PLUS R.E.M. AND NEW ORDER

FRANK ZAPPA
WE'RE ONLY IN IT FOR THE MONEY
(Rykodisk) 1968
Zappa explored his love of '50s rock ballads on this solo effort. TMBG's Zappa-esque humor shows that they learned a thing or two from the master. Humor, mostly.

SUICIDE
FIRST ALBUM
(Mute) 1977
With little more than a Casio keyboard, Suicide blazed a trail for DIY electronic musicians the world over. Six years later, the Giants formed with little more than a synthesizer and a dream—a terrible dream.

NEW ORDER
POWER, CORRUPTION & LIES
(Quest) 1983
Armed with synthesizers and sexy vocals, New Order defined '80s dance music. Armed with a thumping New Order beat, the Giants mock it all on "Man, It's So Loud in Here." Play it loud. Then laugh.

R.E.M.
MURMUR
(IRS) 1983
Murmur bursts with jang'y guitars and whiny vocals—much like TMBG's "Hovering Sombrero," the tale of a flying hat. Hey, watch out for our glass door. Hats are always flying into it. They think it's open!

AND THE REST

POLKA
With clog-stomping favorites like "Roll Out the Barrel" and "Who Stole the Keeshka," this Bohemian-style double-time folk music is an ancestor of modern pop and dance music. Plus it's just good clean fun. Unless finger painting is involved. Then it can take a messy turn.

TOFU
Plain tofu doesn't taste like anything. It just takes on the flavor of whatever it's cooked with. The Giants do the same—melding, meshing and blending everything into a fun musical paste that's really not that bad once you get used to the texture. We like them best with spicy garlic sauce.

KARAOKE
Pioneered by drunken Asian businessmen but easy enough for drunken American businessmen, the boozy stylings of karaoke have infected pop music. TMBG uses the same approach, adopting a user-friendly sound that lends itself to silly sing-alongs followed by vomiting.

DARK CLOUD

PlayStation 2

Without warning, it came down from the sky. A dark, mysterious force unleashed by an evil spirit. The tranquil village of Norune was no match for such immense power. In the blink of an eye, destruction was complete. But amid the ruin, there is hope. A brave young warrior, Toan, armed with only a magical gem, faces the ultimate task of rebuilding the world. Venture with him deep underground to discover clues and gather vital elements of life—trees, rivers, houses and more—that will help restore civilization. Epic battles, macabre demons and daring rescues lie before you. As does the fate of the world. Will rubble be eternal? Or will it flourish once again?

TEEN T

Comic Mischief and Violence

www.scea.com

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The dentist's decor? Floral. The patient's fixation? Oral. Our verdict? Immoral.

DVD OF THE MONTH

Marathon Man

This month, *Marathon Man* finally comes to DVD, and not a moment too soon–we were just about to buy the much cheaper VHS version. It's your typical boy-meets-girl story, except that the boy is a historian and distance runner and the girl is an old Nazi dentist trying to retrieve ill-gotten diamonds while spouting the cryptic phrase "Is it safe?" Plus, they're both men. Other than that, though, it might as well be *She's All That*. Starring Dustin Hoffman and Laurence Olivier, this classic 1976 thriller features an intriguing plot, a topless Roy Scheider and dentistry torture scenes that paved the way for Corbin Bernsen's 1996 masterpiece, *The Dentist*. You'd be a fool not to buy it. Unless, of course, you need the money to fill a prescription. Then you should probably pass.

ANOTHER DVD OF THE MONTH

Killer Klowns from Outer Space

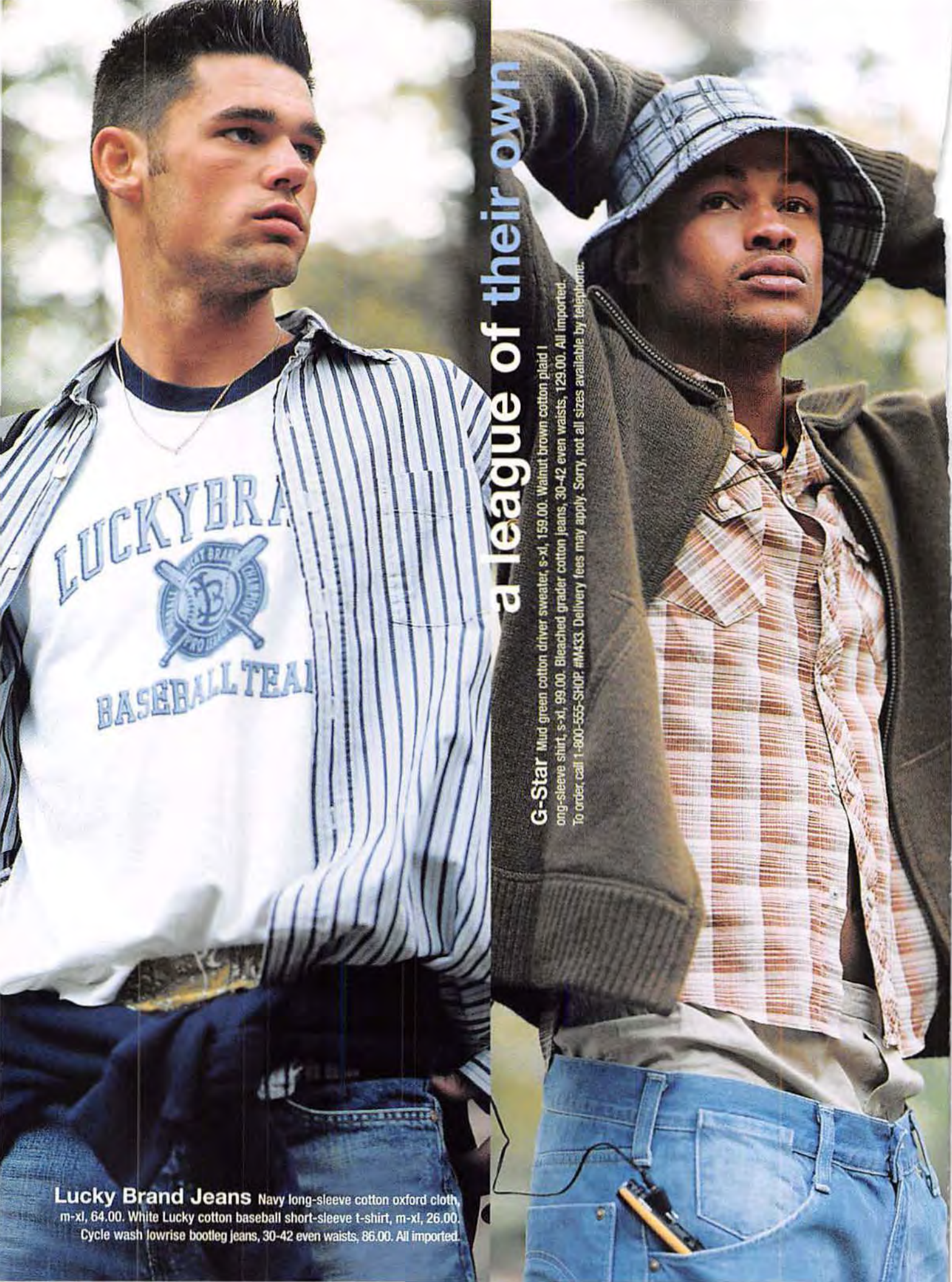
Psycho, Night of the Living Dead, The Exorcist, Killer Klowns from Outer Space. The lineage of the modern-day horror movie is as clear as one of those baffling Mensa questions where you choose the word to finish the sequence. Anyway, now you can own *Killer Klowns* on DVD, complete with deleted scenes, a making-of documentary and director's commentary. From the director who brought you *Beastmaster III: The Eye of Braxus* comes the story of aliens who look like clowns invading a small town. But these aren't the cheerful, John Wayne Gacey kind of clowns. These are murderous *klowns*, determined to suck the blood from the human race and strangle our planet with their little gloved hands. Will the klowns take control? Is humanity doomed? We don't think so, but it's been a while since we saw the movie.

Ed stared into the mirror for a long while. He'd graduated at the top of his class, studied abroad... How in the hell did he wind up here?

FLICK PICKS

		THE PITCH	HOW WE FEEL INSIDE
	Apocalypse Now Redux AUGUST 24 MARTIN SHEEN, MARLON BRANDO, LAWRENCE FISHBURNE, ROBERT DUVALL, HARRISON FORD DIR: FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA	Twenty-two years after the original release, Coppola adds 49 minutes of more Brando, more Playmates and more Duvall speeches. *Redux* means "brought back." Use it next time you return something–e.g., "I'd like to redux this shirt, yo. It's sticky."	 War is Sad.
	Jay and Silent Bob Strike Back AUGUST 24 KEVIN SMITH (DIR), JASON MEWES, JOEY LAUREN ADAMS, ELIZA DUSHKU, SHANNON ELIZABETH, ALI LARTER, MARK HAMILL	Jay and Silent Bob make it to the big screen, but they're not going to see a cent of profit, so they head to stop the production. Mark Hamill is in it, but it's kind of weird. Guess he'll always be Han Solo to us.	 Clerks was funny.
	John Carpenter's Ghosts of Mars AUGUST 24 NATASHA HENSTRIDGE, ICE CUBE, PAM GRIER DIR: JOHN CARPENTER	Residents of a Mars colony begin mining for underground goodies. Instead they find ancient spirits who will destroy all, be they cops (Henstridge), criminals (Cube) or egomaniacal directors who put their names everywhere (Carpenter).	 Books are like movies in your head!
	Knockaround Guys AUGUST 31 BARRY PEPPER, SETH GREEN, VIN DIESEL, ANDREW DAVOLI, DENNIS HOPPER, JOHN MALKOVICH DIRS: BRIAN KOPPELMAN, DAVID LEVIEN	The sons of four New York City mobsters set out to retrieve a bag of loot from a corrupt Montana sheriff, but–get this–things don't go smoothly. In real life, the sons would be shot execution-style and dumped in a reservoir. Now *that's* funny!	 We like Seth Green.
	Cheaters SEPTEMBER 14 TREVOR FEHRMAN, MATTHEW LAWRENCE, MARTIN STARR, ELDEN HENSON, MARY TYLER MOORE DIR: ANDREW GURLAND	Four high-school buds take on the fascist administration by perfecting ways to cheat on every test. Did you hear the one about the schoolboy who tried to cheat on a blood test? Ha-ha-ha! Turns out he had hepatitis.	 Cheating is wrong.
	Rock Star SEPTEMBER 14 MARK WAHLBERG, JENNIFER ANISTON, TIMOTHY OLYPHANT DIR: STEPHEN HEREK	A salesman (Wahlberg) who's the lead singer of a heavy metal tribute band replaces the lead singer of the band he worships. Us? We worship a longhaired freaky person of our own, usually once a week. He is love. That man is Eddie Vedder.	 We drew Tippy!

bloomingdale's
laid back
Diesel Teal diomede cotton jacket, s-xl, 249.00. Burgundy sweater, wool/acrylic, s-xl, 119.00.
Rivec medium wash cotton jeans, 28-40 even waists, 30-42 inseams, 125.00. All imported.
To order, call 1-800-555-SHOP. #M433. Delivery fees may apply. Sorry, not all sizes available by telephone.

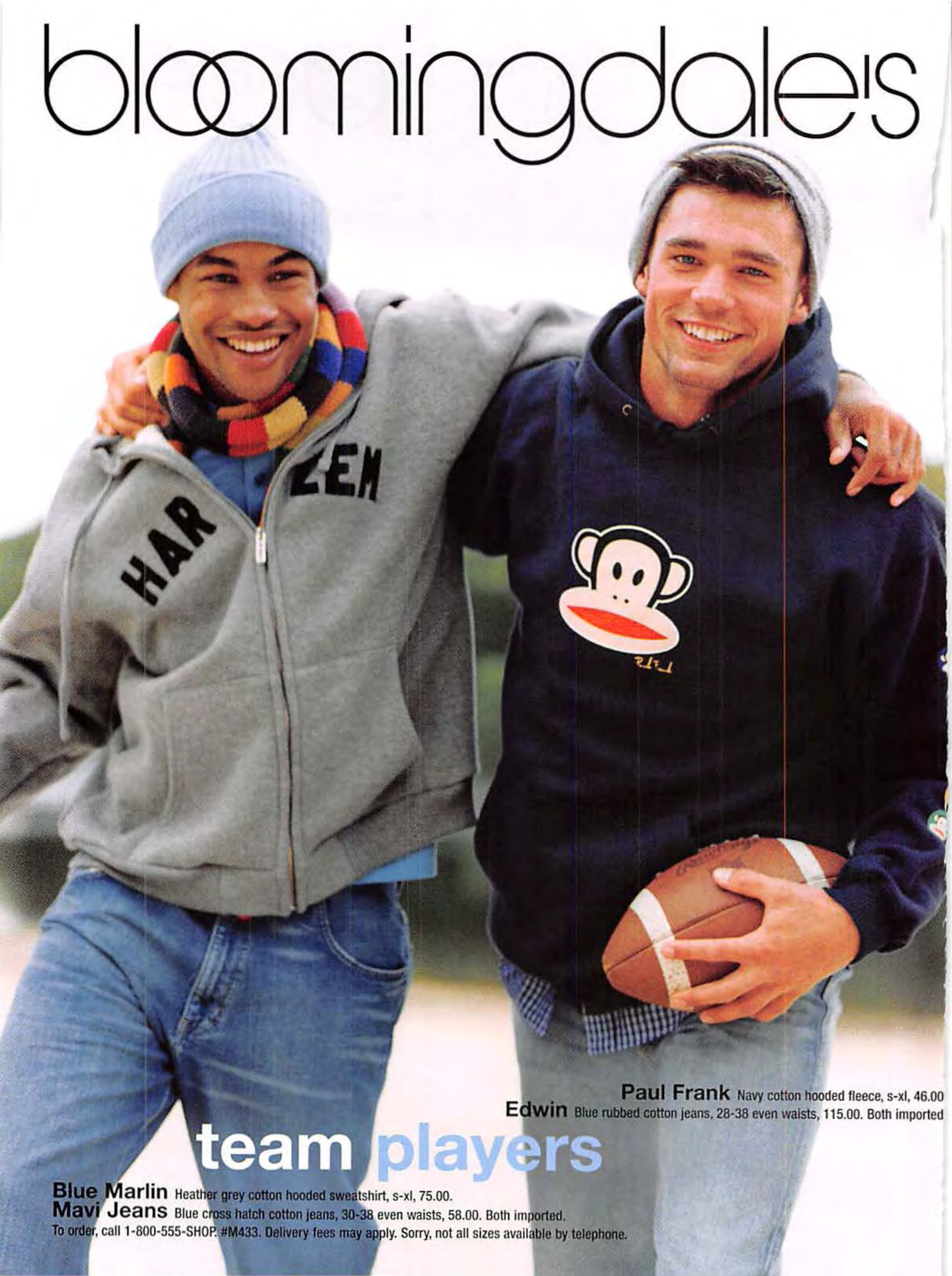

a league of their own
G-Star Mud green cotton driver sweater, s-xl, 159.00. Walnut brown cotton plaid l
ong-sleeve shirt, s-xl, 99.00. Bleached grader cotton jeans, 30-42 even waists, 129.00. All imported.
To order, call 1-800-555-SHOP. #M433. Delivery fees may apply. Sorry, not all sizes available by telephone.
Lucky Brand Jeans Navy long-sleeve cotton oxford cloth,
m-xl, 64.00. White Lucky cotton baseball short-sleeve t-shirt, m-xl, 26.00.
Cycle wash lowrise bootleg jeans, 30-42 even waists, 86.00. All imported.

bloomingdale's

Mavi Jeans Left; dark blue vintage cotton jeans jacket, s-xl, 98.00. Right; dark blue vintage cotton jeans, 30-38 even waists, 30/32/34 inseams, 70.00. Both imported.

Fred Perry Left; navy piped warm up pants, cotton/polyester, s-xl, 99.00. Right; chocolate vintage track jacket, cotton/polyester, s-xl, 99.00. Electric top tape long-sleeve cotton t-shirt, s-xl, 69.00. All imported. Also, **Diesel** Psyke sneaker, 90.00.
To order, call 1-800-555-SHOP. #M433. Delivery fees may apply. Sorry, not all sizes available by telephone.

bloomingdale's



Paul Frank Navy cotton hooded fleece, s-xl, 46.00
Edwin Blue rubbed cotton jeans, 28-38 even waists, 115.00. Both imported

team players

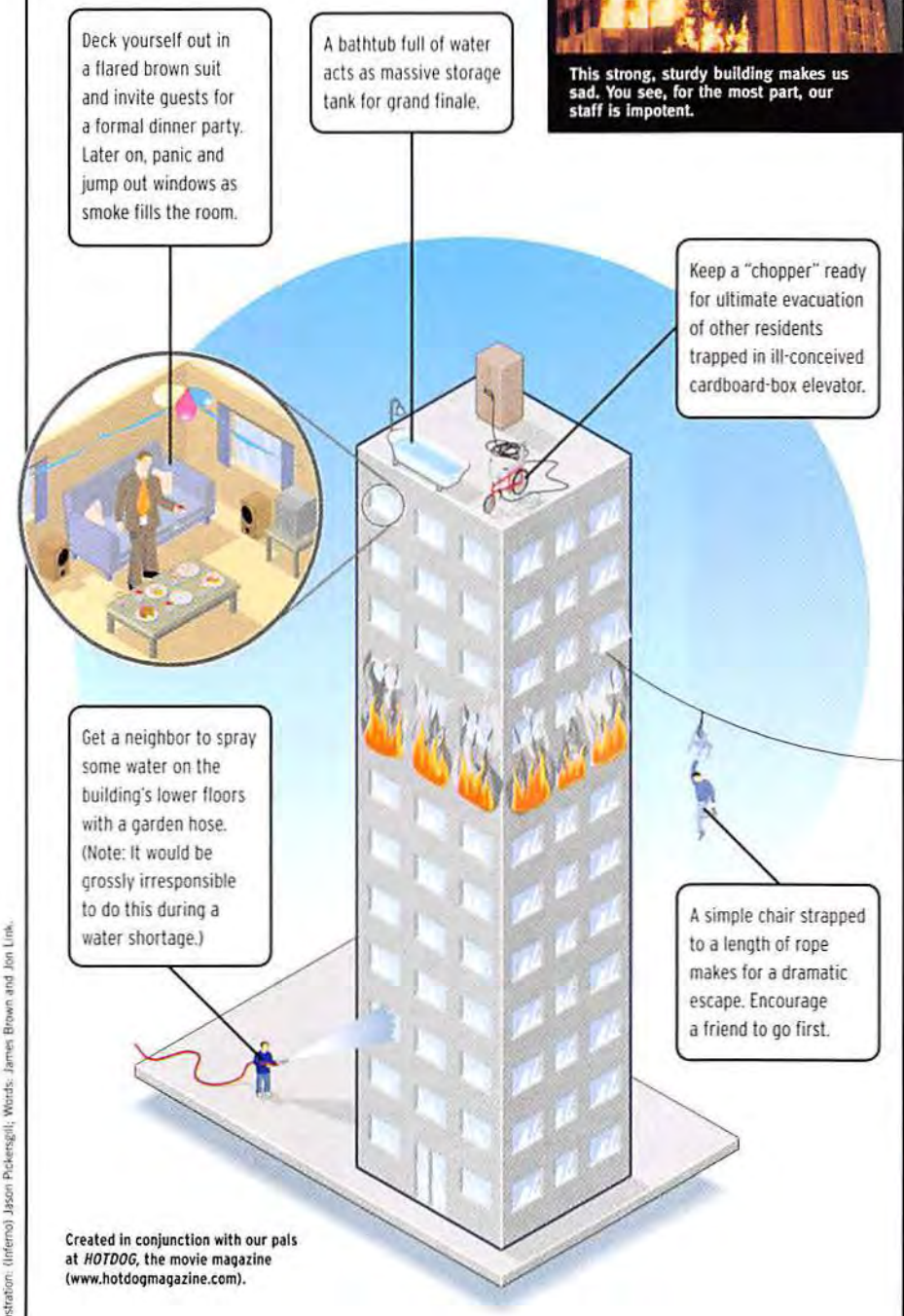
Blue Marlin Heather grey cotton hooded sweatshirt, s-xl, 75.00.
Mavi Jeans Blue cross hatch cotton jeans, 30-38 even waists, 58.00. Both imported.
To order, call 1-800-555-SHOP. #M433. Delivery fees may apply. Sorry, not all sizes available by telephone.

RE-CREATE A MOVIE NO. 7

Towering Inferno

Forget *Titanic*. Please. This 1974 masterpiece is the real king of the world–the world of disaster movies! To re-create the red-hot action at home, set fire to your neighbors' apartments, then attempt a rescue. Get their permission first.

This strong, sturdy building makes us sad. You see, for the most part, our staff is impotent.



Created in conjunction with our pals at *HOTDOG*, the movie magazine (www.hotdogmagazine.com).

IS THERE TRUTH IN FICTION?

Their faces? Leathered. Their hair? Feathered.

Could You Land An Airliner?

Now you listen to us, and you listen good: The answer is no.

IT HAPPENS IN EVERY MOVIE

The captain had clams for lunch. So did the copilot, the navigator and the kid visiting the cockpit. Now they're all slumped over the controls, and the altimeter is spinning like...something that spins a lot. The passengers panic—except for one cool customer who takes the pilot's seat and dons the headset. On the ground, a chain-smoking air-traffic-control guy rolls up his sleeves, helps Mr. Cool regain altitude, then talks him through a near-perfect landing.

THE REALITY

"Sure, that could happen," says Joe Lazar, a certified flight instructor at Palwaukee Airport in Wheeling, Illinois. All you'd have to do is stabilize the rudder, yoke, flaps and power while dodging other planes and pointing out various interesting landmarks to the passengers. "You might get the plane down," Lazar says, "but there's gonna be a mess involved—that's for sure." Especially if you land while the flight attendants are reapplying their makeup. Lipstick everywhere! Not to mention the blood.

Ah, plane disasters. Will you ever cease disastering?

Illustration: (Inferno) Jason Pickersgill; Words: James Brown and Jon Link.

Lap Dance?

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PartyByNight.com

YOU DON'T KNOW JACK SLATER!

Everyday Heroes

Forget Schwarzenegger. The real action heroes are the ones in our classrooms, gas companies, labs and retirement communities. We called a few of them recently.

Jack Slater
Last Action Hero

John Kruger
Eraser

Alan (Dutch) Schaefer
Predator

John Kimble
Kindergarten Cop

The Real Jack Slater
Retired
Lakeland, Florida

STUFF: Do you ever get the feeling that your life is one big movie and that people in theaters are watching you?
SLATER: Maybe you've got the wrong guy. I'm 72 years old. I don't get those kinds of feelings.

In entertainment, are the lines between fantasy and reality blurring?
No. What?

Is it harder to separate truth from art?
No.

Any combat experience?
I was in World War II and Korea.

Which do you prefer, M-16 or AK-47?
[*Laughs*] The 47!

Why?
It's a much better rifle. I dealt with the M-16; it wasn't a good rifle.

The Real Alan (Dutch) Schaefer
Gas-company worker
Massapequa Park, New York

STUFF: True or false: If it bleeds, we can kill it.
SCHAEFER: If it breeds?

***Bleeds.* If it *bleeds*, we can kill it. True or false?**
False.

What's the worst predator you've ever faced?
In reality? A UFO.

When did you see a UFO?
When I was 15 years old.

What did it look like?
I didn't see it. It was what I heard.

Fascinating. How did you get the nickname Dutch?
I don't have the nickname Dutch.

Whatever you say.

The Real John Kruger
Math teacher
Bronx, New York

STUFF: Do you think it's possible to "know too much"?
KRUGER: No, I don't think so.

Ever known anyone who's gotten in trouble for knowing too much?
In high school, these friends I had thought they knew too much. They thought that they knew more than the teacher. That's all.

Oh. In your work as a teacher, I'm sure you've done your share of "erasing." What's the best method: side to side or up and down?
Always up and down. Always.

Why?
It's just the most efficient way.

This is John Kruger. Seriously.

The Real John Kimble
Chemist
Niles, Michigan

STUFF: Now I'm gonna ask you a bunch of questions, and I want to have them answered immediately.
KIMBLE: [*Silence*]

What's more demanding, being a detective or teaching kindergarten?
Teaching kindergarten, because you have to deal with kids.

Good cop or bad cop?
Good cop. Bad cops I don't like.

In hand-to-hand combat, are you more of a striker or a grappler?
Striker.

Who's your daddy, and what does he do?
He's a bad cop.

You're kidding, right?
Yeah. *~Ben Goldstein*

"Don't worry. Daddy will get your balloon."

THIRSTY FOR LIFE? DRINK RESPONSIBLY.
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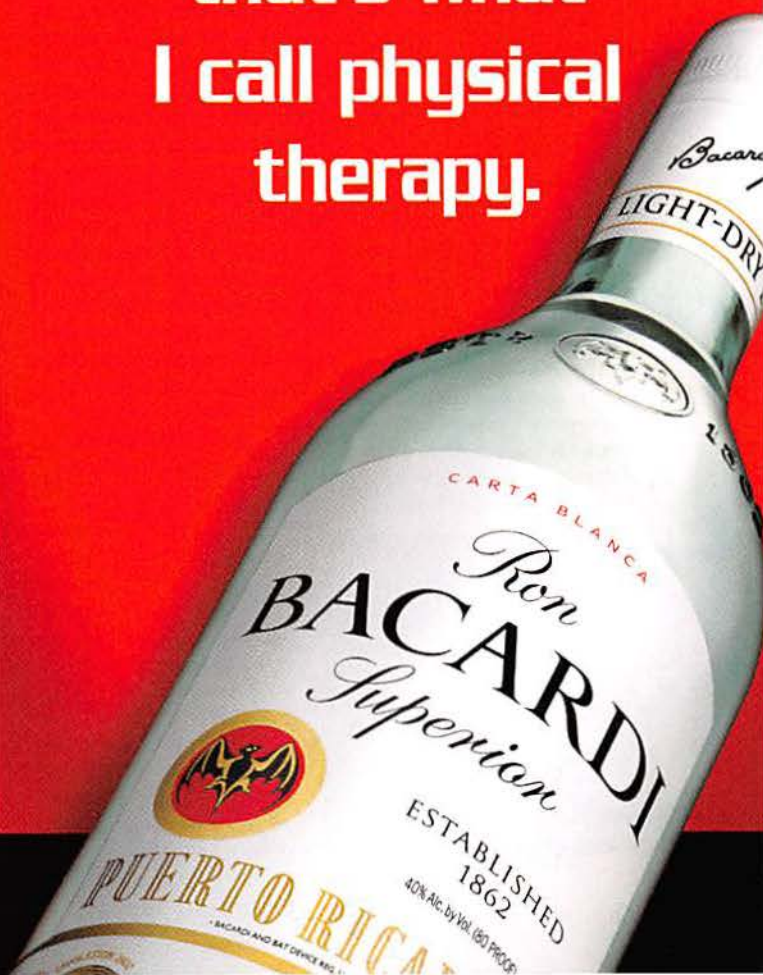
Now that's what I call physical therapy.



"The eagle flies at midnight" was the secret code. The secret code to winning Teddy's heart.

GAME OF THE MONTH

Majestic *(PC)*

As a rule, video games don't just call you up out of the blue. OK, *Donkey Kong* called us a few times, back in the late '80s, usually when it was drunk and lonely. "Ah, I dunno why I'm calling," *Donkey Kong* would invariably say. Then it would laugh and fall silent. But other than that, games just lie there until you decide it's time to play.

Majestic changes all that.

Majestic is proactive. It takes charge. It grabs the bull by the horns, leads a horse to water, kills two cats with one stone. If *Majestic* were any more in-your-face, it'd be cradling your head and kissing you on the lips.

Majestic draws you into a murky world of lies and spies that revolves around a cluster of conspiracies, one being that the government has been cozy with aliens for years and has set up a department—MJ-12, or Majestic—to keep in touch.

But *Majestic* isn't content to just sit there on your hard drive, inert until you boot up. It sends clues by e-mailing you, faxing you and even phoning (just when you've settled down in the tub with a paperback, if you're anything like us!). You play through a series of episodes, each of which presents a series of tips. A fax or an e-mail might give you someone's voice-mail number. There you'll pick up a threatening message and a Web site to look up.

The game tracks your progress, so you play at your own speed. If you're struggling, *Majestic* can tell, and it will send you more obvious clues. Or you can contact other players you've met in the game via e-mail or instant message. The only problem? Some of them are fictional players acting as double agents, out to feed you false information.

The game is spun around real-life events and real-life conspiracy theories—many of the companies and government agencies mentioned are, or were, real. And many of the Web sites you'll use are real-life conspiracy bulletin boards. But some are fake. Is it real, or is it *Majestic*? We don't know, but just to be safe we're shooting the next person that walks through our door. —*Simon Munk*

It's true! Lots of little boxes make one big box.

THE PLAY LIST

Extermination *(PS2)*

"Never fly to a mysterious arctic base that has abruptly cut off contact with the world"—that's our motto. And a long one, too. But when a virus is let loose in the icy wastes, you have no choice. This survival game makes it fun with a customizable gun, big monsters and throngs of mutant creepy-crawlies, most of whom work in sales.

Gangsters 2 *(PC)*

Wiseguy Joey Bane has it rough. First, his pop gets whacked. Second, he has to go up against big boss Cane Langham. Third, Joey's to-do list is a mile long: Extort businesses, hire hit men, plan arsons. You might think arson is easy, but it's not. Today's zoos are mostly concrete and steel. Just like our love for you.

Ephemeral Fantasia *(PS2)*

You're a wandering minstrel in stupid pants, constantly reliving the same three days on an island in this real-time role-playing game. The good news: You get to smack down lots of goblins and dragons. The bad news: That mole on your arm isn't benign like your doctor said. He's not even a real doctor.

Independence War 2: Edge of Chaos *(PC)*

When your dad's killed by a nasty corporation, you declare war on big business. This space-combat game has cool ships, 50-plus missions and realistic physics. Hey, if *we* went apeshit every time big business killed a loved one, we'd never rest.

Ooga Booga *(Dreamcast)*

Put four witch doctors, a herd of wild boars and a volcano on a tiny island and what do you get? Another annoying *New Yorker* cartoon. Or a wickedly fast-moving game in which you cast funky spells on your enemies and play boar polo (no joke). We prefer boar *water* polo. It's cute how they thrash around trying to stay afloat.

Shogun: Total War–The Mongol Invasion *(PC)*

This follow-up to the original samurai strategy title has you riding into battle against a horde of Mongols and Koreans. On your side: ninjas and Kensai sword masters. But once again your racism is a liability, as you complain that "they all look alike" to you. *-S.M.*

VERY REAL POWER™

Powerade provides carbohydrate fuel and rapid rehydration. It does not increase strength.

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"SAY IT ISN'T SO" SWEEPSTAKES

SEE RULES BELOW FOR DETAILS

FIRST PRIZE (10 winners!)

- DVD Player
- Set of Outrageous Farrelly Brothers Comedies on DVD:
  There's Something About Mary
  Me, Myself & Irene
  Say It Isn't So

SECOND PRIZE (25 winners!)

- Set of Outrageous Farrelly Brothers Comedies on DVD:
  There's Something About Mary
  Me, Myself & Irene
  Say It Isn't So

HERE'S HOW TO ENTER

Visit www.sayitisntsovideo.com OR send your full name, address, phone number, e-mail address to:

SAY IT ISN'T SO SWEEPSTAKES
P.O. BOX 2875
VAN NUYS, CA 91404

Entries must be received by December 15, 2001.

SAY IT ISN'T SO Sweepstakes – OFFICIAL RULES

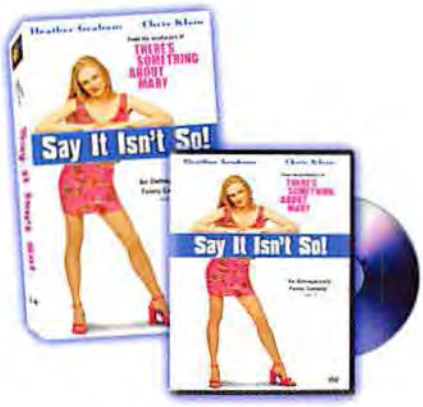
1. No Purchase or Online Access Necessary. Enter by sending your full name, address, phone number, age and email address to: SAY IT ISN'T SO SWEEPSTAKES, c/o Fox, P.O. Box 7849, Torrance, CA 90504. Or by clicking on the Sweepstakes link via the Internet at www.sayitisntsovideo.com. Complete the Official Entry Form, then enter by clicking on the submit button. All entries must be received no later than 11:59 PM EDT 11/21/01, when the Sweepstakes ends. Limit one (1) entry per person.

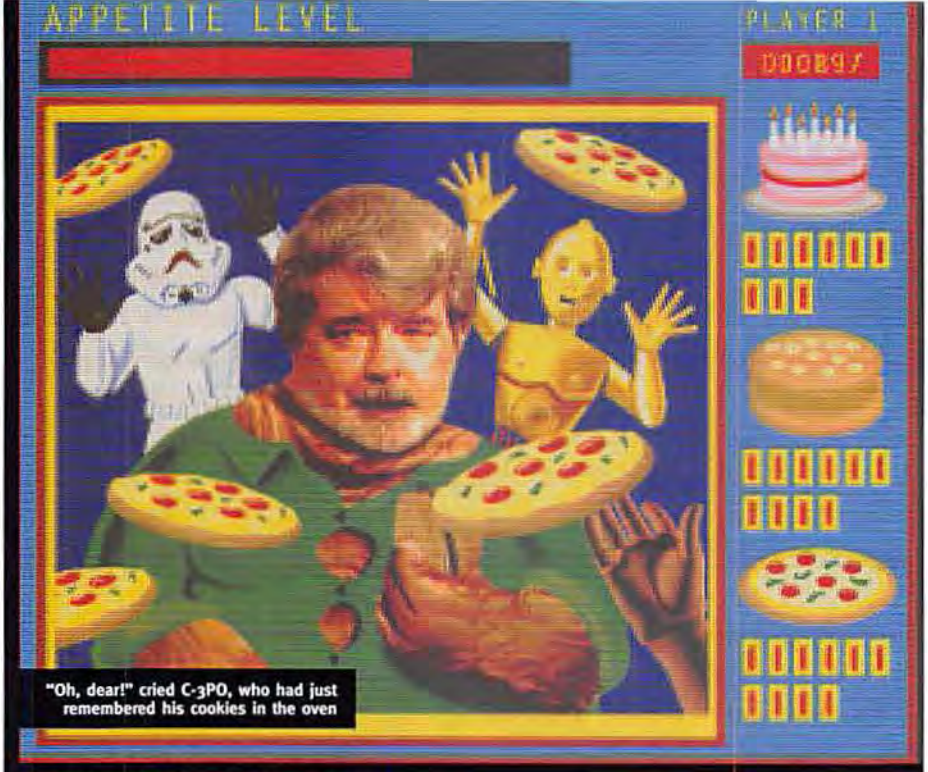
2. Indictions: Winners will be selected at random on or about 12/15/01, by a judging organization, whose decisions are final. Entrants agree to be bound by these Rules. Potential winners will be notified by mail and may be required to sign an Affidavit of Eligibility and a Prize/Advertising release where required by law. No responsibility is assumed for lost, late, stolen or misdirected electronic or mail entries. Entries void if incomplete, not legible, or if they contain errors. Sponsor may cancel, terminate, modify and/or suspend Sweepstakes if integrity of the Internet portion is compromised in any manner. All submissions become property of Sponsor.

3. Participation: Sweepstakes begins 8/14/01 and is open to residents of the 50 United States plus Washington, D.C., 18 years of age or older. Employees and their immediate families of Twentieth Century Fox Home Entertainment Inc. (TCFHE), this print publication, their affiliated companies, agencies and anyone involved in the production, development or handling of this Sweepstakes are not eligible. By entering, each participant agrees to release, discharge and hold harmless the above and their affiliates and agencies from all claims, damages, liabilities, injuries and expenses arising out of a participant's participation in this Sweepstakes and/or acceptance, use and/or misuse of prize. No responsibility is assumed for lost, stolen, misdirected, illegible, not received, late or transmission delayed entries, or for technical, human, electronic or mechanical computer error of non-transmitted or incomplete e-mail entries. TCFHE also not responsible for damage to an Entrant's computer system, or any portion thereof, because of an Entrant's participation in the Sweepstakes. If in TCFHE's sole opinion, there is any suspected or actual evidence of electronic or nonelectronic tampering with any portion of the Sweepstakes, or if technical difficulties compromise the integrity of the Sweepstakes, TCFHE reserves the right to terminate the Sweepstakes and conduct a random drawing to award prizes using all e-mail entries received as of the termination date. In the event of a dispute, e-mail entries will be deemed made by the authorized account holder of the e-mail address submitted at the time of entry. "Authorized account holder" is deemed as the natural person who is assigned to an e-mail address by an Internet access provider, online service provider, or other organization that is responsible for assigning e-mail addresses or the domain associated with the submitted e-mail address. If a potentially winning entry is an e-mail entry, potential winner may be required to provide TCFHE with proof that he or she is the authorized account holder of the e-mail address associated with the potential winning entry. Void in Puerto Rico and where prohibited. Subject to all applicable laws.

4. Prizes/Odds: The following prizes will be awarded: Ten (10) Grand Prizes: one DVD player and one set of outrageous Farrelly Brothers Comedies on DVD, including THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT MARY, ME, MYSELF & IRENE, and SAY IT ISN'T SO (approx. retail value $389.00); Twenty-five (25) First Prizes: One set of outrageous Farrelly Brothers Comedies on DVD: THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT MARY, ME, MYSELF & IRENE, and SAY IT ISN'T SO (approx. retail value $90.00). Odds depend upon number of entries received. Sweepstakes open to over 30,000,000 Internet users. Allow 6-8 weeks after validation for receipt of prize. Limit one prize per household. No substitution or transfer of prizes. Taxes are responsibility of winners. For a list of Grand and First Prize Winners, mail a self-addressed, stamped envelope (VT residents may omit return postage) to: SAY IT ISN'T SO Sweepstakes List of Winners c/o Fox, P.O. Box 7849, Torrance, CA 90504 by 12/15/01.
VOID WHERE PROHIBITED.

AVAILABLE ON VIDEO AND DVD AUGUST 21, 2001





"Oh, dear!" cried C-3PO, who had just remembered his cookies in the oven

LOOKING FORWARD

Sequel IV: The Wrath Of the Inevitable

Video-game sequels are all the rage, but they're rarely as good as the originals. Here are some sequels we'd love to see. Too bad we're legally blind.

THE PHANTOM MENACE: GEORGE LUCAS' CATERING

The game so far: Every exciting bit of every *Star Wars* movie has been bled dry gamingwise. We've had space combat, pod racing, Jedi battles and even Ewok tossing.

What's coming: If you think double-lightsaber duels are a challenge, just wait till you take a turn as George Lucas' caterer. The corpulent producer ain't getting any smaller...and neither is his appetite. He orders burgers, pizzas, tubs of potato salad and an assortment of cheese and devours it all. Your job: Keep the food coming or suffer the force of Lucas' foot up your ass.

MADDEN TRIPLE BYPASS

The game so far: Endless NFL rehashes with Madden at the helm. The latest version features a helmet cam.

What's coming: After years of stadium food and high stress, Madden leaves the hurly-burly world of football to undergo triple-bypass surgery. Will he make it? No. But tinkering with his heart sure is fun.

FINAL FANTASY XIV: A GRADUAL, LONELY DEATH

The game so far: Impenetrable Japanese role-playing with plots involving love triangles, doomed romances and elemental spirits of the netherworld.

What's coming: Early in the *Fantasy* series, Zidane Tribal is a young thief who "cannot remember anything about his past and does not know of any family." Many sequels later, he's old and smells like urine. Any family he may have had is long dead, and even if they weren't, they'd never visit. He'll plead for a dignified death. Don't fall for it!

COMMAND & CONQUER: THE U.N. MISSIONS

The game so far: Two world superpowers duke it out over a nasty mineral called tiberium. This involves lots of shooting, moving tanks around and building up vast hoards of resources.

What's coming: Killing is *so* last millennium. In the new *Command & Conquer*, you and your fellow soldiers stand around near starving children, wearing powder-blue berets and waiting to be photographed by Reuters.

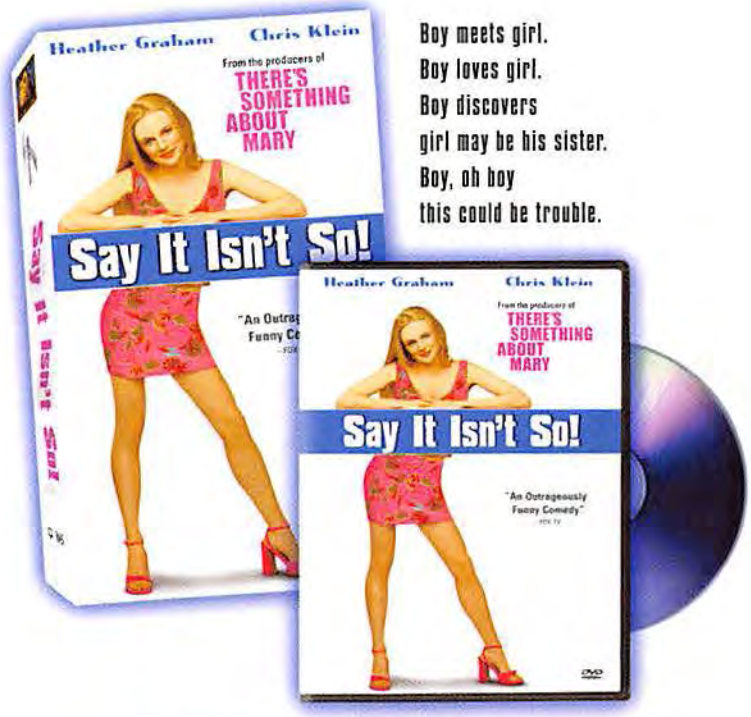
TONY HAWK'S VAGUELY DISSATISFYING JOB IN MIDDLE MANAGEMENT

The game so far: A balls-out, rip-roaring extreme-sports skateboarding game with cool skate parks and cunning stunts aplenty.

What's coming: The X Games king discovers that his baggy pants aren't so baggy anymore, and the best gig he can get is a meet-and-greet at the grand opening of a Sunoco station. He takes a job in middle management at a skateboard company and annoys his coworkers with tales of his glory days. Soon they begin to make excuses to avoid him. Around 5:30, he drives home. *–S.M.*

Illustration: Gary Brantham.

ANOTHER TWISTED COMEDY FROM THE PRODUCERS OF THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT MARY!



Boy meets girl.
Boy loves girl.
Boy discovers
girl may be his sister.
Boy, oh boy
this could be trouble.

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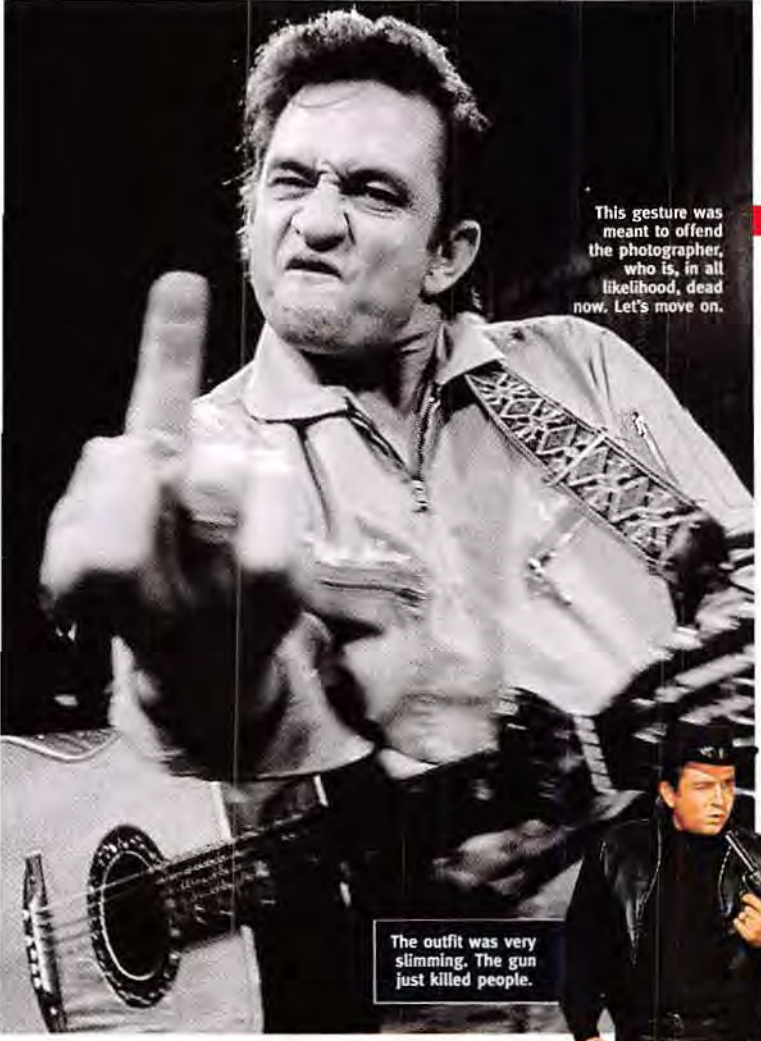
SEE OPPOSITE PAGE TO ENTER!

TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX PRESENTS A CONUNDRUM ENTERTAINMENT PRODUCTION HEATHER GRAHAM CHRIS KLEIN "SAY IT ISN'T SO" ORLANDO JONES RICHARD JENKINS AND SALLY FIELD COSTUME DESIGNER LISA JENSEN
MUSIC BY MASON DARING MUSIC SUPERVISORS TOM WOLFE & MANISH RAVAL CO-PRODUCER MARC S. FISCHER FILM EDITOR LARRY MADARAS PRODUCTION DESIGNER SIDNEY J. BARTHOLOMEW, JR. DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY MARK IRWIN, CSC/ASC
PRODUCED BY BOBBY FARRELLY BRADLEY THOMAS PETER FARRELLY WRITTEN BY PETER GAULKE & GERRY SWALLOW DIRECTED BY J.B. ROGERS www.sayitisntsovideo.com

Strong sexual content, crude humor and language.



This gesture was meant to offend the photographer, who is, in all likelihood, dead now. Let's move on.

The outfit was very slimming. The gun just killed people.

Johnny smiles serenely as the guitarist pokes his eye out on the mic

GREATEST AMERICAN HERO NO.21

Johnny Cash

The Man in Black discovered the joys of drugs and destruction long before they were fashionable.

Memo to sneer-sporting, hotel-trashing rockers of today–your shit's been done. Johnny Cash was popping pills, crashing cars and chopping through hotel walls years before Fred Durst's mommy and daddy had their first grope.

Born in 1932, Cash grew up dirt-poor in Arkansas and worked in cotton fields before joining the Air Force. While in the service, he taught himself to play guitar. When he got out, he landed a record contract and a couple of hits: "I Walk the Line" and "Folsom Prison Blues."

He dressed in black long before it became the uniform of latte-sipping art directors. He played nearly 300 shows a year and developed an appetite for amphetamines and destruction. Motel owners cowered when he plowed into their parking lots. Cash recalls, "I was hard on things. I smashed them, I shot them, I stuck them with my bowie knife."

When he was feeling creative, he set fire to them. In 1963, some oil from Cash's camper ignited in the grass of a national wildlife refuge in California. The resulting fire destroyed 500 acres of parkland. When asked in court if he had started the blaze, Cash replied: "No. My truck did, and it's dead now, so you can't question it." He was fined $125,000.

Two years later, he was locked up in El Paso, Texas, for trying to carry his personal stash–1,143 pills–over the border.

Ten years of self-abuse, a declining career and a painful divorce finally drove Cash into detox, which he affectionately describes thusly: "As well as the glass coming out of my skin and the corners of my eyes, I had the old problem of splinters, briers and thorns in my flesh. And sometimes worms."

Once clean, Johnny found the missing ingredient to his success story: convicts. *Johnny Cash at Folsom Prison*, recorded in 1968, sold six million copies. Its 1969 follow-up, *Johnny Cash at San Quentin*, did even better. By the end of the '60s, Cash had had nine albums on the charts and his own TV show. The program ran for three years, but he began to turn off his audience by publicly peddling his love for that old-time religion. For a decade, people avoided his performances like church. By the mid-'80s, he'd simply gotten weird: "The last record I gave my label was *Chicken in Black*...and I even made a video with me dressed like a chicken." Oddly, this wasn't the low point. That had come a year earlier, when he was attacked by an ostrich at his animal park in Tennessee. By the end of the brawl, Cash had five broken ribs and a ripped-open stomach.

In 1993, just when Cash's career seemed buried in exotic bird shit, he hooked up with Beastie Boys producer Rick Rubin. The result was the brilliant and successful *American Recordings*. One of the videos, "Delia's Gone," featured Johnny shoveling dirt onto a dead Kate Moss. MTV refused to air the scene, and Cash was cool again. Now pushing 70, Cash and his career are back in the black, and he's put drugs, arson and enraged ostriches behind him. He pretends they're not there when people ask. –*Jacob Kalish*

HOW TO...

Kill an Ostrich

Why? One almost killed Cash. Here's a solution to the ostrich problem–a solution that serves 20 hungry guests.

STEP 1: Upon being discovered stealing an ostrich egg for your starving family, immediately get into a crouching, halfback-like position as the bird attacks.

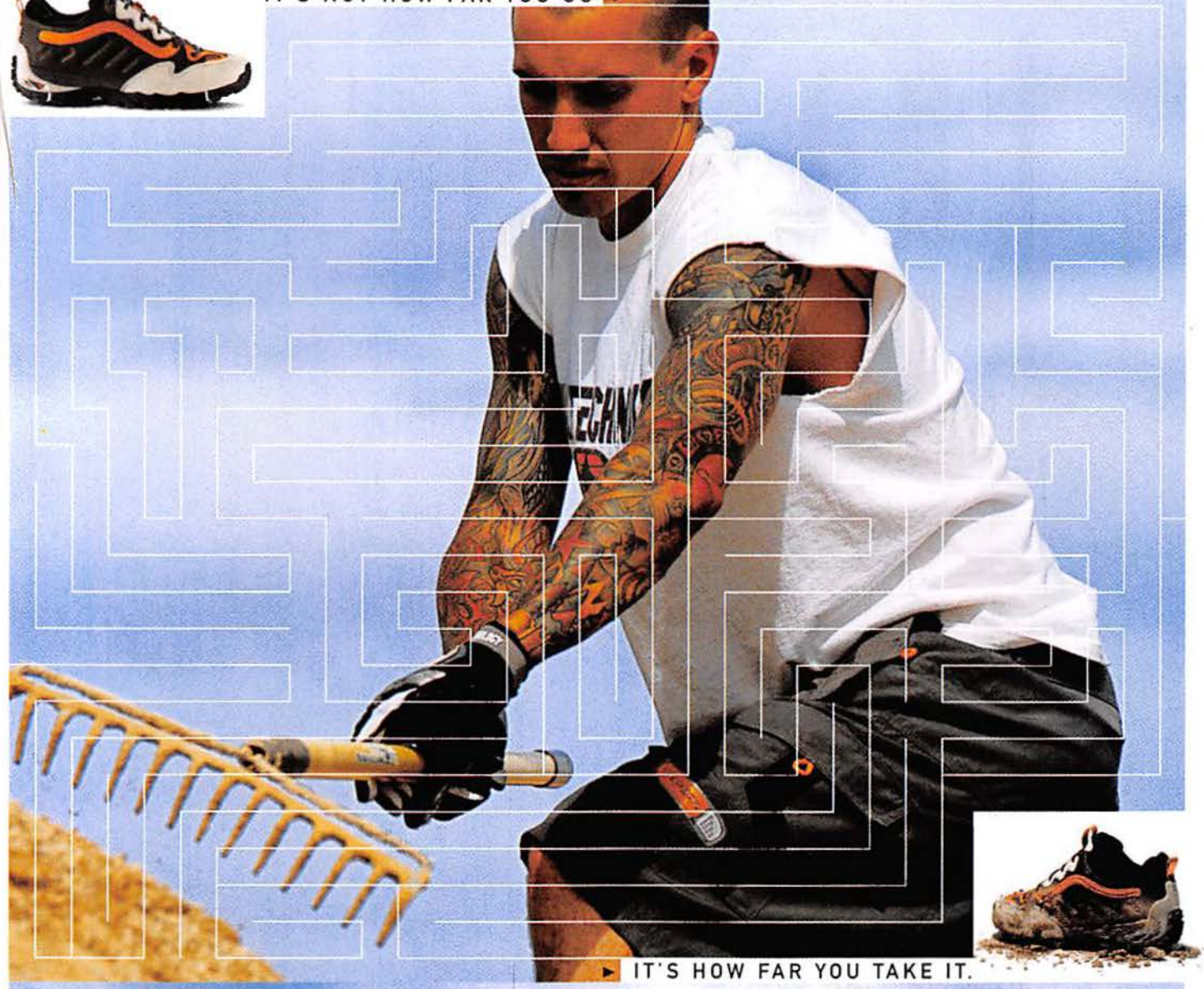
STEP 2: As your flightless foe approaches with increasing speed, raise your right hand in a judo-chop fashion and aim for her ample neck.

STEP 3: The ostrich will quickly duck, but it was all just a well-thought-out ruse! With your available left hand, pull out a revolver and shoot the bird dead. (Note: Fire off several rounds to make sure she's finished. Those ostriches are a resilient lot.)

STEP 4: Screw the egg! Now you've got yourself enough meat to make bird jerky for three hillbilly families or more. Simply pluck, strip and season the flesh, and toss the meat into a dehydrator for six to ten hours. Then use the leftover feathers to tickle your larynx so you can eat even more.

Photography (Middle Finger): ©Jim Marshall; Illustrations: Gary Brandham

IT'S NOT HOW FAR YOU GO ▶



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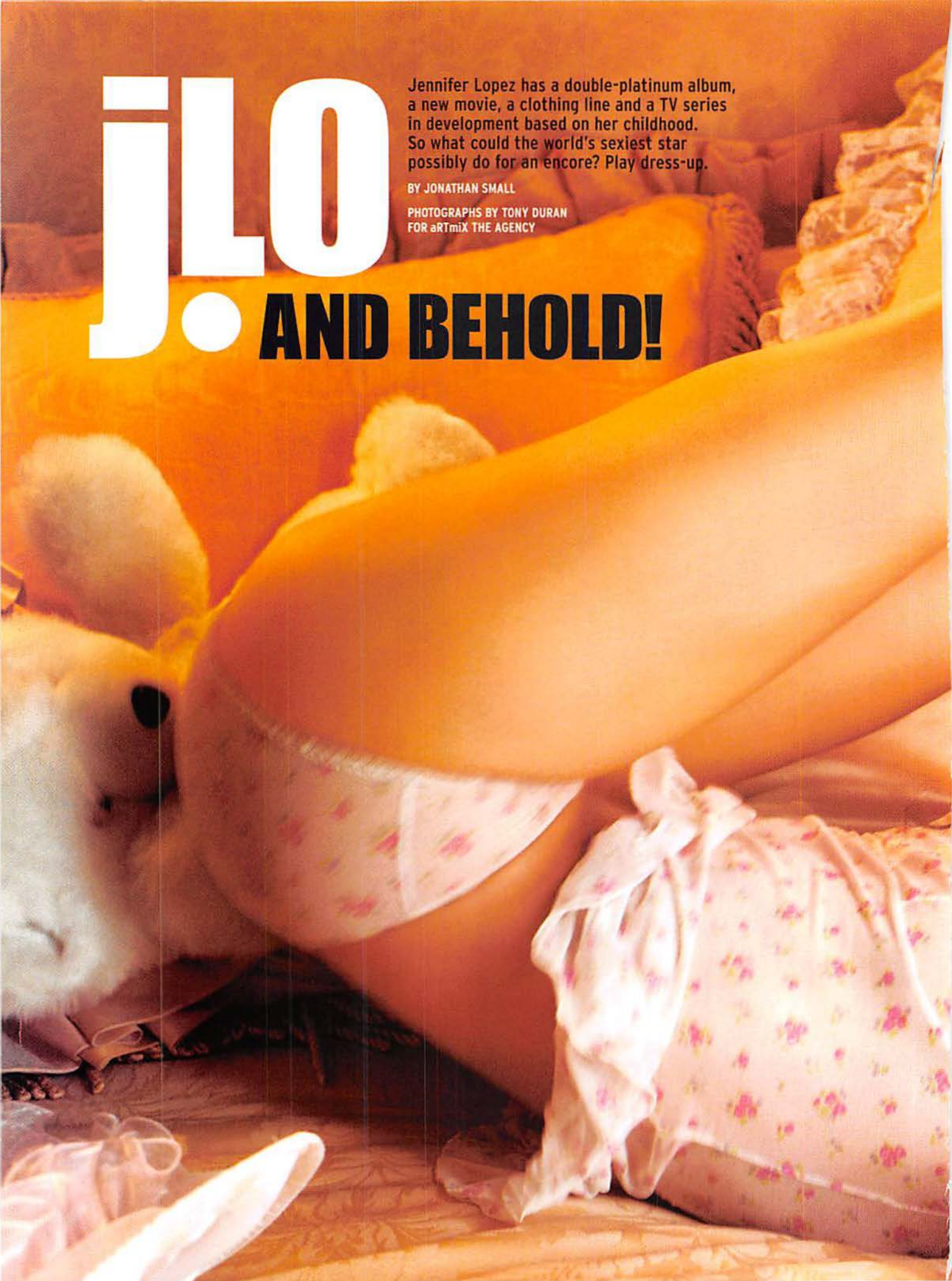
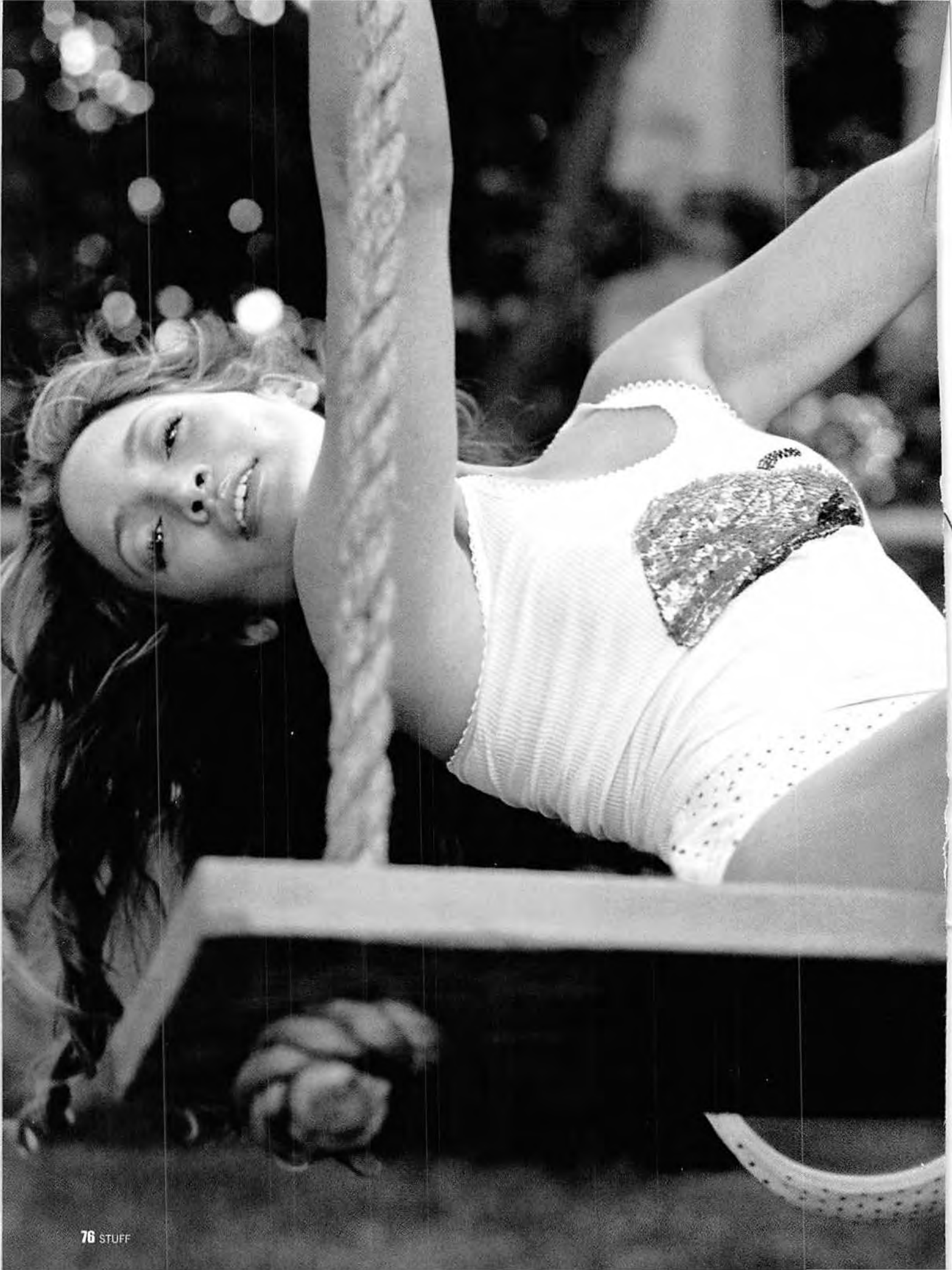
jLO AND BEHOLD!

Jennifer Lopez has a double-platinum album, a new movie, a clothing line and a TV series in development based on her childhood. So what could the world's sexiest star possibly do for an encore? Play dress-up.

BY JONATHAN SMALL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY DURAN FOR aRTmiX THE AGENCY





Jennifer Lopez

Jennifer Lopez puts her feet up on chair, sinks into a big brown couch and lets out a deep breath. Her love may not cost a thing, but being the sexiest, most talked about, most sought-after singer-dancer-actress on the planet can take its toll.

She's on a break from a busy dance rehearsal and admits to being a tad—just a tad—tired. Can you really blame her? Earlier this year, she held the distinction of being the first person in history to have the No. 1 album (*J.Lo*) and the No. 1 movie (*The Wedding Planner*) in the same week. She just finished shooting an emotionally draining new film called *Enough*, in which she plays an abused wife. She's scheduled to appear in a music special for NBC later this year. She's designing a new clothing line for her Sweetface label, and talks are under way about doing a sitcom based on her family life while growing up in the Bronx.

Today she wears terrycloth sweats in pink (her favorite color), old-school Adidas with pink stripes, a revealing white tank top and a sparkly diamond necklace that reads, surprisingly, *Jennifer*. Despite her angelic presence, she talks in a slight New Yawk accent (she ends most sentences with "know what I mean?"), which makes her somehow less intimidating. She has an uncanny way of looking you right in the eye that is at once unsettling and unbelievably sexy.

Here, she talks candidly about life, love, loss and—when asked—her favorite body part. And it ain't the butt.

STUFF: The little-girl theme of the photo shoot was your idea. Not like we're complaining, but why?
JENNIFER: I've always wanted to do that. I feel like children are so free, and their movement is so free. But when you do photo shoots you're doing all this contrived stuff sometimes. There is something about children that gives you a freedom of movement.

When you were a little kid, did you ever imagine that you'd be doing this?
I always knew that I wanted be an actor and a singer. Or die trying.

The shots are, how shall we say, hot.
That's because I'm grown-up now. So when I'm wearing little bobby socks—that puts a whole different spin on it. I think it was sexy without trying.

You're not very inhibited about showing some flesh, are you?
It depends. I get really funny about it. If I think somebody is trying to be too sexual, too overt or too exploitative, I will pull back immediately. There is a fine line between being sensual and sexy and being overtly sexual, which is not sexy. I think I dress like every other girl in the world.

Really? A lot of girls wouldn't wear that daring dress to the Grammys.
I like dressing feminine and sexy. That doesn't necessarily mean tight or short. I think you can be sexy in a loose, flowing dress that sits on your curves instead of straps them in. Because I'm not slutty with my fashion, people find it more sexy. I know what looks good on me, and I know how to be sexy without being obvious.

"I'm a hold-back-on-the-kiss person. I saw that in 'Pretty Woman.'"

How can a guy encourage his girlfriend to dress like you?
You say, "I love the way that looks on you" and I guarantee you she'll wear it again. Whenever I get compliments like, "Oh, your legs look so beautiful," even if I don't like wearing short skirts, maybe I'll wear them a bit more often because I know it turns him on and makes him happy. And, in turn, that makes me feel sexy, because I know he thinks I look hot.

What would a guy have to do to attract your attention?
You know, it's funny, because I'm really a picky person. I don't just fall in love. You know how some girls are like, "Oh, he's so cute! He's so cute!" I'm so not like that. What attracts me? It's usually a quiet strength. Something about the person's presence that is strong, but still not obnoxious or overbearing. It's not strong, like, in-your-face.

Your biggest turnoff?
A ladies' man. Somebody who's a player. He feels like he can get all the women. And he's always got all these girls around him. That is so tacky. The guy who is sexy is the guy who can get all the women and doesn't have to go there all the time. That's the hot guy.

How do you know you've fallen in love?
I guess you just know. All of a sudden you miss the person and you can't wait to see him. And you get the butterflies. It's that suffering feeling. You know, like, "Ooooooh, he's not here. I miss him. I love him!" And you're really happy when you see him.

What's the worst date you've ever been on?
One time when I was in the single mode—I had just moved out to L.A. 'cause I was on *In Living Color*—I met a guy on the plane. He was a flight attendant, and he was really cute. I had broken up with my boyfriend of nine years and felt kind of depressed, so my friends said, "You have to start dating. You never go out with anybody." So I was trying to be more open. I gave this guy my phone number and he called me. We went out to eat, and when we came back [to my place] he tried to kiss me. He said, "Wasn't that nice?" And I said, "No. Can you leave?" It was the worst. He had these really thin lips. It was all wrong. You know how when someone picks you up and they don't look the same as you remembered them? ▷▷▷

Styling: Andrea Liberman for Margaret Maldonado. Hair: Onde for the Onde Salon NY-Miami/L'Oreal. Makeup: Scott Barnes for GARREN NEW YORK. Manicurist: Lisa Jachno for Clouther/L'Oreal. Prop Styling: Peter Gargagliano. For clothes, see the Where to Buy page.

And you see them and you're like, "Can I cancel this date right now?"

So you never kiss on the first date?
It's all how you feel. If you kiss on the first date and it's not right, then there will be no second date. Sometimes it's better to hold out and not kiss for a long time. I am a strong believer in kissing being very intimate, and the minute you kiss the floodgates open for everything else. So I'm a hold-back-on-the-kiss person. I saw that in *Pretty Woman* the other day. She wouldn't kiss him because it was too intimate, and it's true.

What makes a great kiss?
It's the chemistry—if you fit together and go together right away. If it's the kind of thing where you have to figure it out, that's never good. You know, you go in for the kiss and it's a figure-it-out moment—you've got to get your mouth and tongue and everything in sync. But when you go in and it's, like, *immediate*, that's good.

Does a guy have to be a great dancer?
It's important that a guy can move. Although, my dad doesn't really have much rhythm—and I adore him. As long as you enjoy yourself dancing, that's enough. I hate when people get all self-conscious.

"I like my massages hard. Don't try to come and tickle me with your fingers, or you can get out."

So your love don't cost a thing. Given the economy, shouldn't it cost a little?
My love? Not my love. A date costs a thing, but love doesn't. You give love freely when you feel it, and I don't think people realize that. They try to substitute it with other things, like their time and understanding and support. But not love. And that's what that song is about.

Are you a romantic?
Yes. I believe in love and everything that it brings, as it's supposed to be, in its truest and most idealistic form.

So I'm assuming that Cris, your fiancé, has all these qualities you like?
[*Laughs*] You'll never know.

Damn. Are you as interested in your own love life as we are?
I think it's so funny that people are so interested in that stuff. I understand that people want to know things, but I've got to have something for me. I live my whole life in the public eye. You learn lessons as you go, and I've been doing this for 11 years now, so I know what the smart moves are. If something is important to you, the media has a way of building it up and then tearing it down. So if you don't want something to be torn down, don't put it out on Broadway. Once you put it out on Broadway, that's it.

But is that story about you doing the Heimlich maneuver on Cris true? That you saved his life in a restaurant after he choked on chicken?
[*Laughs*] We had such a chuckle over that one! No, not true. We were having lunch at the Ivy in Beverly Hills, but nothing happened. I don't know how they came up with that. It was quite an uneventful lunch. We did get loud and start laughing and joking at one point, but there was no Heimlich.

Do you ever read any of the press about yourself?
No, not really. I hear more from people who I know. I don't pick up the paper, but sometimes when I stumble across something I'll go, "This is why I don't read this." It just reiterates the fact that I'm doing the right thing by not reading tabloids or looking at magazines all the time.

What's your biggest vice?
Massages. They're the only thing that can really relax me.

If I were to massage you right now, what technique should I use?
I like it hard. Don't try to come and tickle me with your fingers, or you can get out.

I won't talk about your butt, because that subject has received way too much attention in recent years. But I'm curious: Whose ass do you admire?
I don't really check out people's asses. That's why it's such a phenomenon that people feel like they can just check out mine. Because I'm not really up in it like that.

What *are* you up in?
I like the chest area. And I love looking at the eyes and the mouth.

Why the new name J.Lo?
People just started calling me Jenny Lo, J.Lo. I don't know if it was like a shorter name and sounded a little cooler. It was a nickname given to me by my fans. And it kind of stuck. Now everyone calls me J.Lo. And that's not my [stage] name. That's actually the name of my album and my clothing line. But I wasn't like, "Call me J.Lo." It's funny because now everybody is like, "Yo, J.Lo!"

Do you prefer acting or singing?
I love music much more. Because when I'm doing a character, I'm playing somebody else, but in music I get to be myself. I love music. I think I came out of the womb dancing, like "Put your hands up!" in the operating room.

What would a guy be surprised to find out about you?
I cook.

Really? What?
Food!

[*At this point, Cris Judd introduces himself and sits next to Jennifer.*]

CRIS: She makes really good lasagna. It's excellent.

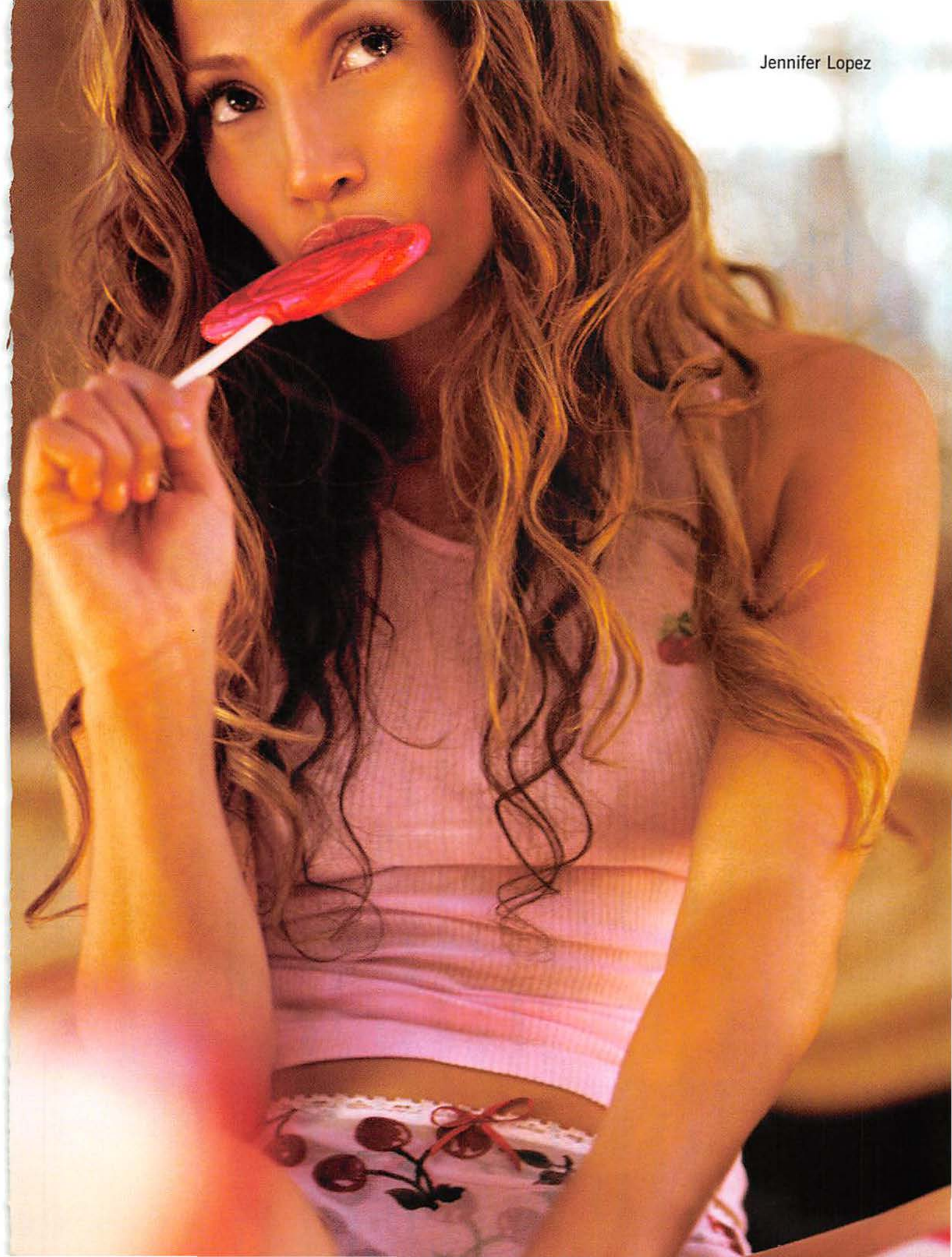
It's nice to meet you. You look pretty young. How old are you?
Thirty-two.

Whoa, you look, like, 24 or something.
JENNIFER: I always tell him that. I had to check his passport to make sure he wasn't lying.

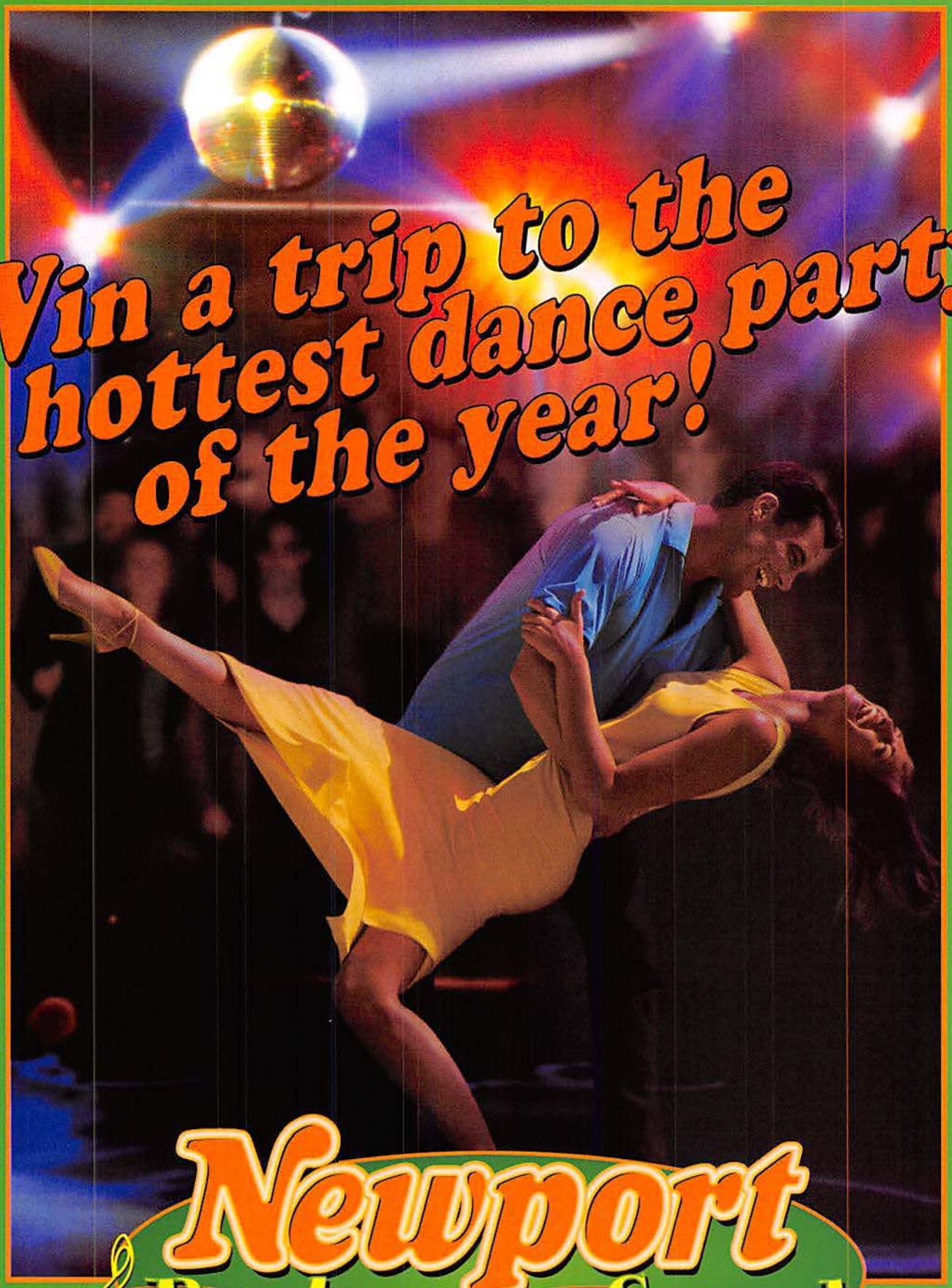
Do you think it's hard on the men in your life that you're in the public eye?
Yeah. It's been hard over the years, but that's why it's important to find somebody who's not affected by that stuff and can help me through it. You can only do that when you find somebody who is a best friend to you—who cares more about your feelings than anything else.

Jennifer Lopez

"I don't really check out people's asses. That's why it's such a phenomenon that people feel like they can just check out mine."



Jennifer Lopez



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Your ego is bruised. Your conscience is broken. The meaning of life, for you, just went flat-line. Who can you turn to for help? Why not the world's deepest thinkers? Welcome to the harrowing world of trauma philosophy.

BY DAVID BENNUN

THE PHILOSOPHY

FIRST AID KIT

Guy on a gurney, almost gone. His life passes before his eyes. "What the hell was that?!" he yells. Then he dies. Not to be pessimistic, but the point is, there are some questions it helps to answer now rather than later. They're the questions that leave you staring bleakly at the ceiling at 3 A.M. until the crack in the plaster takes your mind off the what-am-I-doing-here? quandary that woke you up. That's why some men put posters of models on the ceiling while others keep the works of the great philosophers next to the bed. The posters will get you through the night, but you need the philosophers to get you through the life. Only *Stuff* can put it all together for you in one carefully folded, sequentially numbered place. Below: the most vexing dilemmas of our age, solved by the finest minds in history.

I have to give a toast! I'm terrified!

Best man? Don't worry, especially if you tattoo the words of Ludwig "Mad King" Wittgenstein (1889–1951) on your sweaty palm: "Whereof one cannot speak, thereof one must be silent." This line was first field-tested by Ludwig when he used it at his friend Dale's reception. Dale was a party animal. Ludwig was the foremost philosopher of the 20th century, and we're just kidding about Dale. But the practical application of Wittgenstein's law is this: **Keep it simple.** Once you go beyond your own direct knowledge—like, how you really feel about your buddy and his wife—you're just faking it. And that's a job best left to the new bride.

I'm never going to be famous!

Maybe that's good. If Dan Rather weren't famous, nobody would know that he's a half-mad lunatic driving a network news division into oblivion so he'll never be famous again. Fame for its own sake is overrated, said noted philosopher David Bennun. Visit my Web site at www.davebennun.com. Click on T-SHIRTS and you can look like me! My personal conviction is that fame is a narcotic craved by those who have no sense of their own innate worth and no conviction about their place in the world. I learned my best stuff from Diogenes (c. 412–323 B.C.), cosmopolitan, Cynic and all-around great dancer. The Cynics of ancient Greece believed strongly in what they considered to be *real* values—not those fleeting ones, such as celebrity, but the more rugged qualities of virtue, self-sufficiency and living in a barrel. Which is what Diogenes did before it was even in style. He dressed in rags and went around teaching that you should honor your friends and nurture your principles, since **the value of a man is measured in the love his friends have for him.** By not seeking fame, Diogenes became quite famous. Even Alexander the Great, the most powerful and renowned emperor of the time, was a huge Diogenes fan. Once, the great emperor visited the humble and fabulously famous philosopher and asked, "Is there anything I can do for you?"

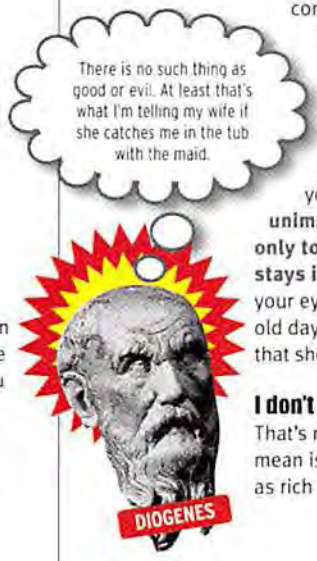
"Yes," said Diogenes. "You can get out of my light."

"He's like Rickles!" said Alexander, adding, "If I were not Alexander, I would wish to be Diogenes." That's not a bad compliment, even if it was b.s. (which it probably was).

Fame is a narcotic craved by those with no sense of worth.

My girlfriend's getting fat!

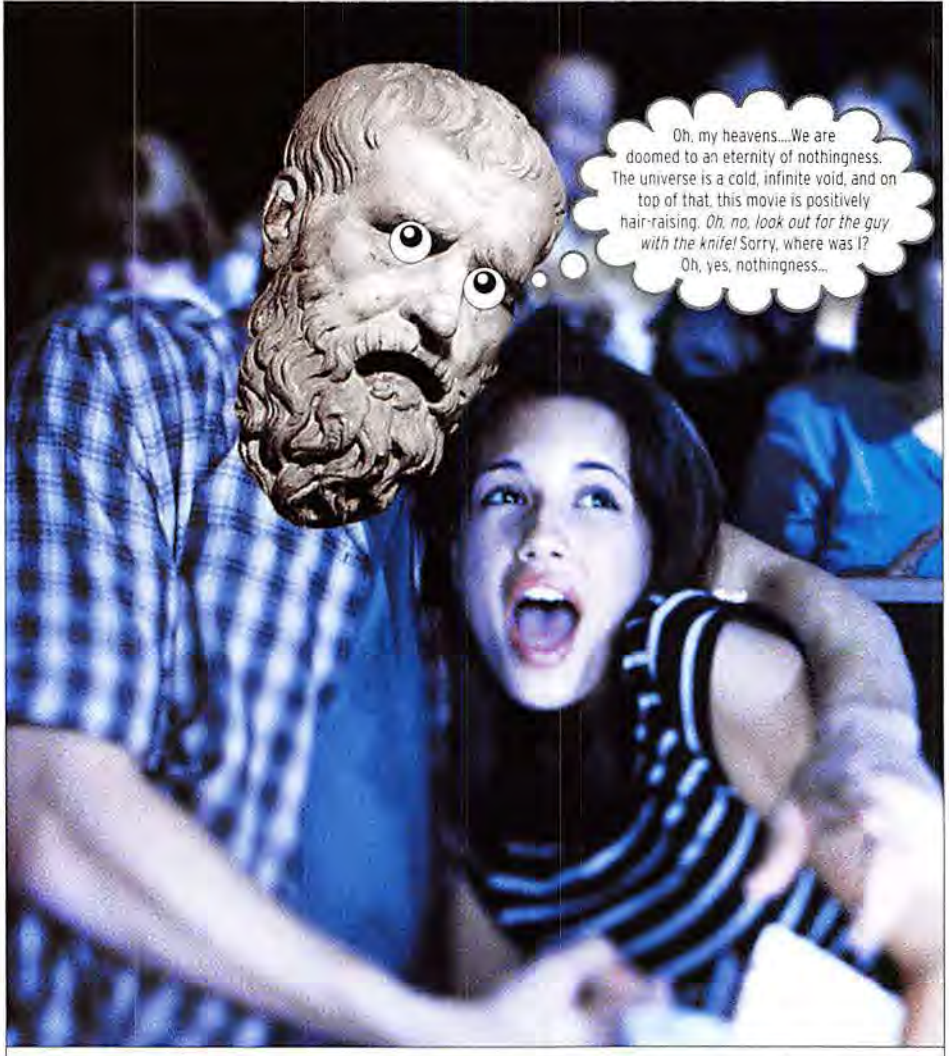
Remember when you both met? When she was young and fresh and so were you? Remember those snapshots you took at the lake, the ones with her nipples pointing up to heaven like some sort of divinely inspired anatomical prayer? Well, hold on to the pictures, because while the soul is permanently youthful and eternal, the body is just passing through. It's the same with everything in the physical universe, says Plato (428–347 B.C.), philosophy's greatest hit. Plato describes physical reality as being merely shadows cast upon the walls of a cave. Of course, when those shadows are cast by J.Lo on the pages of this issue, they can be pretty damn persuasive. Check her out! But, says Plato, you must resist this illusion, control your base instincts and continue reading this article. Why? Because you have to use your intellect to govern your passions. If you don't, says Plato, you'll have to pay a lot of alimony and child support and your kids will always hate you. **Decay is inevitable and unimportant; true harm can come only to the soul, and as long as it stays intact, you're safe.** So keep your eyes closed and do it for the good old days. That way you won't notice that she's doing exactly the same thing.



I don't make enough money!

That's not your complaint. What you mean is, "I don't make as much money as rich people." Before you blow ▷▷▷

Photography: (First Aid Kit) Shun Ohira



your last ten-spot on a red bandanna and the collected works of Karl Marx, spend a moment with American political philosopher John Rawls (born 1921) and his work *A Theory of Justice*. To put it simply: **If it weren't for an economic system that allows rich people to exist, you would make even less money than you do right now—or perhaps none whatsoever.** You'd be as rich as a steelworker in the heyday of Stalin, which is much poorer than you are now. However, if you have a small portion of something big, instead of an equal share of diddly-squat, you can invest your own brainpower and make your small chunk into a bigger and bigger one. Unless the government outlaws rich people. Then you're doomed to poverty, just like everybody else. In Cuba.

My girlfriend never gets off my back!

Yes, my son, she may at times be a bitch, but remember you are the boy dog, if not the stud, so it all works out. Remember Yin and his trained Siamese twin, Yang? They learned their whole circus act from Heraclitus (c. 540–480 B.C.), one of the earliest and greatest of the ancient Greek philosophers. He explains that **reality is a meeting of opposites**—in this case, your girlfriend's opinion on one side and everything you do on the other. Thus arguments and strife are to be accepted, even welcomed, as elements that make up our everyday world. The pull of perfectly matched opposites, cosmically speaking, gives all of nature stability. Girlfriends who are quiet and passive are waiting for the right combination of nine-millimeter availability and your deep drunk-sleep to tip the balance. So stick with her. At least when she yells at you, you know where she is. Then all you have to do to be happy is not get mad. "What anger wants," warns Heraclitus, "it buys at the expense of the soul," and it shows up later on your AmEx bill. Heraclitus, incidentally, was eaten alive by dogs. The rule? One bitch at a time.

I will never be my own boss!

That is because you are weak! You will crumble like all who were weak before you! "Blessed are the meek"? Cursed are the weak, I say! Why can't I meet a nice girl? Is it the syphilis? Welcome to the bedroom of Friedrich Nietzsche (1844–1900), who, if he could hear you whining, would doubtless instruct you to **unshackle yourself from your**

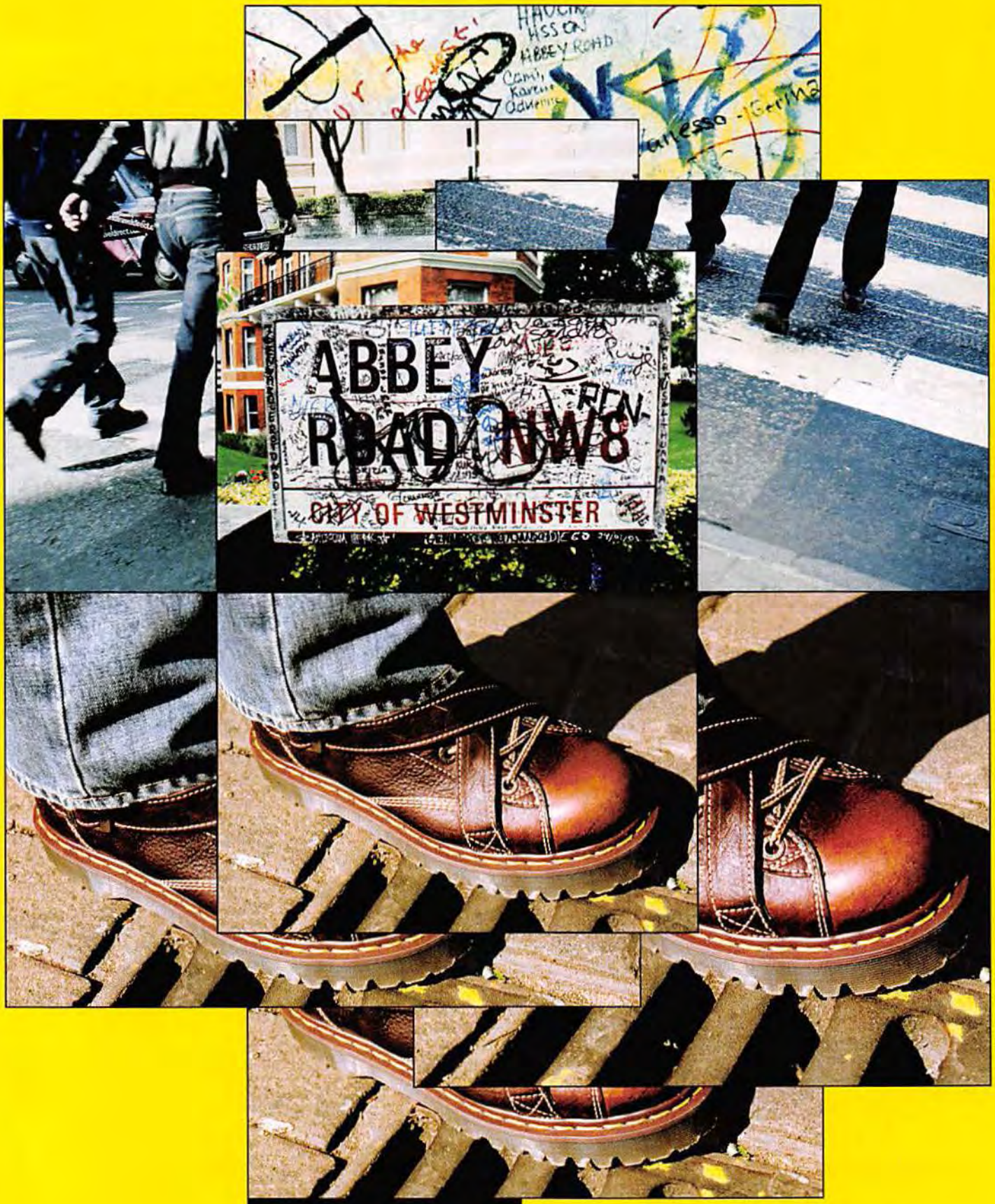
You and death cannot coexist. So just relax.

"slave morality." Actually, he'd probably gibber like a mandrill and try to hump your leg, since syphilis drove him completely nuts, then killed him. But not before the German philosopher developed his theory of the superman, who possesses what Nietzsche called "the will to power," the determination to take those qualities that allowed mankind to rise above the animals and use them to tower over the mediocre rabble that is humanity. Want to hear the words of a man who never had a crazy first wife? "Whatever does not kill me," Nietzsche says, "makes me stronger."

The Christian tradition, he snarls, has ingrained in us such supposed virtues as forbearance, humility and deference. "What is good?" Nietzsche demands. "All that enhances the feeling of power. What is bad? All that proceeds from weakness. The weak and the failures shall perish. They ought even to be helped to perish." Of course, Nietzsche perished shortly after saying that, but nonetheless you should adopt his ruthless perspective if being the boss matters to you. Because, according to Nietzsche, the only person stopping you is you. And your breath. And that ridiculous tie.

Why did I do it with her?!

Behold the one-night stand: She's ugly, scary, creepy, loud and naked. You only noticed the last part—and now you feel nothing but guilt, disgust and self-loathing. And for what? A chance to dance the mutton mambo with a piece of meat too ugly to eat? What were you thinking? Reach for an antacid, a beer and an ice-cold serving of Arthur Schopenhauer (1788–1860), and you'll find that rutting with the devil, as you did, is a kind of ethical vaccination—a way to awaken your conscience, which will guide you to feel compassion for those you betray and to make the right decision next time. And, says Schopenhauer, **it's compassion that unites us as human beings**; without it, we're just dressed-up, smart-ass chimps. By hurting the one you love, you ultimately sabotage yourself. The little voice inside you starts to whine and nag. Once you start to listen, you'll see that your physical desire for other women is merely nature's cruel jest at your expense. Which will make it that much easier to resist. So will wearing panty hose under your trousers. ▷▷▷



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Life isn't fair!

It's fair if you follow the words of those immortal philosophers Crosby, Stills & Nash: "If you can't be with the one you love, honey/Love the one you're with/Love the one you're with/Love the one you're with/Love the one you're with/Dah dip dip dip dip dip da-dip." How is that possible? Just ask Boethius (c. 470–524), a thoughtful, rational and honest man marooned in the Dark Ages, where he was falsely accused of treason, imprisoned and executed. Unfair? While awaiting his unjust death, he wrote a book called *The Consolation of Philosophy*. "Why does Fortune with her fickle hand deal out such changing lots?" he asks. "You never had in her, nor have lost with her, anything that was lovely. If you think that Fortune has changed toward you, you are wrong." In other words, it's your own inflated expectations that have caused you to whine about the unfairness of life. Solution: **Being prepared for disappointment is the key to serenity.** You are not even entitled to life, let alone anything in it, so can the whining and take another free breath.

I'm going to die! Someday!

You'll never have to experience death. Our source? A dead guy. Specifically, Epicurus (c. 341–270 B.C.), who said, "Death is nothing to us." Which may sound a bit overconfident given his current state, but hear the rotting corpse out. The ancient Greeks had already worked out that the universe was composed entirely of atoms. To them, man is simply an assembly of these tiny particles, and while such formations may come and go, the atoms themselves are recyclable. When you die, the collection of atoms that is you ceases to exist in your form and heads off to become other things, like palm trees and Ring Dings and wide-screen plasma TVs. So when you are here, death isn't. And when death is here, you aren't. Get it? **You and death cannot coexist, so you have nothing to fear from it.** Meanwhile, Epicurus advises, you should seek tranquility by limiting fulfillment of your desires to only moderate amounts of the very best stuff. In other words, only supermodel cooks will do. Epicurus, by the way, followed his own advice to the letter—he lived a simple life and did everything well and in moderation. It killed him. He also had a nose shaped like a very proud phallus (see above).

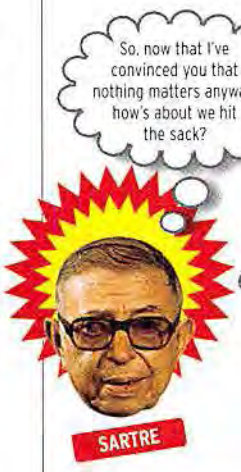
My life feels totally meaningless!

You have what the French existentialists would call *la nausée*—nausea. It's caused by a hollowness at the very core of your being, where the lasagna usually goes. You've got a few ways to fill it, but one of them is French.

1. You can go along with it and squirm. Jean-Paul Sartre wrote the book on nausea—he called it *La Nausée*, of course. His theory: You can contemplate the meaning of life only so long before you accept that at the center of your life is a huge, empty abyss and that **life doesn't have any meaning at all**, except for whatever hobbies you have. This variety of secular existentialism was also embraced by Albert Camus and Bertrand Russell.

Your life has no meaning, except if you have hobbies.

2. The second option is to fight against the emptiness with irrationality. Christian existentialists, influenced by Danish philosopher Søren Kierkegaard, have a different solution to filling the big void in the middle. Faced with making an irrational leap into nothingness, like Sartre, **it might make more sense to make an irrational leap into something that is irrational by design: faith.** Paul Tillich, Gabriel Marcel, Martin Buber and a host of other Christian philosophers filled Sartre's abyss with faith, even arguing that the apparent meaninglessness at the center of life is there for a reason. Got a hole, gotta fill it.
3. The third way to solve the problem of meaninglessness, say the existentialists, is to **celebrate it.** And the Bible for those who subscribe to this particular theory is called *TV Guide*.



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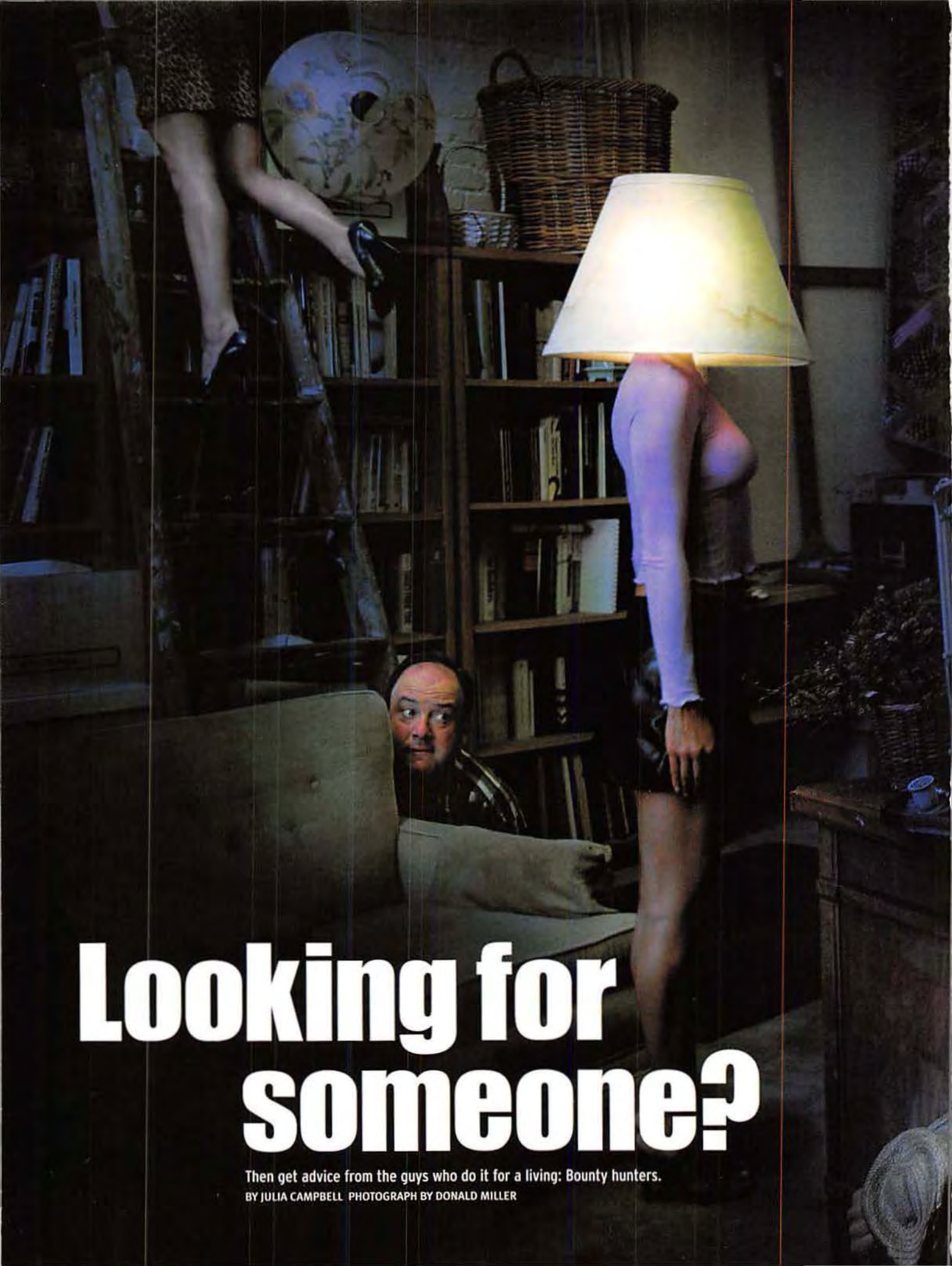
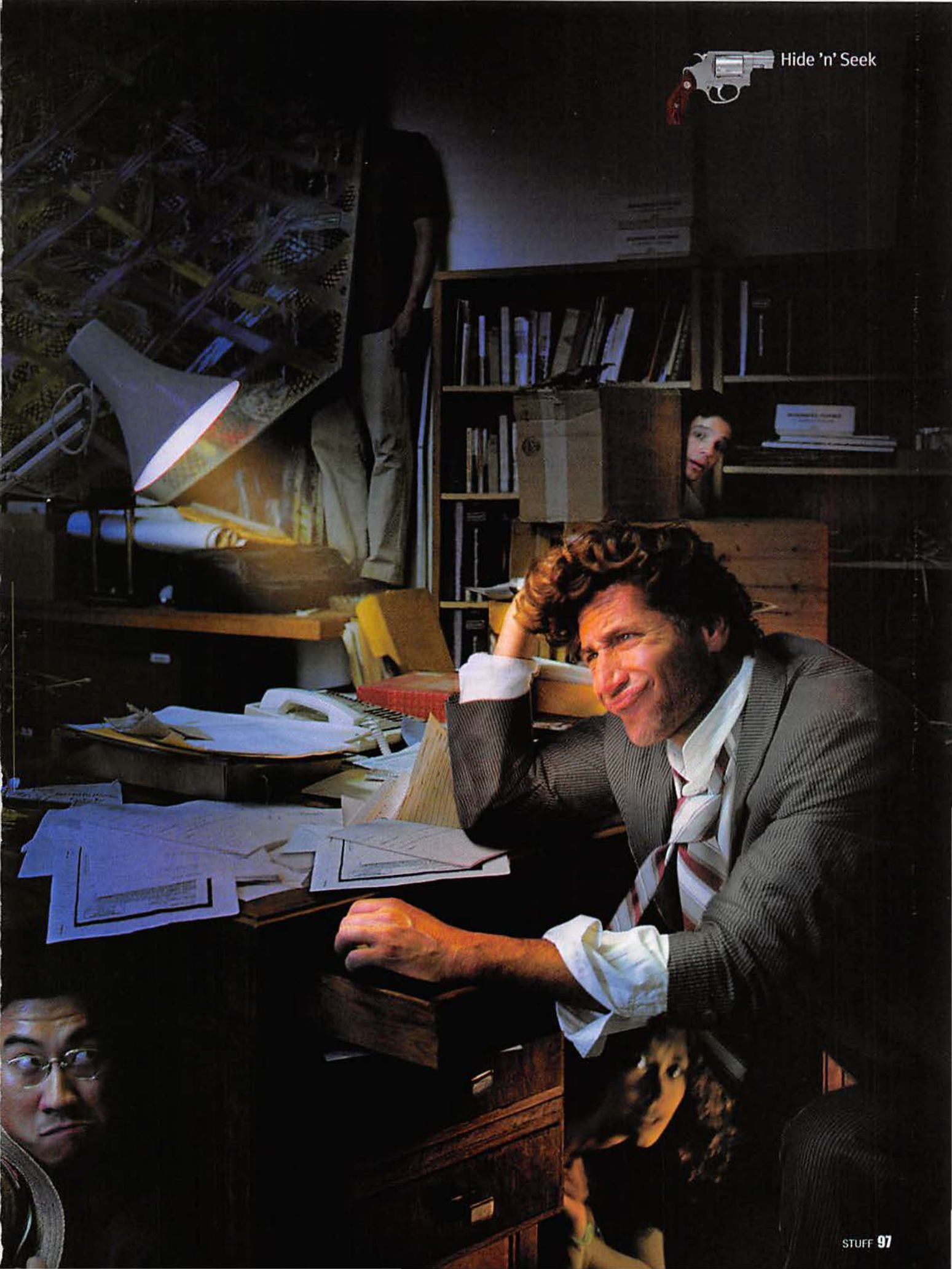


Looking for someone?

Then get advice from the guys who do it for a living: Bounty hunters.

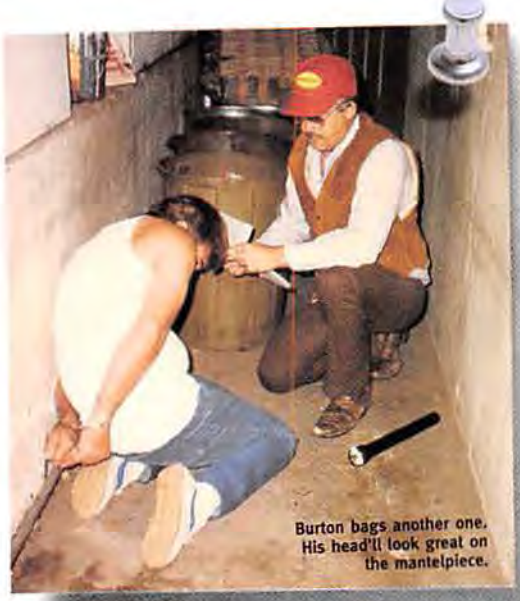
BY JULIA CAMPBELL PHOTOGRAPH BY DONALD MILLER



You might think you take a lot of shit at work, but consider the life of bounty hunter Bob Burton, who's been chasing scum on the run for 35 years. "About eight years ago, a partner and I picked up this fat gal in Mobile, Alabama," he begins. She was too fat to get her arms behind her back and didn't try to resist when they nabbed her, so they put her in the back of the van without handcuffs, and headed off to collect their dough.

"About 20 minutes out of Mobile, I smell that...unmistakable aroma." The next thing Burton knew, he felt something soft and hot hit the back of his head, and it wasn't an air kiss. It was her feces. "We were outraged. I mean, they can throw a bottle at you and it wouldn't be worse than that. So we pulled off onto this little dirt road," he continues, "and I saw a hose on the lawn of this house, and we drove across the grass, pulled her out of the back, handcuffed her to the bumper and hosed ourselves off. It was terrible. Then we hosed her and the dashboard of the car." They wrapped her ass in plastic trash bags, telling her that she would have to sit in her own filth for the rest of the way if she tried that again, and continued on, thinking their problems were over. But then it got cold and Burton turned on the heater. Suddenly they had shake 'n' bake shit. The stench, as you might imagine, became unbearable.

With dark days like that, why would anyone want to be a bounty hunter? "It is a quest," says the 60-year-old, 230-pound Burton, a biker type who says he has "no tattoos and flawless skin." "Bounty hunters," Burton expounds, "like to pretend we're the masterminds playing chess while the stupid fugitives are playing checkers." Since 1985, Burton has run the National Institute of Bail Enforcement in Tucson, Arizona, a training facility where, for a small pile of money, geeks and gun nuts alike can learn the essentials in the field of bail arrest. That includes everything from tracking to handcuffing to contract searches—and possibly how to duck a pile a feces. He even parlayed this into a cushy Hollywood gig, serving as technical advisor on Robert De Niro's 1988 bail-bond high-jinks classic, *Midnight Run*. Sadly, this hasn't helped his sense of humor.

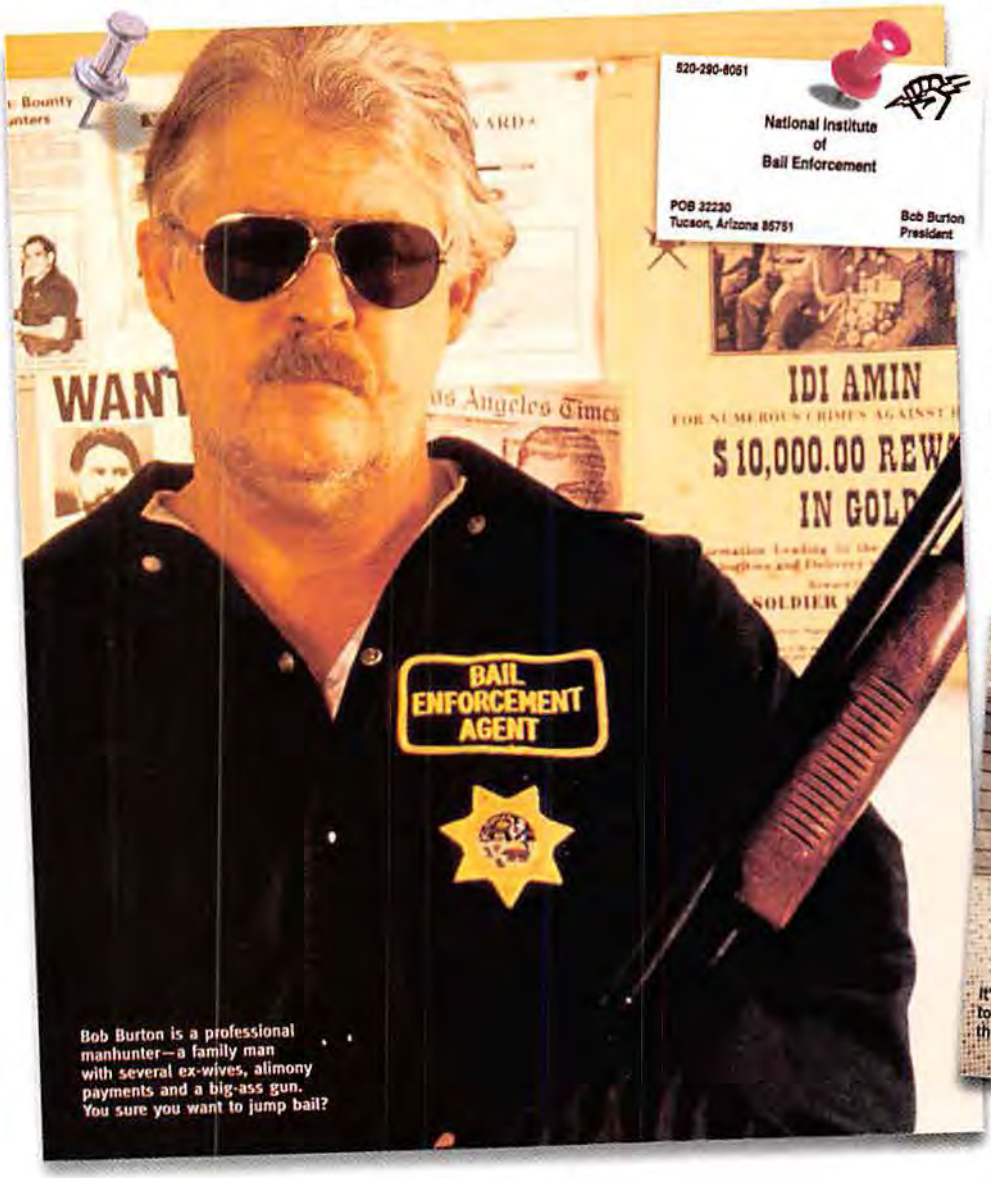


Burton bags another one. His head'll look great on the mantelpiece.

"Remember Jeffrey Dahmer?" he quips. "He tried to get a bail bond, but it would've cost him an arm and a leg! That's a bonding joke."

The average bounty hunter is between 28 and 35 years old, and can come from any ethnic background. Generally, bondsmen pay $700 to $800 (10 to 15 percent of the bond) for the return of a bail jumper. It all adds up to about 35–50 grand a year for a decent bounty hunter. The best can make more than $70,000—not a hell of a lot when you consider all the, um, crap.

But the really big paydays come from parents trying to find a spouse who's run off with the kids. A bounty hunter has no legal authority to grab the kid, but he can lead the parent to the missing child and coach him or her in the counter-snatching. For this a hunter usually earns $7,000 to $8,000, but in cases in which the parent has left the country, the fee can be as high as $90,000. You'll need that much dough in order to bribe airport officials and pay pilots to land on dirt ▷▷▷



Bob Burton is a professional manhunter—a family man with several ex-wives, alimony payments and a big-ass gun. You sure you want to jump bail?

It's so much easier to nab 'em when they're puking

(Opening image) Digital Imaging: Eric Heintz. Styling: Chris Martin for Celestine Agency. Hair and Makeup: Beth Carter. Prop Styling: Kim Pretti.

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roads or abandoned airstrips for quick-strike quasi kidnappings. Fortunately, most Third World countries have piss-poor air forces, so the majority of bounty hunters worry more about dealing with severe bouts of diarrhea than being shot down.

But these big-money cases are far from the norm. A typical day goes more like this: "I was looking for a guy who scammed some people into investing in solar panels and ran off with their deposits," recalls Burton. "But nobody knew where he was." He had heard, however, that the thief and his mother were very close. Burton likes that. Preying on a parent's fears is a specialty. Plant the idea of a grisly shoot-out with the cops (Burton enjoys showing them newspaper clips of criminals splattered across sidewalks) and most parents will spill. So Burton picked up the phone and pretended to be her son's prison rabbi. "In my best Brooklyn-Jewish voice, I said, 'Look, I'd like to talk to you about your son.' She told me to come on by." So Burton did, wearing an orthodox rabbi getup—"a black hat, black suit, yadda, yadda." In his meshugena accent, he explained that her son was in grave danger and that he wanted to help him before any bad guys got to him. Within minutes, Mama was sobbing and Rabbi Burton was on his way to the fugitive's new address.

"It was about noon," Burton continues. "We pulled up to the house and saw his car in the driveway. I looked across the street and, by God, it was our man coming down the block." So Bob got out of the car—still in the rabbi gear—and hailed him from across the street. He walked over, and they started talking. When the man's guard was down, Bob grabbed his belt. "Once you get a person by the belt—provided they're not carrying weapons—they can't get away. To this day, he may *still* be wondering why a rabbi arrested him," muses Burton. "We don't go into the details of our disguises."

Sadly, there are few gunfights and car chases. Judging by the latest escapades of some bounty hunters, that's a good thing—some of them have been known to hit the wrong house. "As I told Bob [De Niro during the filming of *Midnight Run*], there isn't this much violence in the business." Burton says that maybe five bounty hunters have died in the last five years—three of them from heart attacks. The other two died in shoot-outs. In this line of work, it's the burgers, not the busts, that normally kill you.

That's because most criminals who are allowed to post bail aren't really all that violent. They're losers, but they aren't killers. If they were, then they probably couldn't have posted bail in the first place. Fugitives rarely resist, says Burton. Often they go willingly, drained by all the running and hiding.

Burton finds many of his guys by using the technique 10-year-old boys know all too well: the prank phone call. "Phone trickery," he claims, makes up 87–96 percent (he's very specific) of his work. He's impersonated UPS men trying to deliver packages to fugitives, and the very white Irish American has successfully impersonated a black minister. A favorite, although sleazy, ploy: Call a fugitive's loved one from a phony roadside accident involving their missing boy so that said loved one will try to reach the fugitive to make sure he's OK (then Burton traces the call). It's scummy, it screws with people's heads, but most importantly, it's effective.

Another favorite scheme: "We send out a letter to a fugitive's last-known address, supposedly from the New Hampshire State Lottery, stating that he's won the grand prize. The fugitive is told by the ecstatic recipient (his girlfriend, wife or mother) to call us at an 800 number—a number we bought from a company called Kell Scam in Colorado. When he dials in, his call is, in fact, going to Colorado. In Colorado they have a $2 million Caller ID computer. It immediately determines the address the fugitive is calling from and then forwards his number to me in New Hampshire. I get a call from a computer saying, 'Hello, you have a call coming from some number. If you wish to speak to the calling party, push one.' I push one and I'm talking to my $2,000 paycheck." ▷▷▷

The squirrel would never eat from Tommy's bird feeder again

Bounty Hunting 101

Harry Gossett, a former FBI agent with 400 fugitive collars, offers his get-your-guy guide. In order to find your fugitive, exploit his...

MOTHER'S LOVE
Milk Mommy, Daddy, brother, sis and friends for info. Advises Gossett, "Tell 'em if he's desperate enough to run, he's desperate enough to fight. And that means he could get hurt. Badly."

ENEMIES
A fugitive's worst enemy is his, um, enemy. "I once caught a guy because he was cruel to his ex-girlfriend's dog," says Gossett. "She told us exactly where to find him."

IN-LAWS
If the guy is a scumbag, chances are the parents of whomever he's married to or dating want him dead. You're their dream come true.

SPECIAL NEEDS
Wheelchair access, prescription drugs, tender hugs, etc. "In the '70s, Scotland Yard was hunting a 350-pound con man," Gossett says. "I figured he would need clothes from big-and-tall stores. We caught him picking up an order."

DRIVER'S LICENSE
In 1997, a driver's license search in Georgia uncovered one Sam Turner, who'd been a fugitive for 46 years. He'd never adopted an alias.

HOBBIES
"I was looking for one guy who wanted to be a matador. We actually found him at a bull-fighting training camp in Mexico."

LEGAL TANGLES
Courthouse records reveal pissed-off ex-spouses and business partners. "Turn up a lawsuit in which your fugitive has been a defendant and you'll have potential informants," says Gossett.

FORMER PROFESSION
Fugitives usually prefer off-the-books gigs like landscaping and lap dancing—but not always. "If a fugitive has a profession, it can be difficult for him to leave it," Gossett advises. "Often the higher you go in society, the less you're asked to prove who you are. One fugitive became deputy attorney general of Louisiana despite never having been to law school."

FAMILY FUN
Grandma's funeral? His kid's birthday? If your boy's sentimental, he's screwed. "I've picked up fugitives at all of them," says a coldhearted, though thoroughly adorable, Gossett.
—John Parrish

Hey, look at that—Charles Grodin isn't dead yet

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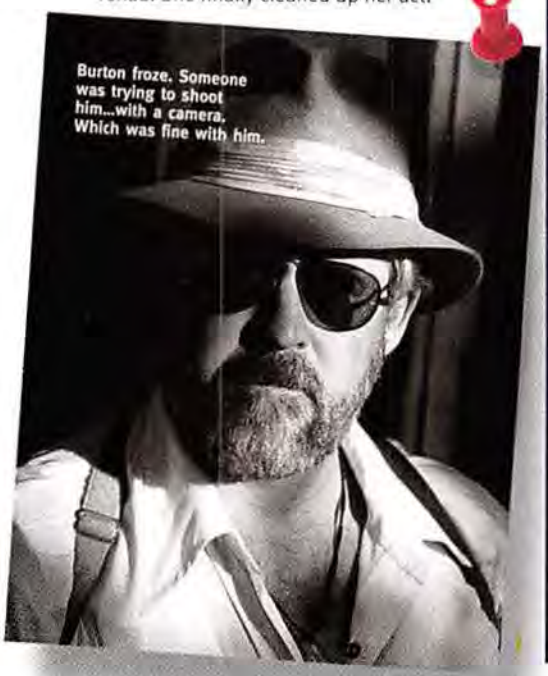
At that point, Burton either arranges a meeting or goes straight to the traced location and collars his man. If Burton likes the dude—if he passes his "attitude test"—he might eventually tell him how he scammed him. "Sometimes, if they were scammed through a brilliant scheme, they kind of admire it."

Another useful tool is what Burton calls finding a Judas. "You can take 10 people in your life: Three of them will love you, three of them will hate you and four won't give a damn either way. A Judas is someone who will betray you for love or money." That can be a crack dealer who'll narc on a competitor to get him off the street, or a coworker at a construction site who'll squeal for the couple extra bucks in overtime he'll draw from your absence. Most often, betrayal comes from the heartsick parents of the fugitive's girlfriend or wife. Burton will whip up a fake WANTED: DEAD OR ALIVE poster that reduces Muffy's parents to snot-bubbling messes who'll do anything to get that trash out of their princess' life.

Burton longs to snag his white whale, a catch that'll bag him big bucks in reward and movie rights money, but to date it has eluded him. Until then, he spends his time lurking outside toilets, waiting to flush guys out. "We saw one guy leave his house and followed him to a gas station. He wasn't at the pumps or at the register. *He was taking a dump.* We went to the bathroom with guns drawn and kicked in the door. I told him to finish up his business and not to try to grab anything on the way out that he could use as a weapon."

At this point, you may think that Burton's job, well, stinks. But there are bright spots. Every year, the woman who slung her own shit at Burton sends him a Christmas card, thanking him for getting her into jail and into rehab. She finally cleaned up her act.



Burton froze. Someone was trying to shoot him...with a camera. Which was fine with him.

Yeah, we wish we were there, too. Sadly, we have this little thing called a "job." Look into it.

Hide in Style Because You Owe It to Yourself

Looking for a place to lay your head—you know, the one with the big fat price tag on it? Try one of these exotic and fugitive-friendly ports of call.

BORDEAUX, FRANCE
Can't quite wash off the stench of your dead girlfriend? Fly to France, where local hygiene will have you smelling like a rose. Sixties hippie-activist Ira Einhorn has been in Champagne-Mouton since fleeing prosecution for the murder of Holly Maddux in Philadelphia in 1977. Convicted in absentia in 1993, Einhorn remains a free man—in France. Although he threatens to flee, the French refuse to place him in custody while he appeals extradition. Why? They're French.

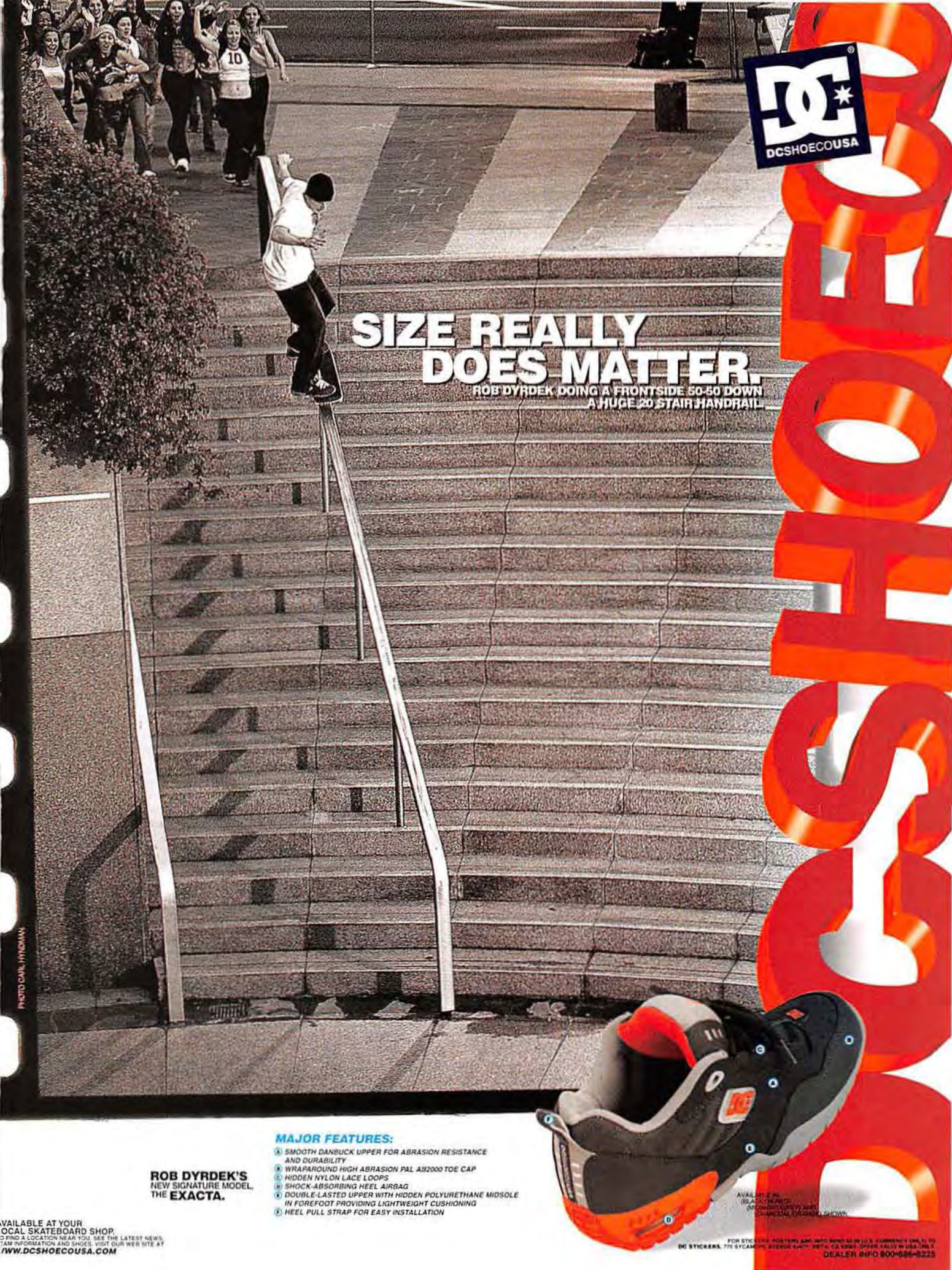
ZUG, SWITZERLAND
The SEC breathing down your neck? Come to this enchanting village on Lake Lucerne. Billionaire financier Marc Rich has enjoyed their low taxes since his indictment in 1983. Yes, he was a U.S. fugitive, but the 30 million francs ($16.7 million) that he and his company annually pay the Swiss is enough for them to overlook the puny $500,000 reward the Feds offered. Ah, Switzerland: a country with a rich tradition of looking the other way for cash.

MAJORCA, SPAIN
When your media empire has collapsed and your debt is running in the billions, try the majestic island haven of Majorca. That's what Christopher Skase—Australia's Rupert Murdoch—did. His 1991 indictment for more than 60 corporate and criminal charges helped speed his travel plans. He's still there but running out of time and finally facing deportation.

CARACAS, VENEZUELA
If you're looking for a change of face, *vamos* to Venezuela. Peruvian fugitive Vladimiro Montesinos swung by Caracas' Instituto Diagnostico plastic surgery clinic for a fresh look last December. Calling himself Manuel Antonio Rodriguez Perez, Montesinos stopped in for a brand-new mug. Then, using some of the several hundred million dollars he allegedly obtained through bribes and money laundering, Montesinos kept one tummy tuck ahead of well-compensated cops until both his *dinero* and luck ran out in June when he was finally arrested.

THAILAND
The Thai legal system spits on the U.N.'s International Court of Justice. So flee to Thailand and you won't rot in a jail—you'll bake on a beach like accused murderer and multitasking terrorist Rajendra Sarasheef Nikalgi. He's been there for as long as six years, despite numerous requests for his arrest by the Indian police. Thailand also offers rampant prostitution, including lotsa ladyboys. Try gender reassignment and you may never be without a date again.

NEW SOUTH WALES, AUSTRALIA
From 19th-century outlaw Ned Kelly to more recent mass murderer Mark Brandon "Chopper" Read, fugitives have always found a friendly home Down Under—mainly because the free-lovin' kangaroos never kiss and tell. This history, combined with local laws that make it more difficult to admit evidence from crimes committed in another country, spells g'day for bad guys. Just ask Edward Dutton, a South African businessman who allegedly swindled millions of dollars from his government. A legal technicality made it possible for him to win a 1996 case in a Sydney court and avoid extradition. The good news is he's free. Bad news is, it's still Australia. *—Steve Amdur, Ben Goldstein, Michael R.B. Mandola and Rip Noyes*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ROB DYRDEK DOING A FRONTSIDE 50-50 DOWN A HUGE 20 STAIR HANDRAIL.
PHOTO GARY HYNDMAN
DCSHOES
ROB DYRDEK'S NEW SIGNATURE MODEL, THE EXACTA.
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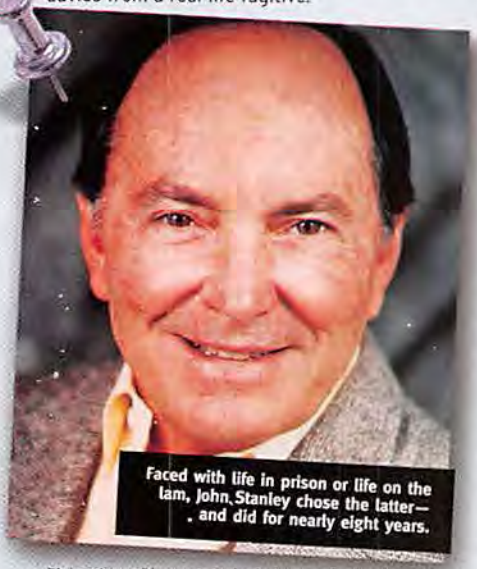
How to Get Lost

That "war crimes" thing has come back to haunt you, so you have to kill your family and move-again! Listen, we don't care *why* you need to vanish. We're just here to show you how, with advice from a real-life fugitive.



Faced with life in prison or life on the lam, John Stanley chose the latter—and did for nearly eight years.

Richard Lee Dinn wasn't just living a lie—he *was* a lie. His whole existence was a sham, built on forgeries, fake IDs and a tremendous ability to sell a load of crap to just about anyone.

First of all, his *real* name was John Stanley. He picked Dinn's name off a Texas tombstone and slipped it on like a used suit. Stanley's penchant for bank fraud had him looking at a serious stretch of prison time—the rest of his life—which was, he says, "good motivation to become a fugitive."

So he became one. A damn good one. So good, in fact, that he eluded the cops for eight years. But he wasn't holed up in a trailer, shirtless and bug-eyed. Dinn was a high-class fugitive, traveling by limo, rubbing elbows with celebrities and politicians and soaking his furs in the finest wine. How? In nine easy steps, each of which is concisely explained here.

1. DIG UP A NEW IDENTITY

Stanley paid his visit to Dinn's grave in 1978, then looked up his obituary at the local library. Using the personal information he found (place of birth, relations, education, etc.), he wrote the county health department and was issued a new birth certificate. That sheet of paper allowed the new Mr. Dinn to get a driver's license, which allowed him to get a credit card and maybe even a club card at Starbucks.

2. ABANDON THE PAST

"I severed all ties except one—my mother. I'd call her neighbors and tell them my mother's phone wasn't working, and asked if they'd see if she was home. Then she would go to their house and talk to me on their phone. That way there was no record of my number on her phone. The Feds always watch your family." But rarely their neighbors. Which is a shame, because certain neighbors vacuum in the buff.

3. STAY AWAY FROM THE REAL BAD GUYS

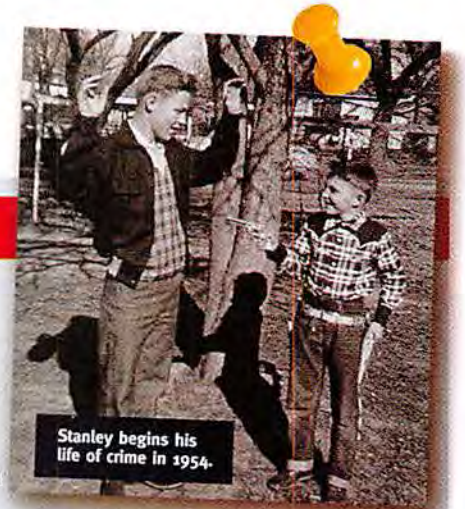
"A gang of drug runners asked me to be their pilot. I thought, *Why not?* I mean, there's only one of you that they can put in prison for life. So I flew down to Mexico and picked up a load of marijuana. When I went to get my money, they wouldn't pay me—and they were armed. So I never dealt with drugs again." The worst part? He'd bump into the gangsters at cocktail parties. *So* awkward.

4. KEEP YOUR COOL

In San Antonio, Stanley used his forged credentials to start a legitimate business setting up home and garden shows. But an employee's husband accused Stanley of having an affair with her. "I pulled out a revolver and told him I'd blow his fucking brains out. He filed charges, so I split." A fugitive has to live clean. Don't forget those spots behind your ears.

5. GET INTO POLICE RADIO

One day in 1979, Stanley was driving home and stopped to call his girlfriend. "I could tell from her voice that something just wasn't right. So I went on the police scanner and heard that the cops were getting ready to grab me. I turned around and drove away—for good."



Stanley begins his life of crime in 1954.

6. FIND THE RICH, ER, RIGHT GIRL

Stanley fled to Houston—where he started a lucrative business delivering stolen American vehicles to Mexico—and met his wife. "Her father invented the Frito." He convinced her that he was legit, and she introduced him to businessmen and politicians on both sides of the border. "Based on her contacts, I made a lot of money in shipping boats, cranes and airplanes. I had prisons in Mexico using my equipment. I had police departments using my stolen cars." To transport Frito-laden piñatas, we assume.

7. AVOID FLYING WITH CONTRABAND

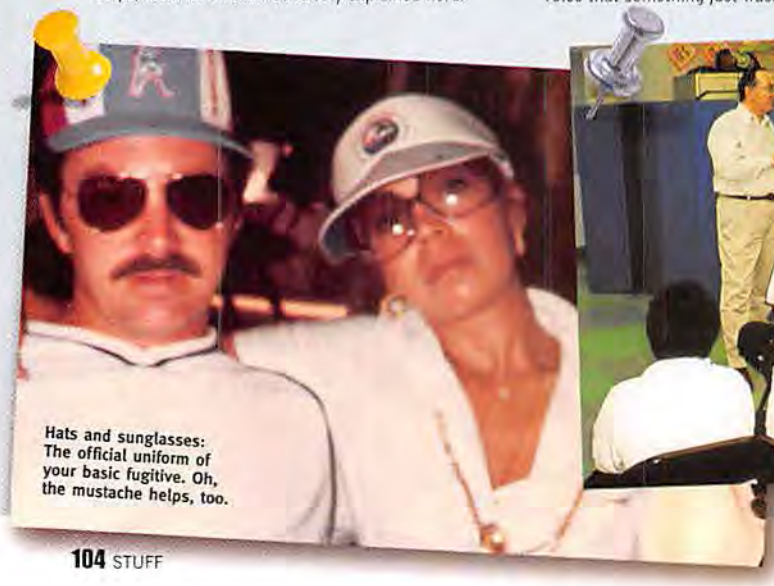
In 1985, Stanley got the bright idea to open a resort restaurant in Cancún. A flight to buy kitchen equipment resulted in his downfall. "After making hundreds of trips over the years, I was randomly picked out by a U.S. Customs agent in Dallas for a luggage search," says Stanley. "They found some counterfeit securities, and I was cooked. My wife and several other people think I was snitched off by my brother's wife." Here's a tip: Don't carry cash around in a canvas bag with a big $$$ on the side. Canvas can get all musty. Try ripstop nylon instead—or, if you can afford it, a nice leather satchel. It will only get softer!

8. TRADE ON RELATIONSHIPS

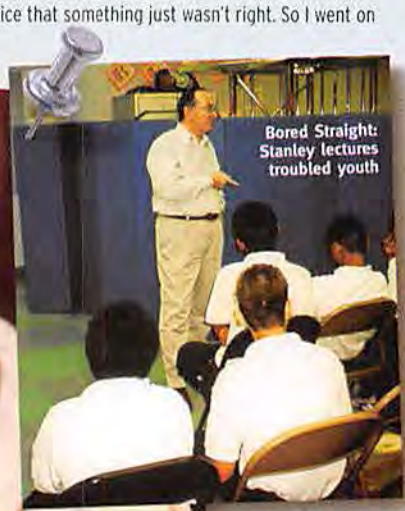
With the help of his powerful friends in Houston and Mexico, Stanley was able to plea-bargain; instead of that nasty life term, he was sentenced to just 10 years. He was paroled after serving four. You know, four years—just like college. Unless you're like us. Then it's seven. Ha-ha.

9. CASH IN ON THE PAST

Appropriately, Stanley went on to study criminology at the University of Texas. Now he's making fat cash telling cops what makes fugitives tick. He's a consultant to numerous law-enforcement agencies, and he recently gave advice that helped federal authorities apprehend the Texas Seven fugitives. He also hosts a weekly radio talk show and has written *Surviving Mexico: The Insider's Guide to Safe Travel*, which, among other things, gives you tips on how to bribe and influence arresting *federales*. In John Stanley's case, crime *does* pay—and pay and pay.



Hats and sunglasses: The official uniform of your basic fugitive. Oh, the mustache helps, too.



Bored Straight: Stanley lectures troubled youth

Learn all the secrets of relationship avoidance. It'll be kung-fu fun!

Libido Aikido

Who among us hasn't been bullied by a woman? Pressured into a commitment, nagged into submission, forced to give up an entire bathroom shelf? We know *we* have. Right now there are six sundresses in our closet, and most of them aren't even ours!

Faced with such an onslaught, most men dig in their heels and try to talk their way through. Or they don't do anything, letting the foul soup of resentment simmer till it boils over onto the gas burners of mutual respect, extinguishing the flames of passion and possibly igniting the lace curtains of domestic bliss. Either way, our instincts blow, and we never realize when we're under attack.

Well, it's time to fight back–and win. To help you defend yourself, we've compiled this manual, based on aikido, the world's foremost Japanese martial art. With a few deft maneuvers, you can use your partner's own moves and momentum against her, tip the balance of power in your favor and regain control of your life. The idea isn't to hurt your partner but to honor her while preserving your independence. It's the difference between unyielding emotional force and cool resiliency. Between running from her aggression and facing it head-on. Between maintaining harmony with universal energy and not being coerced into watching PBS. Welcome to a little something we like to call libido aikido.

SELF-DEFENSE SECRET

Ai nuke is a phrase meaning "mutual escape," referring to a match from which each party emerges with no real damage.

ATTACK

1. SHE ASKS, "WHY DIDN'T YOU CALL?"

COUNTERATTACK

More words count less;
Better to stop short than
to fill to the brim.
Hold to the center,
And treat it like no big deal.

Blame work, family, friends' crises,
Instead of commitment phobia
Or a drunken night with strippers.
If she believes that you are good
in spirit,
Helping others when they cannot
help themselves,
Anger cannot and will not follow.

Or say that you hate the phone.
So cold, so *impersonal*.

Speak matter-of-factly.
Remember that in plainness
and absence
There is usefulness.

ATTACK

2. SHE LEAVES A TOOTHBRUSH IN YOUR BATHROOM

COUNTERATTACK

Ten thousand things
Flow from the smallest toiletry.
Neglect its presence
And tampons, underwear, pajamas
and many shoes
Will surely follow.

Return the toothbrush casually
At your next meeting.

Or tell her that a strange
black curly hair
Had become one with it
And immediate disposal
was necessary.

Since the wise man does
not harm his foe,
The two will not harm each other.
Still, you must then skillfully
change the subject.

ATTACK

3. SHE WANTS YOU TO STOP DRINKING, SMOKING AND DRESSING LIKE A SLOB

COUNTERATTACK

The true path is not to fight
But to develop a nonfighting mind.
For in fighting, it is easy
For one's balance to be lost.

Instead, bad-mouth a friend's
significant other
Who tries to control his life.
She won't want to be a similarly
disgraced woman,
Unwisely risking general
disapproval and defeat.
Strength lies in this wisdom. ▷▷▷

Styling: Andrea Cooker; Hair: Lew Elias for Oribe; Makeup: Sasha Harford; Illustrations: Jamie Sneddon

SELF-DEFENSE SECRET

Kaeshi waza is the principle of technique reversal—i.e., the thrower becomes the person being thrown. Make sure to wait 15 minutes after eating.

ATTACK

5. SHE WANTS TO TAKE YOU SHOPPING

COUNTERATTACK

Not exalting gifted objects prevents quarreling.
Not coveting gems prevents theft.
Not seeing desirable things, such as jewelry, prevents confusion.

The wise therefore rule by
Stuffing bellies at the mall,
Perhaps with a Cinnabon.
Possibly two.

If this path unwittingly circles back to a jewelry store,
You must create your own circle.
Tao produces one; one produces two.
Two produces three, and three produces all, creating the same.

Tell her you would rather have something special made for her
Than pander to her with a pretty bauble today.
Put it off till another day's tomorrow.

ATTACK

6. SHE STARTS QUIZZING YOU ABOUT YOUR PAST GIRLFRIENDS

COUNTERATTACK

Those who know do not talk.
Those who talk do not know.
Keep your mouth closed.
Guard your senses.
Be calm and not defensive.

Say something about "being in different places,"
Then shift the focus to her romantic past.
What does *she* look for in a relationship?
What does *she* want out of life?

Target your opponent's *chi*,
Deflecting her from yours,
And you have succeeded.
Though you may be weary in your triumph,
As she will not shut up for hours.

ATTACK

7. SHE WANTS YOU TO SPEND THE NIGHT

COUNTERATTACK

Fish cannot leave deep waters,
And you cannot leave her apartment
Without a plausible excuse, such as
"I have an early meeting"
Or "I left my medication at home."

Yield and overcome;
Bend and be straight;
And always get naked at *her* place,
Leaving quickly and deftly soon afterward,
Before any sort of conversation
Can be had. ▷▷▷

SELF-DEFENSE SECRET

Aikido teaches you not to oppose force with force, but to flow *with* the force, using it to your advantage. This is called *nagare* (literally, "flowing").

SELF-DEFENSE SECRET

A move cannot be properly made until you unbalance your partner. The astute fighter accomplishes this (*kuzushi*) without inducing tears from his opponent, for this wisely ensures safety to his physical self.

ATTACK

4. SHE STARTS CRYING

COUNTERATTACK

Accept disgrace willingly.
Accept misfortune knowingly.

Do not try to provide solutions,
Or you risk further tears and
Undue annoyance directed at you.

Do try to make her laugh a bit
With a dumb joke.
If little success follows,
Continue to comfort her
Until a smile is achieved.

The softest thing in the world
Can overcome the hardest.
So center her with a deep kiss,
And let all paths lead to the bed.

Thus is talk kept to a minimum,
And clarity and stillness will set everything right.

FULL FLAVOR

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OUT OF THE CLEAR BLUE

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SELF-DEFENSE SECRET

Irimi ("entering the body") represents the idea of getting so close to your attacker that she is unable to continue.

ATTACK

8. SHE SAYS, "I LOVE YOU"

COUNTERATTACK

Truthful words are not beautiful.
Beautiful words are not truthful.

If nothing is said, then all
will be well.
You would be wise to respond
with a long kiss
And nothing more.

However, you must know
where to stop.
In knowing where to stop,
You can avoid danger.

If she presses further,
Counter her question with
"Really?" and, if necessary,
"Me, too."
Do you love her or yourself?
She will interpret as she pleases,
And you will escape unscathed.

True vagueness is not a virtue,
Therefore it *has* virtue.

SELF-DEFENSE SECRET

No matter how skilled you are, someday you will find an opponent more skillful than you. You may lose your balance and be unable to regain it, or your opponent may exploit a weakness in your technique (*suki*). In such cases, the wisest action is to separate yourself from your partner and flee so that you may live to fight again.

ATTACK

9. SHE INVITES YOU TO A WEDDING, WHERE YOU'LL MEET HER FAMILY

COUNTERATTACK

Practice nonaction.
Work without doing.
Taste the tasteless
By not tasting at all.

Say you'd absolutely love to go
But that the date sounds "familiar."
This will buy you time.

Or profess a deeply held aversion
To marriage ceremonies
Because they're sexist throwbacks.
But use this defense sparingly.
Once she holds this knowledge
close to her,
She will no longer hold you close.
And in distance, sex ceases.

ATTACK

10. SHE WANTS TO PLAN A VACATION WITH YOU

COUNTERATTACK

"Without going outside,
You may know the whole world.
Without looking through the window,
You may see the ways of heaven.
The farther you go,
The less you know."

Repeat this to her
Until she stops asking.

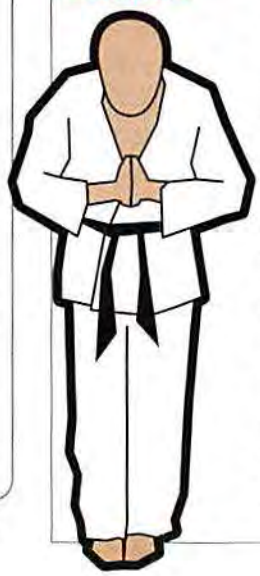
Or agree with enthusiasm,
But make no concrete plans.

Saying, "Let's wait till the
off-peak season"
May buy you many months.

ATTACK

11. SHE SAYS, "I THINK WE SHOULD SEE OTHER PEOPLE"

COUNTERATTACK

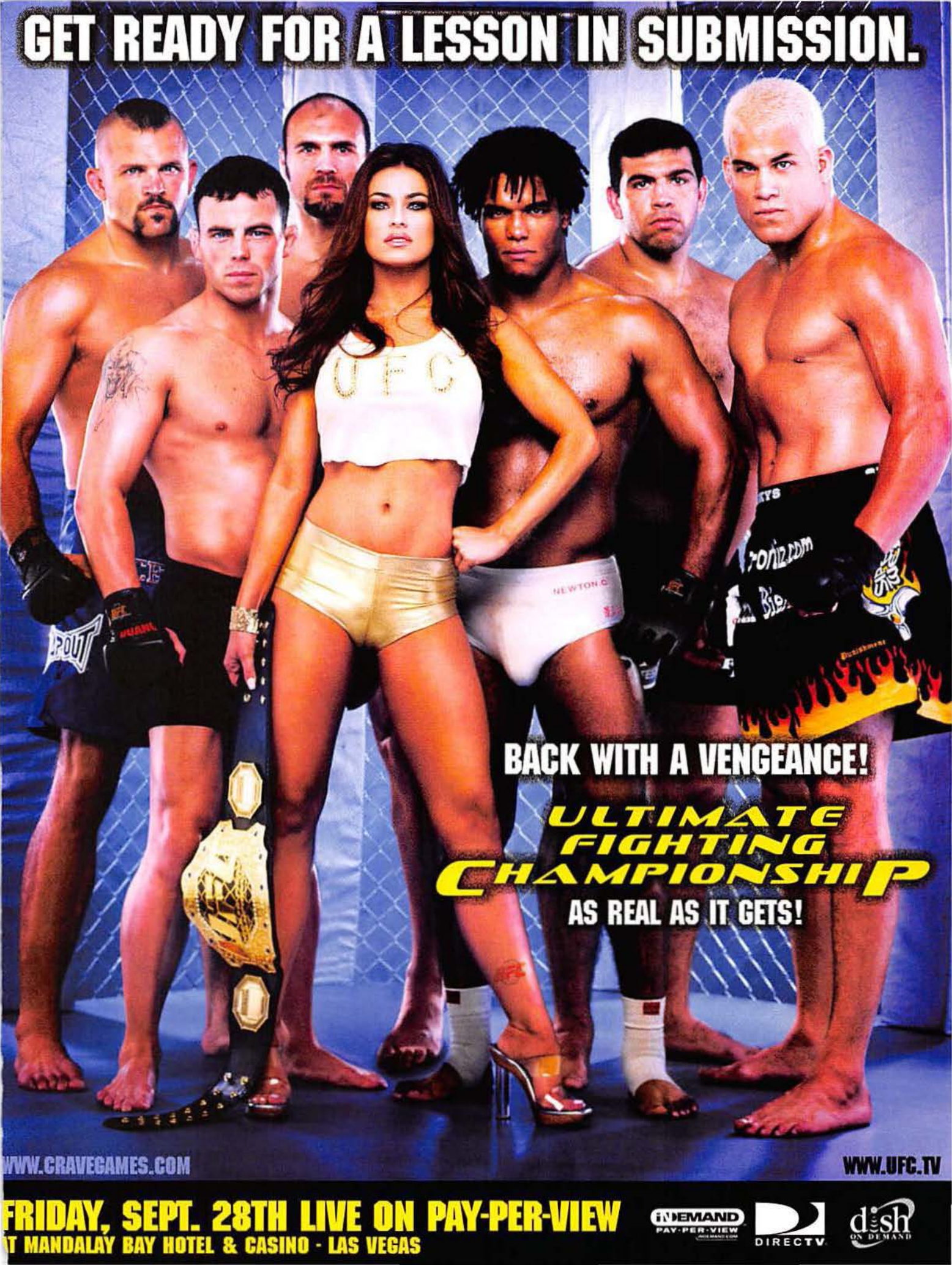


Gain or loss: You must ask yourself,
Which is more painful?
The answer is loss. Duh.

But shadows and smoke
Are not matters of substance.
And chances are,
This is merely a ploy
To draw you closer.

Call her bluff and agree with her.
She may nod and agree back,
But she will return to you,
As surely as the salmon will
swim upstream.

Therefore the sage squares
things without cutting,
Edges without separating,
Straightens without lining up.
And receives sex tenfold,
Simply by acquiescing.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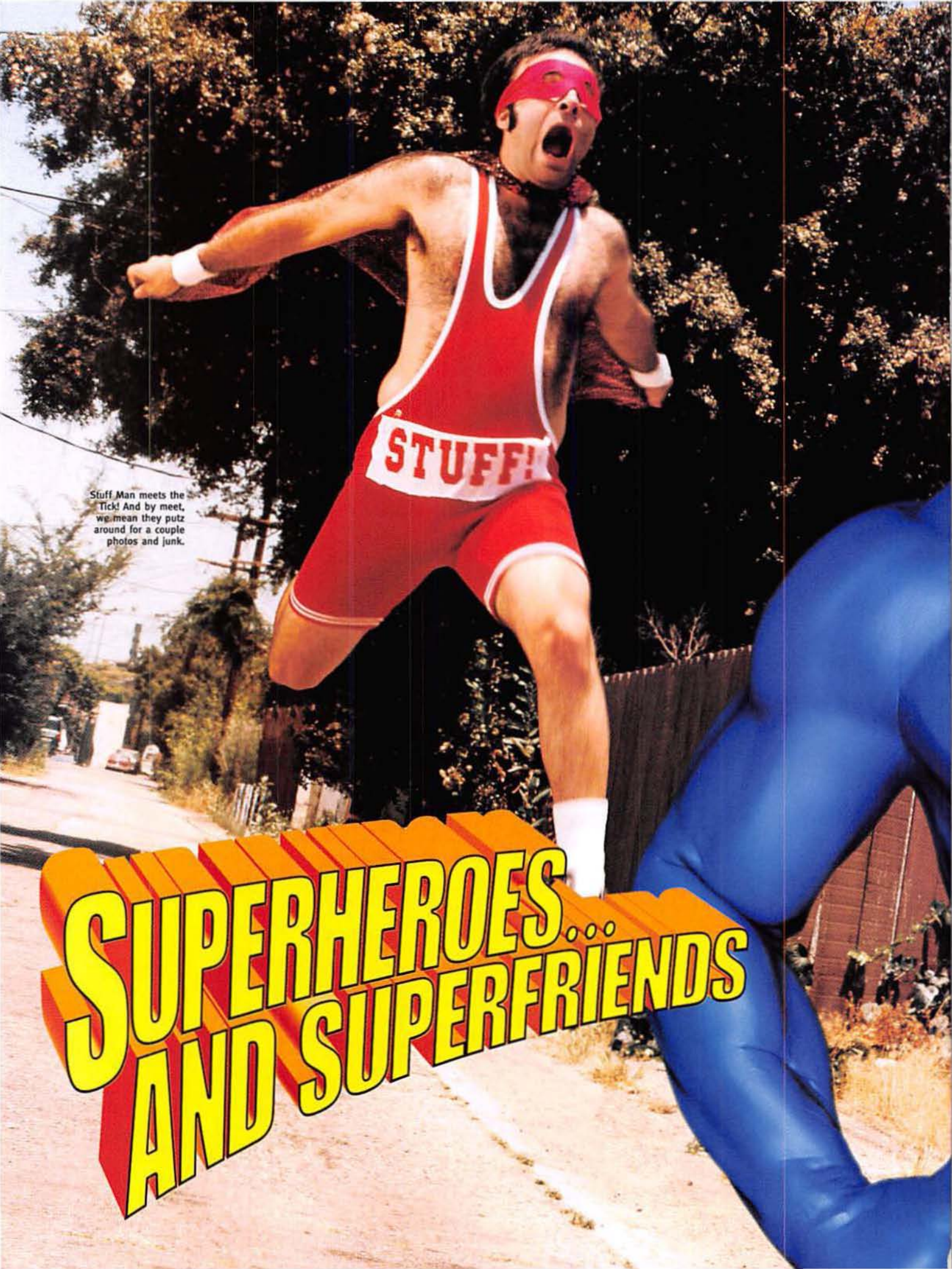


Stuff Man meets the Tick! And by meet, we mean they putz around for a couple photos and junk.

SUPERHEROES... AND SUPERFRIENDS

What happens when Patrick Warburton, star of TV's new superhero series, *The Tick*, teams up with *Stuff*'s own superhero, who is currently seeking a supername? Sparks fly, lessons are learned and a special love develops that can only be shared between two men who wear tights in public.

BY DAN BOVA
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SEAN MURPHY

Patrick Warburton furrows his yeti-like visage and, with the precision of a surgeon and the passion of a Renaissance painter, shaves a lightning bolt into my chest. You may remember Patrick as Puddy from the obscure TV series *Seinfeld*. These days he's better known as the Tick, a crime-fighting, er, tick who's big on muscle but low on brains. He's known for spewing such incisive truths as "Contrary to popular belief, death isn't just for dead people. It can happen to anyone." The Tick began as a comic-book hero, then became a TV cartoon and now has been made into pudgy flesh and blood by way of Warburton, who will be burrowing into your brain this fall on Thursday nights at 8:30 on FOX. That's the same time as some other show called *Survivor*. Watch *The Tick* instead. Patrick's got four kids to feed. And it's not like Jeff Probst has anything interesting to say.

But on to less important things–like the reason we summoned the Tick. His mission: To teach me how to be a superhero. Hence the lightning bolt on my chest. So we ask you, who better to show *Stuff*'s own "super" guy how to battle lawlessness and evil than a superhero named after a bloodsucking insect? Well, we're waiting...

LESSON 1: KEEP UP APPEARANCES

STUFF: So you're not wearing your Tick suit today. Do you feel naked?

PATRICK: Um, no. To get into it, a very nice Pakistani woman named Naz has to slather me with K-Y jelly. I spend the next 15 hours making my own soup of sweat and lubricant. If you're looking for me to be disappointed that we didn't get the suit today–not going to happen.

What happens if you need to tinkle?

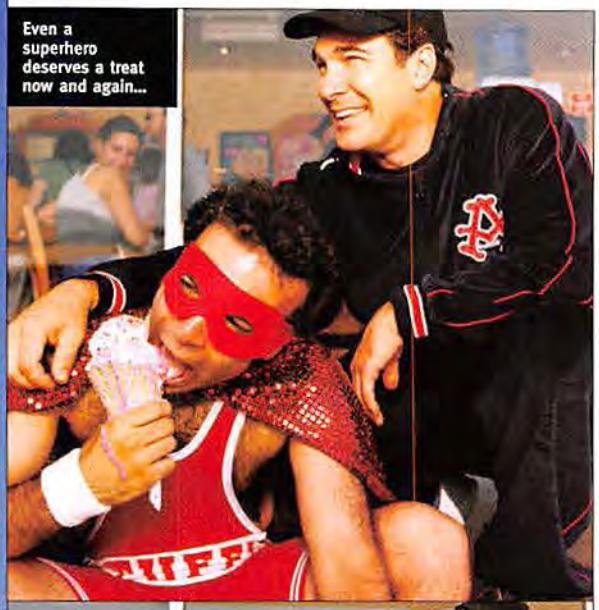
I do have a fly. There is, however, no rear fly, so I try to stay away from fibrous products.

Are panty lines a problem?

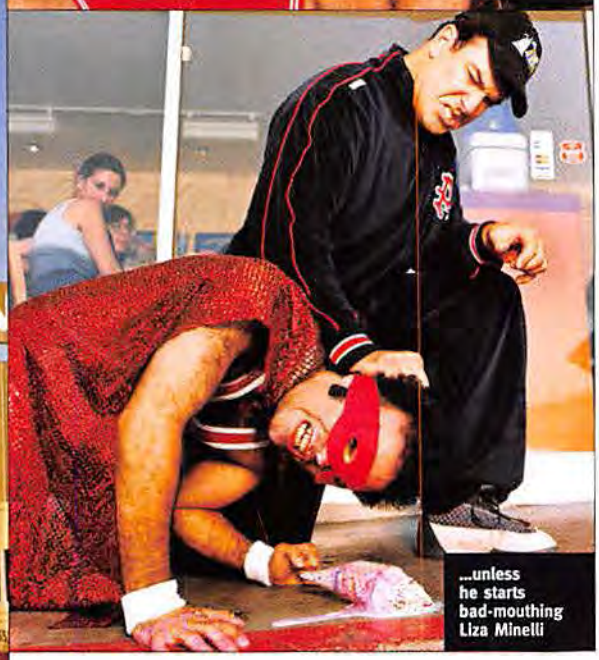
As a superhero, you want to avoid fashion flaws. Evil does not run from panty lines. ▷▷▷

Styling: Rich Stewart. Grooming: Sarah Wilson at Karlee Artist. Illustrations: Simon Brown. Special thanks to Appearance Hair Studio in L.A. For clothes, see the Where to Buy page

The sweatsuit: The first sign that a superhero just doesn't give a damn anymore



Even a superhero deserves a treat now and again...



...unless he starts bad-mouthing Liza Minelli

What do you think of my superhero uniform?
That's a wrestling suit, right? I used to wrestle, but I stopped when I came. [*Laughs*] Oh, God, that's pretty awful.

LESSON 2: SUPERHEROES NEED NOT BE SUPERSMART

With the Tick and Puddy, you have a history of playing, well, dumb guys. Are you slow?
Ah, no, I was very smart as a young man. When I say very smart, I'm talking doctorate smart. I just decided after a year and a half of junior college that I wasn't going in that direction. Um, but yes, I could've been a...sure, a scientist or a professor, if I really wanted to.

You studied marine biology. Any aquatic life-form you'd like to be?
An octopus, because I would have eight hands and, you know, eight options.

LESSON 3: COPE WITH UNREQUITED LOVE

Should this story be titled "Patrick Warburton: 'I was a Teenage Dandy'" or "Patrick Warburton: Can't Stop Flappin' Those Jazz Hands of Mine"?
"Patrick Warburton: Can't Stop Flappin' My Teenage Dandy." I was a little bit of a teenage dandy. I liked collecting stamps and coins, and I had a crush on Lynn-Holly Johnson from *Ice Castles*. I sent her fan mail, and she never sent me anything back....Still waiting for a signed picture from Lynn-Holly.

LESSON 4: KILL 'EM WITH KINDNESS

Ever thwart a crime?
Uh, no. One time I stepped in front of a blind man while getting on an airplane. I didn't realize he was blind. I felt bad, so to prove that I wasn't an asshole, I gave him my first-class seat and I sat in his coach seat with the "ordinaries." That was kind of a heroic thing.

Ever get in a fight?
I'm a lover, not a fighter. Oh, there was one time in San Francisco. I was in a bathhouse, just showerin' up, just cleanin' up. Gave somebody a hug–next thing I know, Greco-Roman-style wrestling.

"I save the pretty ones first. Then the children, and then the hairy people."

LESSON 5: KNOW YOUR PAST, BUT KEEP YOUR SEXUAL IDENTITY SECRET

Does the Tick have a stand on Lyme disease?
Before Lyme disease, we ticks were heroes. We were not so parasitic; we had symbiotic relationships with others. It wasn't until we got angry that we started sucking the innards out of our hosts. And when you start getting around like that, communicable things start happening. Basically, Lyme disease is herpes for the tick. God! Don't write any of this. ▷▷▷

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He believes he can fly. He also believes in comfortable shoes at sensible prices. But that's neither here nor there.

Five minutes later...it all grew back

Don't worry, we'll cut that part. Is the Tick into girl-on-girl action?
Well, what red-blooded American superhero isn't? But you know what, I have to be perfectly honest, I think the Tick would be perplexed in seeing *any* action. He's somewhat asexual.
A few minutes ago, you received a pedicure from me. Have you ever had you legs rubbed by another man before?
No, and I never will again. And I still question my decision to actually let it happen. I feel cheap. I feel dirty. I feel like I need to go home and take a nice hot bath. Maybe my wife will put some tea on and I can once again attain a semblance of the personal pride of which you've robbed me of forever. I won't have sex now for at least a month.
Are you big into the whole pampering scene?
I've been waxed before. I got the full Brazilian. I had to do a scene in this upcoming film *Big Trouble*, in which I play an exotic dancer. This kind of sexy Colombian woman was going to wax me, so she gives me this, like, paper thong to wear. That's not going to hold me! Everything's hanging out. I would get aroused and then *rrrrrip!* It was the most humiliating experience. I tipped her, like, 50 bucks, which was more than the waxing cost. I was so fuckin' embarrassed. I'm sure everybody wondered, *Why the big tip?* I had to explain that nothing happened.

LESSON 6: FIND A PARTNER IN CRIME-FIGHTING

Have you ever had a sidekick? Been kicked? Kicked heroin?
No, no and no. Does that make me a boring person? Or does it make me human?
What's the key to being a good sidekick?
Don't ask, just do. A sidekick must understand the importance of his hero's convictions. Like when you dropped the ice cream cone. That was littering. So I rubbed your nose in it, like a dog that pooped on the carpet. It's a little bit of tough love. Afterward, you might have been thinking, *I hope he dies; I hope he gets hit by a truck*–whatever. But in the long run, you're gonna love me all the more for it.
And shaving the lightning bolt in my chest: Was that your way of branding me?
Um, can't help you on that one. It was just one of those things.

LESSON 7: KNOW HOW TO TREAT A WOMAN

In a recent *Glamour* magazine survey, 39 percent of men said their favorite place to kiss a woman was on her neck, while three percent said her vagina. Your comments?
What kind of pussies did they get for this survey? The taste of a woman's skin, the nape of her neck, it's all wonderful, but we're talking about *favorite* place. What red-blooded American male doesn't like going down on a woman?
Is that the first place you head to when you come home from work?
No! Heck no. It usually takes two to three minutes to get there.

LESSON 8: MAINTAIN SUPER PRIORITIES

The most important thing to remember when fighting crime is...
I guess to save the pretty ones first. Then the children and then the hairy people like you. This is horrible and I feel prejudiced saying it, but being that you're a guy and a guy as hairy as you are, you'd probably be the ninth or tenth out of ten people that I would save. And that's wrong, because you might have the best heart, but I'm gonna save you last–just because the feel of your hairy body in my arms is not quite as pleasant as, say, a soft, supple woman. Does that make me a bad hero? Or just an honest hero?

"Evil does not run from panty lines."

LESSON 9: FIND A GOOD VILLAIN

How does one establish a nemesis?
You just have to say the right thing. Look at some guy and say, "Hey, you lose somethin' in my fuckin' face? So what are you starin' at?" Right away you've created a little tension. See how things go from there.

LESSON 10: ESTABLISH A BACKUP PLAN

What do you say to your former *Seinfeld* costars who haven't struck sitcom gold?
Well, I guess after *The Tick* crashes and burns because FOX put us on against *Survivor*, maybe I can ask them what I should do for my next move.
Maybe you could get into porn?
Yeah. You know that thing where you combine your first pet's name with the name of the street you grew up on to find out your porn name? Mine would be Charlie Beachside. That's right, when they need the big cock, they call Charlie Beachside.

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STUFF'S MOST AMAZING THINGS

EVERLASTING GOBSTOPPER

The Holy Grail of candy, this grapefruit-size orb of sugar turns different colors the more you lick it. It's also a choking hazard. Trying chasing it with Drano!

A Jesse James Motorcycle

Just like his outlaw ancestor, motorcycle designer Jesse James is a maverick with a vision. His one-of-a-kind choppers, such as the famous El Diablo, are both marvels of design and highly sought-after pieces of art. And with an $80,000 price tag, you may just want to hang the El Diablo on the wall, throw up a velvet rope and hire a silver-haired guy named Gus to sit in a chair and guard it. But if Hollywood has taught us anything it's that Gus will spend more time dozing than guarding. Oh, Gus! What are we gonna do with you?

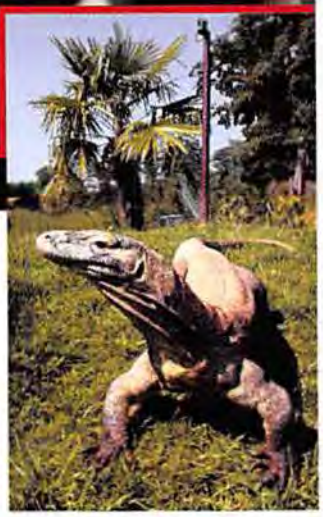
CALLER ID

One phone company estimates that Caller ID cut harassing and obscene phone calls by almost 50 percent in the first three years it was offered, which, honestly, has left a pretty big hole in our lives. Sick of Grandma calling you up and complaining that she doesn't have the upper-body strength to lift herself off the cold kitchen floor? Your worries are over.

Did he sometimes grow tired of being a ruthless predator? Sure, but it was all he knew.

INDONESIA'S KOMODO DRAGON

At 7½ feet long, it's the world's biggest lizard. Its sworn enemy: the toes of Mr. Sharon Stone. This reptilian Freddy Krueger kills by slashing prey with its serrated fangs. But you won't die right away. Thanks to its lamentable reluctance to floss, chunks of decaying meat get stuck in the dragon's teeth and foster deadly bacteria. Sure, you can outrun the bastard, but in a week you'll die from infection, at which point the dragon will catch up and feast. Sigh—if only dating were that easy.



Garbage Cans with Pedals

Part disposal, part puppet, all fun. Too lazy to lift with your hands? Then push with your feet. No feet? Just eat your refuse. Do we have to think of everything?

Photography: (Gobstoppers, Caller ID, Garbage Can, Pudding) Jens Mortensen

Robosaurus stacked the cars neatly, then went back to folding laundry. Anybody who thought being a full-time mom wasn't hard work obviously hadn't tried it!

ROBOSAURUS

Billed as an "electrohydromechanical creature of prehistoric proportions" (which also describes Aerosmith), Robosaurus is a 30-ton monster-robot/promotional-tool capable of lifting puny SUVs and tearing them to shreds like taffy. Plus, it can shoot fire from its nose one minute and convert back into an innocent-looking big rig the next. Popular among the monster-truck set, the mighty Robosaurus—like many a supermodel—is getting into the acting biz. Our favorite 40-foot creature will appear opposite white-trash auteur Billy Bob Thornton in *Waking Up in Reno*, which we believe is a soft-core treatment of Janet Reno's early days as a sex-starved attorney general. We'd bang that gavel!

Sewers All the bad stuff just goes underground. Who doesn't want that? Sewer workers, we suppose. They have to crawl around in all that crap. But *we* didn't tell them to go to sewer college.

Individual Pudding Cups

Anyone who's tried to carry pudding around in his pocket knows how messy it can be—unless the pudding is in one of these cute little cups. Not only that, but they also contain just the right amount of pudding. Not enough to suit you? Well, then grab two of these bad boys and you're good to go!

Hmmm, should I write a logical song with a linear progression or just ramble as usual?

Sunglasses

They make you look cool, plus they protect your eyes. They're fun *and* functional! Unlike orthopedic shoes—which are pure fun.

VICKS VAPORUB

Makes you feel better instantly, even if you're healthy. Plus, it makes old people smell less like old people and more like Vicks VapoRub.

IODINE TABLETS

Dissolve them in your urine and you can drink it! Tastes like Mountain Dew, but more refreshing.

SNORKELS

Low-tech? You bet. But just try snorkeling without one.

PIZZA DELIVERY

You pick up the phone and 20 minutes later, hot pizza arrives. Unless you just dial randomly. In that case, any number of things could arrive. Last week it was a fire truck!

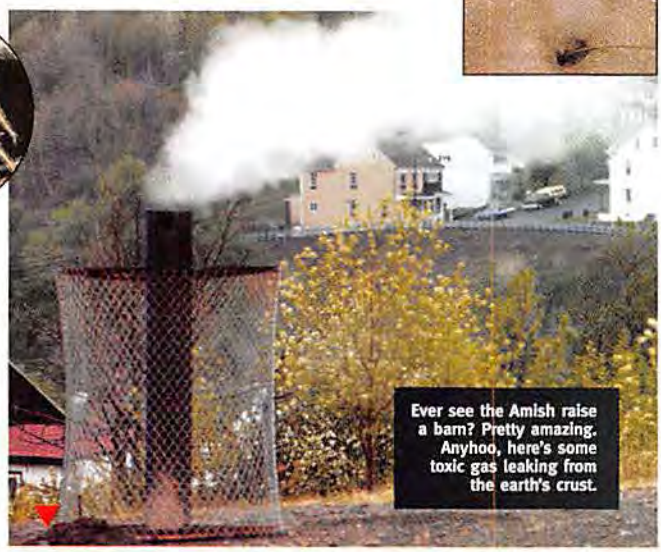
"Eh, I did it without a helmet," muttered a seemingly dead Ben Franklin

THE MILLION-VOLT MAN

Just about every week since 1974, Dean Ortner has been zapping himself with a million volts of electricity to demonstrate God's natural laws. This is no mere cocktail-party trick. A science teacher, Ortner has performed in front of Congress, at the Olympics in Atlanta and before his students at Whittier Christian Schools in California. The only thing that can shock this guy? The savings at Price Chopper supermarkets. This week: ground chuck...$1.79 per pound!

Sea-Monkeys

Forget the Sims: These little creatures really let you play God. Add water and you've created an army of swimming little people. Actually, they're brine shrimp, but they don't have to know that. Watch as they dart about, growing and learning and–dare we say it?–loving in a tiny, complete self-contained world. Rule with an iron hand in a velvet glove, and help them develop their own art and culture all revolving around their benevolent creator (i.e., you). Then, when you get bored, flush 'em down the toilet.

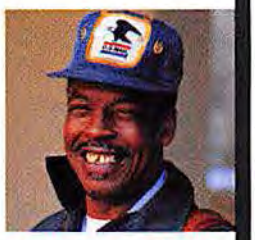


Ever see the Amish raise a barn? Pretty amazing. Anyhoo, here's some toxic gas leaking from the earth's crust.

Centralia, Pennsylvania

Looking for an uncrowded place for your second home? Consider beautiful Centralia. Since 1962, all but 17 of the city's 1,100 residents have split. Sure, that's when a coal-mine fire began that has been burning under the city ever since. And yes, the fire–which could last 100 years–emits toxic fumes from basements, street sinkholes and broken sidewalks. But the schools are top-notch, and the women have four arms!

Photography: (Vicks, Spoon, Cereal in Bowl) Damien Donck; (Iodine, Snorkel, Sea-Monkeys, Cereal Boxes, Sawdust) Jens Mortensen



THE UNITED STATES POSTAL SERVICE

They get a bad rap, but think about it: For 34 cents, someone comes to your house, picks up a letter and delivers it to any other house in the country. Not a bad deal! Heck, they'll even deliver *Clostridium botulinum*!

CLOSTRIDIUM BOTULINUM

Otherwise known as the world's deadliest bacterium, this little bugger packs a punch so strong that a pound of it could kill the *entire human race*. If you think some top-secret government lab in the Arizona desert is making this stuff, you're mistaken. *Clostridium botulinum* (geek for "causes botulism") grows in improperly canned meat. Which, incidentally, is the name of a nightclub we're opening next summer.

SAWDUST

Without it, what would janitors throw on vomit?

Spoons

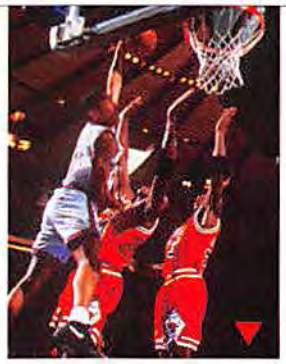
We take them for granted, but how would we eat soup without them? What's that? By sipping it from a cup? Screw you!

Breakfast Cereal

Even the crappy sugary kind, like Cocoa Puffs, has a bunch of vitamins and minerals. Which is more than you can say about fresh fruit. Really, what "vitamin" will you find in an orange?

Skin

Stops your guts 'n' stuff from falling out. Each of us is covered in about 20 square feet of the stuff (add a square foot or two if you live in a dairy state). During your lifetime, about 40 pounds of your waterproof wrapping will just flake off. You get a completely new layer of skin every 50 days; if not, check with the UPS man. He's probably got it all in the back of the truck.



The Dunk

During the 1993 NBA Eastern Conference Finals, a six-foot-five undrafted former CBA baller-cum-New York Knick named John Starks shook his defender and threw down a monster baseline dunk on Horace Grant and some guy named Michael Jordan. The three later became friends and spent many wild nights traveling the galaxy in search of far-out adventures.

Snakes

Hey, *you* try getting around with no limbs. Here, let us help you. Whack! Whack! Whack! Ha-ha! Ha-ha-ha!

I am a well-coiled machine, thought the snake, chuckling to itself. *Ah...if there's anything better than puns, it must be baby mice.*

"His arms were all over me!" said a busty young coed, who was crying to a girlfriend miles away in an unrelated story

GIANT SQUID

In 1997, Australian fishermen netted a rare giant squid that measured nearly 50 feet from head to tentacle tip. But there could be even bigger calamari rings out there. A 50-foot squid leaves a four-inch circular sucker scar when it defends itself against whales—and whales have been found with *18*-inch scars, raising the prospect that whales don't understand that *no means no*.

SEEDLESS FRUIT

Thanks to such tricks as treating young shoots with hormones, America's farmers have produced the best food idea ever: sterile fruit. Nothing to choke on, no messy cleanup and no unplanned little apple trees running around the house.

UTILITY POLES

Without them, highly dangerous electrical wires would just be lying on the ground, begging you to gnaw on them. That makes the noble, valiant poles far more valuable than silly, worthless trees.

ABIOCOR

AbioCor is the first completely implantable man-made artificial heart. Once the first transplants are successful, the $100,000 device should be more widely available. Wait a few years before you buy—the price will come down eventually.

Kevin could hear his wife now: "You go to 'look' at planes, and you come home in this?!" Whatever. If it were up to her, they'd still be driving that piece-of-shit DC-10.

They fly, but they weigh a lot! And where would comedians be without them? Still at Mom's, living in the garage.

COMMERCIAL AIRLINERS

Solar Flares

In 11-year cycles, the sun discharges billions of tons of electrically charged particles in a giant burp. Traveling at two million mph, they zap Earth's magnetic field, screwing up telecommunications, power supplies and satellites. In 1989, a geomagnetic storm knocked out Canada's power stations, leaving the country in the dark. No one noticed.

The Universe

The inability to comprehend infinity and whatnot makes you feel funny. It's fifteen billion years old and still expanding. Driving at 75 mph, you'd need more than 38 million years to reach Proxima Centauri, one of our nearest (and dearest!) stars. The farthest observable point is about 14 billion light-years distant. That's pretty far. Just ask Scott Baio (see right).

"Hey, baby. I was on *Diagnosis Murder*."

Scott Baio

He's a mediocre washed-up celebrity, but he's been with Heather Locklear, Pamela Anderson, Erika Eleniak, Nicole Eggert, Natalie Raitano, Nicolette Sheridan and Brooke Shields. We don't know whether to hug him or kill him. Hell, let's do both!

This goes great with a tall glass of bacon

Bacon

Makes even the crappiest sandwich taste better. And just smelling it can make you happy. Wrap it around shrimp....Hell, wrap it around more bacon. Either way, you're loving life.

McDonald's French Fries

They give ketchup a reason for living. They're also the primary instrument, along with Coke, for America's world domination. Is there anyone on planet Earth who doesn't like these golden logs of fat, salt and starch? Name one. Oh, Joe Healy of Butte, Montana? He's a dick.

Physicist Stephen Hawking Divorcing His Wife for Another Woman

What could be more amazing—or infuriating—than noted brainiac Stephen Hawking dumping his longtime wife and mother of his three kids to shack up with one of his nurses? We'll tell you: shacking up with a team of cheerleaders. We tried it once, and it just doesn't work. They're only interested in sex.

Photography: (Fruit, Sandwich and Fries) Jens Mortensen.

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Abandoned as a child, it grew up among the wolves, who always made sure it had plenty of coolant

THE McLAREN F1

As the most powerful production car in the world, this 627-horsepower monster does 0 to 60 mph in 3.2 seconds and can easily nail 240 mph. The $500,000 sticker price is just a hair more than the dough you coughed up for your cousin's '82 Corolla. Maybe you should take his paper route, too? The only way your current car could nail 240 mph is if you secretly tied its front bumper to the back of a McLaren F1. The guy in the McLaren would keep looking in his mirror, thinking, *Damn! Who is this guy, and why can't I shake him?!* And you'd be laughing and sipping a milk shake or something. But can Mr. Big-Shot Fast Car remember to send a card on Mother's Day? Oh, no.

Chinese Giant Salamander

What's about six feet long, slimy and repulsive? A six-foot-long pole covered in slime! Yes, but what else? The endangered Chinese Giant Salamander. A 5-foot-11 salamander weighing 143 pounds was once found in Hunan Province, China. Man, that's one slim salamander! We urged it to consider a career in runway modeling, but it just stared at us blankly and defecated.

COINSTAR

Feed it your water-jugful of crusty coins. The machine puts each coin through a sensor and matches it to "memory" to make sure it isn't worthless, like a slug or a ruble. Treat Coinstar nicely and it'll give you a receipt for the cash. Treat it badly and inside, it will be weeping.

We would say to look at his inner beauty, but ironically enough, it's also hairy

Dog-Men

Their upper bodies and faces are covered with hair. The real tragedy? That there aren't more of them!

Shrink-Wrap Machines

Just think how much easier your life would be if you owned one. You could return everything you've grown tired of. Like your briefs. Or that baby chick that was so cute last Easter.

Primary Colors

Without them, we'd have no colors at all. Not a one. Not even mauve or fuchsia.

Photography: (Shrink-wrap) Jens Mortensen

THE DUMP

No matter how smart and clever humans are, this is where all this amazing stuff inevitably ends up. Including these words and pictures.

Who would throw away a perfectly good bulldozer like that?

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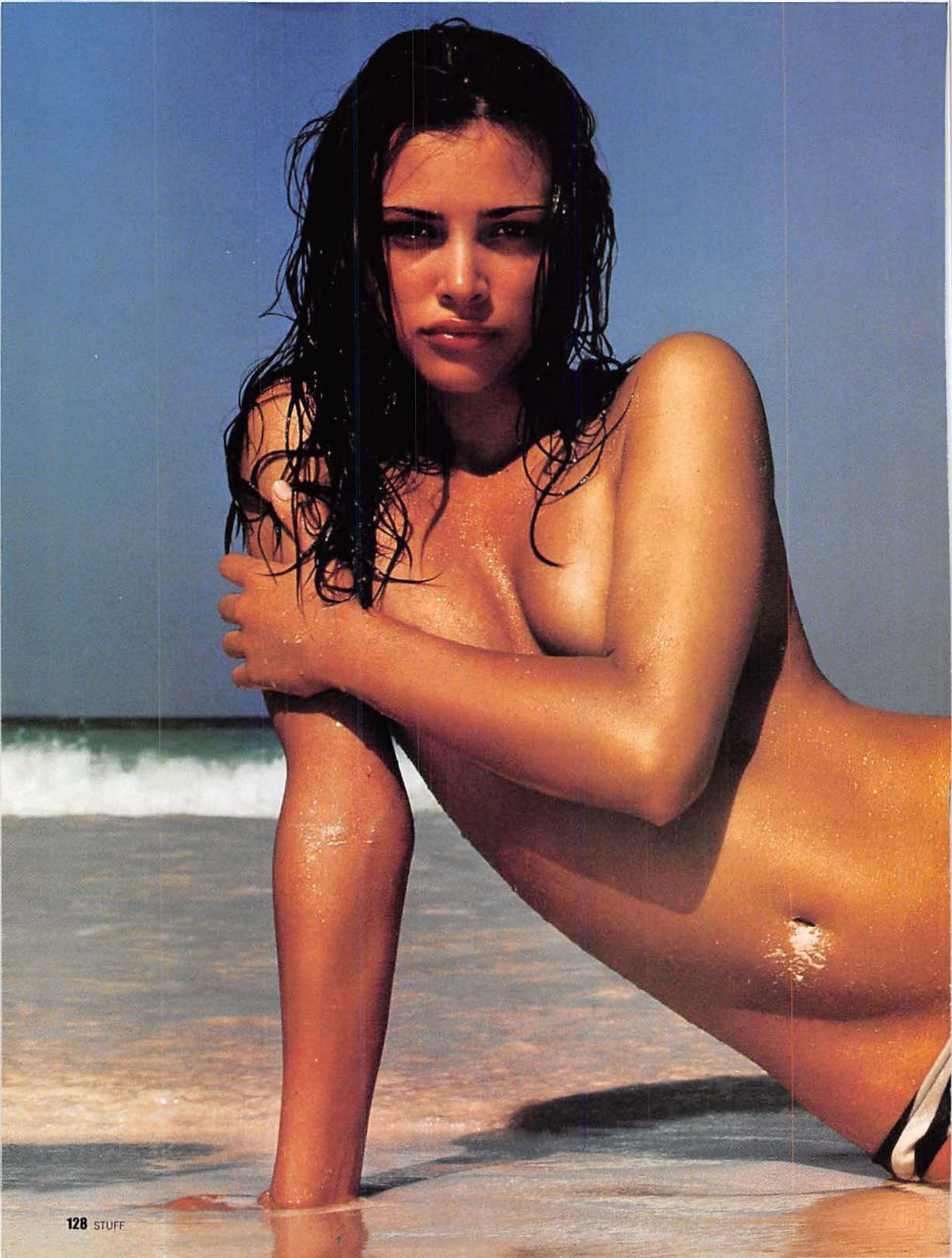


BAHAMA MAMAS

The thing about the Bahamas? It's just so much more scenic when stockpiled with models.

BY BILL SCHULZ PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL BIONDO

Val and Al consider me a pal! During our photo shoot in the Bahamas, Valentina Pelinel (left) and Alina Vacariu (right) even adopted a cute pet name for yours truly. *Who Are You Again?* they would call me lovingly. Ah, great times. They're both Romanian, both 19 and both, like, superhot—so it stands to reason that *Stuff* would rent a house on Harbour Island and populate it with myself, the photo crew and the aforementioned foreigners. After arriving beachside, we did some shoots and drank some shots with equal aplomb. I believe in karma in the sense that when good things happen to me, rest assured my hamster will probably die. And note to Hammy: Better pick out a plot. One of the girls conducted our interview topless, and photographer Michael (not Mike, but Michael—trust me on this) Biondo allowed me to be the honorary light-meter guy. For the first time in my life I felt as if I truly belonged!

STUFF: You're both Romanian. I hear Romania's got heaps of Gypsies.
VALENTINA: People hate them 'cause all they do is ask for money and bother you. In Romania, you better stay away from them, because they are very dangerous people.
ALINA: They make, sometimes, a bad image for us. People think they're Romanian also.
VAL: People would say to me, "Oh, you're Romanian—oh, my God, you must be a Gypsy." I am *not* a Gypsy.

Who would win in a deliciously decadent catfight?
VAL: I'm a creative fighter. If I want to fight, I fight. I fight in my modeling contests and I always win all of them!
AL: We don't fight. We love each other!

Staying on the obvious tip: You're both Romanian and re*donk*ulously hot. Ever take a trip down Lesbian Lane?
VAL: With Alina? No, no. We really don't see each other *that* much. Sure, I was living with other girls and we were close in the sense of sleeping in the same bed, but nothing more than that. I mean, I like men. I really do.

Well...what the hell?! [*A stray dog on the island has come up from behind and proceeds to give me the humping of two lifetimes.*]
AL: Oh, look!
VAL: It's a gay dog!!

Actually, they prefer to be called gogs. Get off me, mutt! Man, this has totally ruined the mood. Sigh. Moving on: Alina, you live with and take care of your 16-year-old sister, Delia, who's also a model.
AL: We are not only sisters—we are best friends forever and ever. If she wants ice cream at 11 P.M., I get it for her. She's not like a lot of other 16-year-old girls from America—she's really a very good girl. So it's easier.

And Valentina, you recently worked on a Bill Blass campaign. How is Billy? He never returns my phone calls.
VAL: Uh, I guess for a year and a half, he has left the company. He sold the company. There are new owners.

"We once made love in his office. I thought I was going to fly out the window."

Oh. You also did something with Louis Vuitton luggage. They've got really well-made bags. Think they're strong enough to transport a corpse?
VAL: They are strong. There are the nice bags to put your lipstick in, but to transport the body you need the luggage. Which they have, sure.

What's your favorite Donald Sutherland film?
AL: I just watch the movies and I don't know the names.
VAL: Donald Sutherland? What is that?

Uh, he's *only* one of the greatest actors we've got. Here's a shocker: You both have boyfriends.
VAL: He's from Brazil. My first boyfriend was Romanian. And then I had a half French, half American. And now I have a Brazilian. I'm, like, going around the world!

Tee-hee! And, Alina, you also live with your boyfriend, who also happens to be Romanian.
AL: Ah, I don't like people to know my personal life. I don't like to go there.

All right, then. Back to you, Valentina. One-night stands: Your thoughts?
VAL: Actually, I made love the first day I met my first boyfriend. We once made love in his office. It was *sooo* uncomfortable. I thought I was going to fly out the window.

Is there anything that you *wouldn't* do sexually?
VAL: I don't think there's anything. Maybe if a date brought in another girl. I don't know how I would react to that. I wouldn't want my boyfriend to bring another woman. Then I'd get jealous.

Sex toys: All in good fun or won't touch one?
VAL: I never use anything, actually. I don't think they're useless, though.

Would you bring this into your bed? [*I reach into my trusty backpack and pull out former back-pager Ratbear. What, you don't remember Ratbear? Check out our Where to Buy page for a disturbing visual.*]
VAL: He doesn't bother me. I'd let him stay in my bed.
AL: He looks scary!

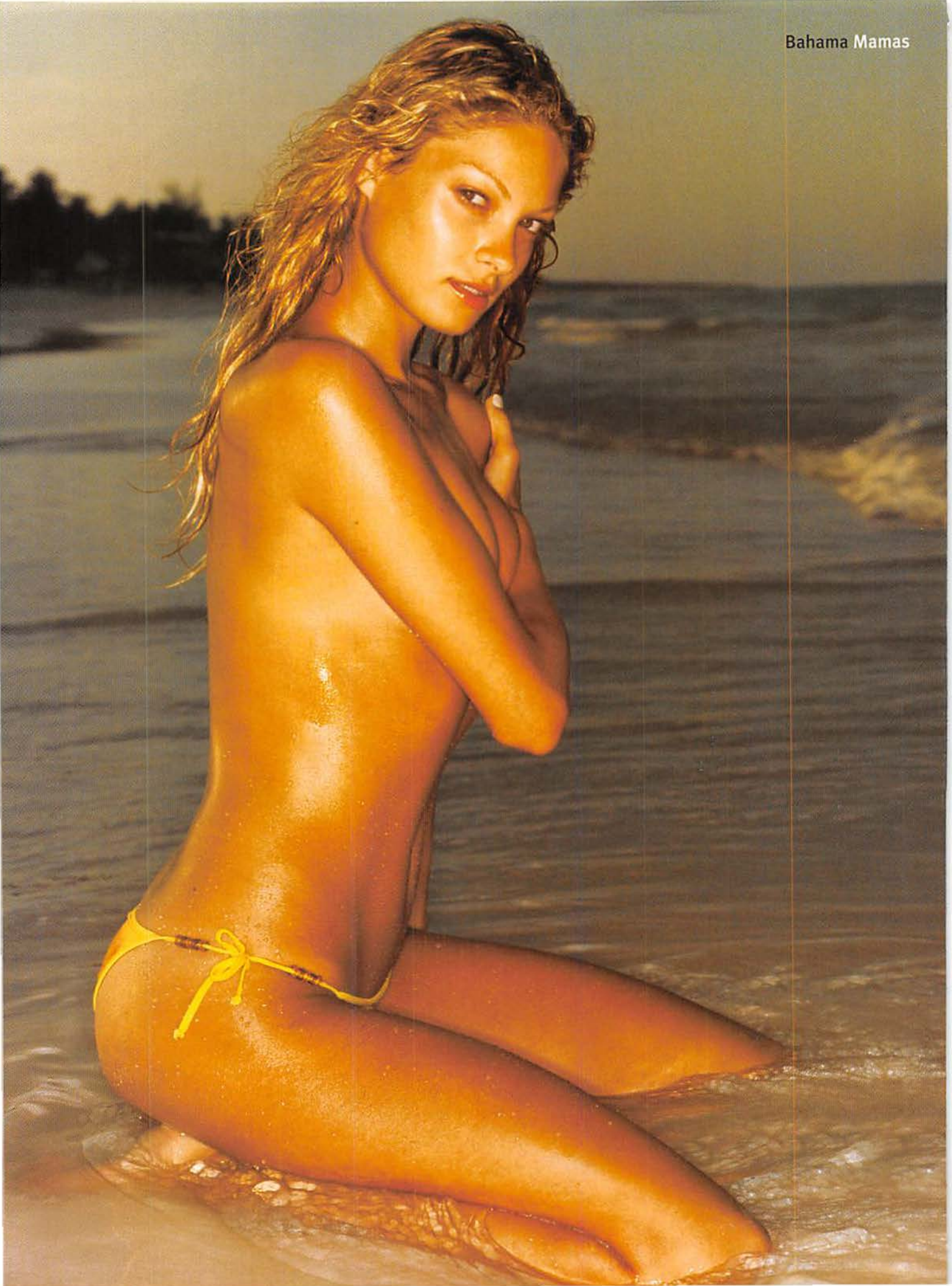
He's half rodent, half ursine and all moxie, ladies. What are your thoughts on this creature of the night?
AL: Oh, this looks like a rat—the face. But the body looks like a, like a...
VAL: Well, it's a teddy bear. He's too black. He's cute with his mouth open.
AL: You really like the Ratbear.

Er, yeah. He sure beats human companionship. Ratbear's actually a bit sad. He just missed a promotion that was given to this up-and-coming pineapple we've got. Could you guys make him feel better? Don't look at me—look at the hybrid.
AL: [*To Ratbear*] It's all right. You cannot scream or get panicky. You just have to be calm.

So we just need to talk Ratbear down when he gets out of sorts?
AL: Yeah, exactly. Exactly.
VAL: Wow. That's real. We're people who are talking to stuffed animals.

He's stuffed full of love for you, ladies. And tapioca. He *loves* tapioca.

Styling: Kenneth Nash. Grooming: Liam Dunn at Judy Caley. For clothes, see the Where to Buy page.



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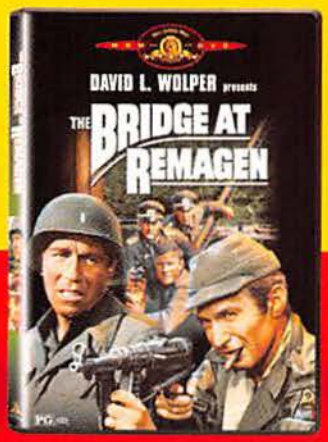

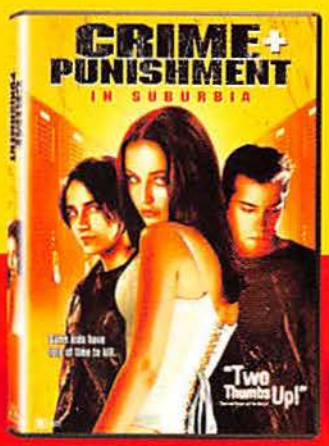

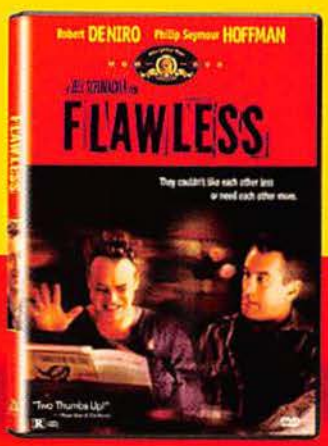

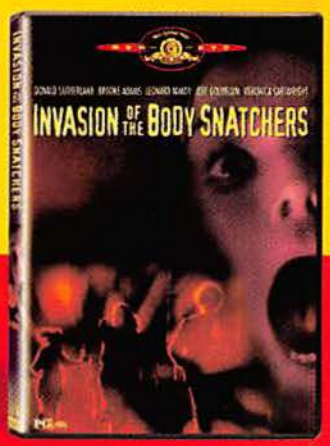

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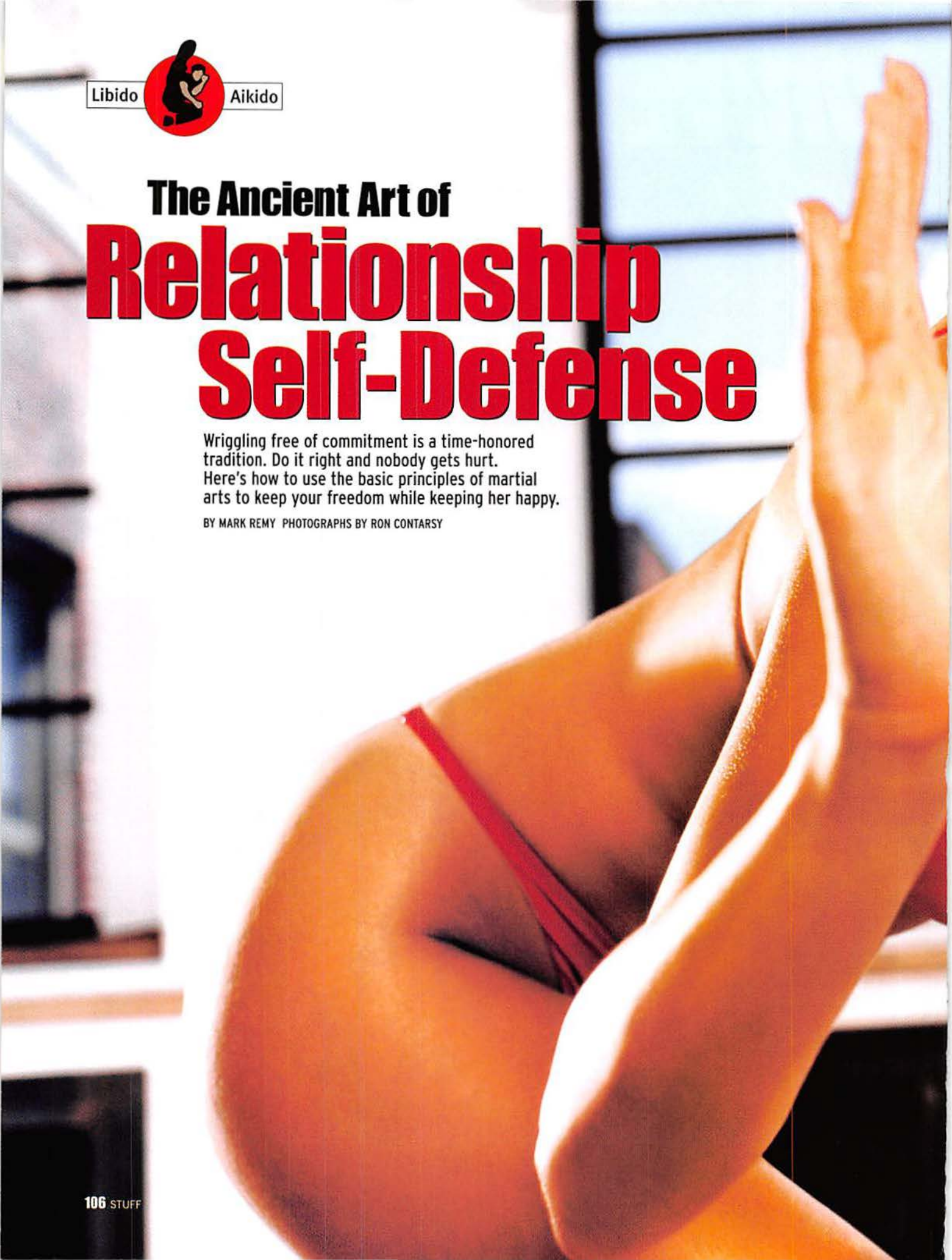
BY MARK REMY PHOTOGRAPHS BY RON CONTARSY



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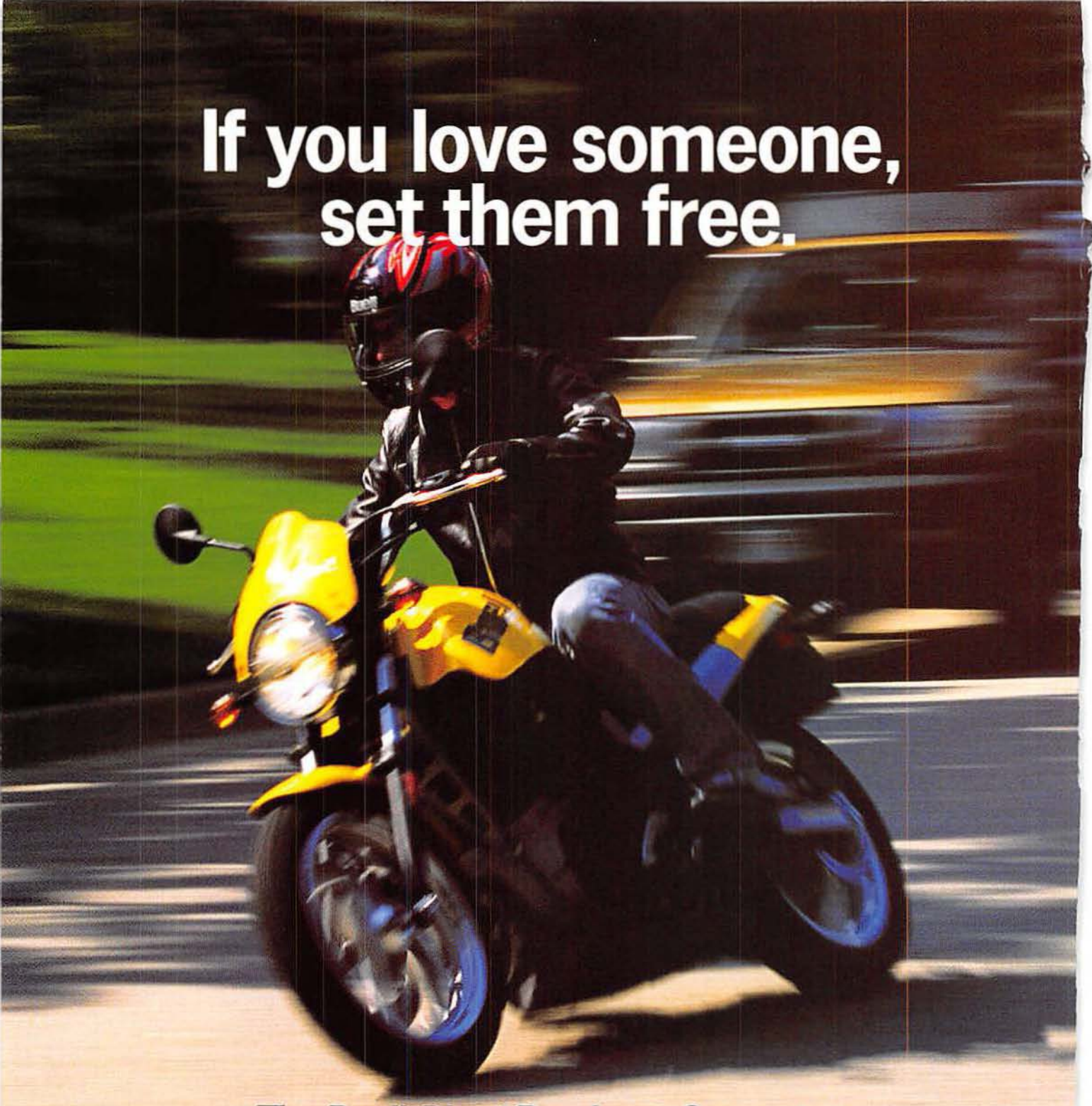

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PHOTOGRAPH BY SATOSHI

STUFF 1

Whether you're freezing at Lambeau Field or burning in hell, America's greatest cultural contribution to the world, tailgating, should not be taken lightly.

BY MARK SPOONAUER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JASON BLANEY

The only show they get down here is *Living Single*, and the reception is terrible

1 BIONIC BINOS
BUSHNELL PERMA-FOCUS BINOCULARS $96
The 12x50 magnification on these Bushnells makes them perfect for following all the action on the gridiron—or the action in the apartment across the street. But here's the best part: The binos are focus-free, meaning you can pan from cheerleader to beer vendor by twisting nary a knob. This frees up your hands for twisting other things—like the truth. www.bushnell.com

2 BUMPER TABLE
SYAD TAILGATE PARTY CENTER $1,128
This is possibly the world's only mobile dinette set that hooks up to a standard trailer hitch and comes with four all-weather chairs, four footrests, a canvas umbrella and one Rhino-coated 30-inch table. Not sure what a Rhino-coated table is? Go ask one of the thousands of freezing rhinoceroses roaming the plains of Africa. They'd be happy to tell you. www.syad.net

3 WHACK JOB
DAIQUIRI WHACKER $259
Every once in a while a device comes along that makes you proud to be a man. The Daiquiri Whacker is one such device. Just yank the starting cord of its two-horsepower engine, control the mixing speed with the twist-grip throttle and flog the wuss out of any girlie drink. And you should see what it does to a sneaker. www.gasblender.com

4 THE FRIDGE
COLEMAN STEEL COOLER $99
From the handles to the hinges, this 17-pound, 54-quart ice chest positively drips stainless steel. Extra-thick insulation and a tight-fitting lid keep your cans chilly for up to three days of 100-degree temperatures. It also keeps your beer cold. www.coleman.com

5 COUCH POTATER-TOT
RCA WATER-RESISTANT LCD TV $249
Why suffer through pregame shows when you can hook up a VCR to the back of this little two-pounder? The four-inch screen is generous for a mini boob tube—but not so generous it'll lend you money. Get a job already. www.rca.com

6 PACKING HEAT
GRILL 2 GO BY THERMOS $160
This 25-pound propaner features a built-in ignition and can simultaneously char up to 16 burgers or a whole silverback gorilla, thanks to an extra-wide nonstick cooking surface. And if the visiting team gets too far ahead, the propane tank doubles as a firebomb. www.grill2go.com

STUFF1a

Don't fret, little camper. If this were really hell, these would all be locked.

The door allows easy access.

Kevin was never heard from again.

Nauseating stench not included.

Looks like John Goodman was here.

Photography (Product stills) Damien Donck. 2001 Explorer Sport Trac courtesy of Ford.

STUFF2

Hops, barley, water: If you have these three things, you have something called love. And beer—you also have beer.

BY JEFFERY LINDENMUTH PHOTOGRAPHS BY SATOSHI

1 BIÈRE DE MIEL
$7/25.4 OUNCES
The name is French for "honey beer," but don't worry—it's mostly in the aroma. A slightly sweet flavor up front turns crisp and refreshing. If it gets lonely, it can turn sour, but popping in a Jerry Lewis movie fixes that.

2 ROGUE BUCKWHEAT ALE $3.50/22 OUNCES
Rogue's toasted-nut flavor isn't the only bizarre thing. Buckwheat's not a wheat—it's in the rhubarb family. Doesn't it know that sooner or later it will get caught in its own growing web of lies?

3 CZECHVAR $8/SIX-PACK
This pleasingly bitter lager changed its name from Budweiser so that it could be sold in America. Czechvar actually means "The rivers and storm drains of St. Louis will run red with the blood of our enemies!" Well, OK, not really.

4 RARE VOS $4/25.4 OUNCES
Rare? Not exactly. Vos bottles plenty of this spicy amber ale at its brewery in Cooperstown, New York. The name actually comes from a famous cyclists' café in Belgium—well, as famous as a foreign bistro frequented by cyclists can get.

5 OLD ENGINE OIL
$3/11.2 OUNCES
Bitter chocolate, coffee and dark rum are just a few of the flavors lurking in this slick Scottish ale. Heart disease and a paralyzing fear of failure are just a few of the things lurking in you. Get some fiber.

6 KELPIE SEAWEED ALE
$3/16.9 OUNCES
Cutting the malt with seaweed, an 18th-century Scottish tradition, gives Kelpie a salty flavor. Making beer from kelp? Wearing skirts and kneesocks to formal events? Is there anything a Scot can't do?

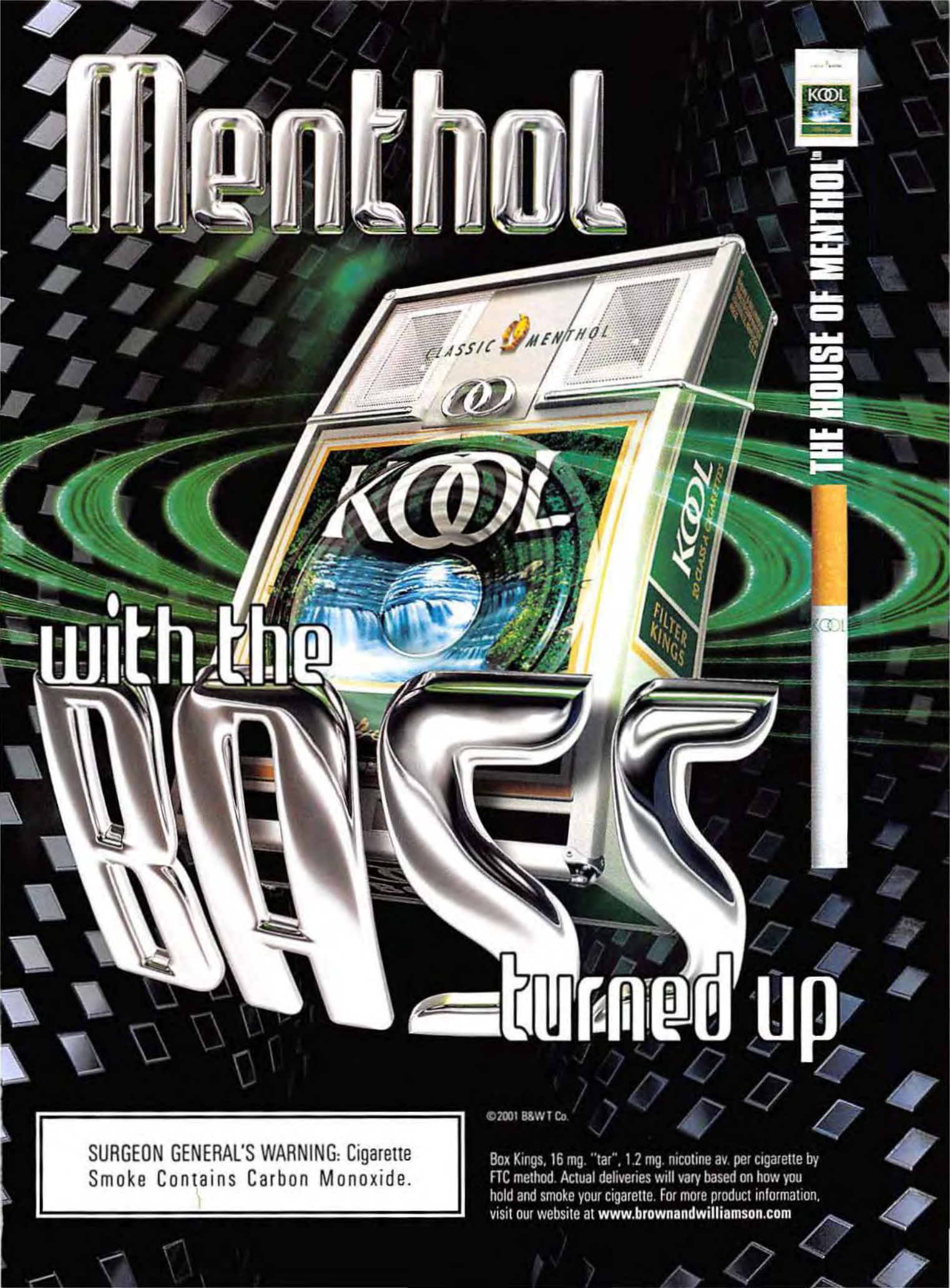
STUFF2a Do you have abs of Silly Putty? Are your toes strangers? These won't help.

First assemble. Then forget.

Throw it out and it hobbles back inside.

Will look perfect in the corner of your basement.

Photography: (Ab machines) Damien Donck.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THE ROAD SCHOLAR

HIGH BEEMER

Marty Padgett hammers on some German heavy metal. Rammstein? *Nein!* BMW!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK JENKINSON

It's all about horsepower. That's what my history book said about Catherine the Great, anyway—and I'm here to tell you, after a crazy summer day in Detroit strapped into a BMW M3, I have to agree.

On Motown's quaint, cobble-and-asphalt byways (strangely similar to the sensationally crumbly apple brown Betty at the airport Denny's), the M3's symphonic combination of a Posturepedic-comfy ride and Ginsu-sharp handling made me forget that I missed my flight and was stuck in a strange town in a bright blue car that costs as much as every street hooker in the metro area. I checked.

This year they're stuffing the M3 with the most powerful in-line six-cylinder production engine they've ever built: a 3.2-liter monster that horks up 333 horsepower and spits it out through a six-speed manual transmission. Underneath, it's also got disc brakes the size of stop signs and 18-inch alloy wheels. There are enough air bags inside to cushion a lunar landing—and it's got Dynamic Stability Control, something I could use, considering the rising cost of medication.

From a pay phone, I stared out at the M3 as curious passersby tested the car's intricate antitheft system. I noticed the many fancy add-ons that make it more stylish than the stock 3-Series coupes—like the chromed slats on the front fenders that say this car really means business. That's what you get when the voices in your head are as clear as a college AM station, I guess.

Inevitably, the M3 will disappoint some. It's not eco-friendly, at 24 miles per gallon on the highway and only 16 in the city. Some will irritate the cops by trying to pin the speedometer at 155 mph. Still others will despise the car for doing so little for the plight of the homeless, but those people are always complaining about *something*. You know, being homeless and all.

A citizen named Frenchy gave the final word on the M3 thusly, and I quote: "That shit is dope." I'd have to agree with that, too—especially if I want to get my Carpenters CDs back from him.

This is part of BMW's blue period. You can tell by the blueness of the car.

2001 BMW M3

Base price	$46,045
The goods	333-horsepower 3.2-liter in-line six,* rear-wheel drive, six-speed manual gearbox. (Find a flaw—we dare you.)
Acceleration	Jets to 60 mph in 4.8 seconds and takes curves better than the finest curve-taking machine in all the land.
Top speed	Reined in at 155 mph. (Blame killjoy lawmakers for the limited top speed; European versions pull up to 175.)
X factor	If you can't get attention in an M3, you're dead or Abe Vigoda—or both.

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We're stumped, too

We could just curl up behind it and spoon late into the afternoon

THE AIR BAG

Sweet nothings to whisper during those tender moments at the muffler shop.

Flame on

Chrysler's PT Cruiser (left) is a spicy little number, but it lacks serious horsepower. To tide us over until a turbo comes along, they've ladled on a $495 flame job that will be the envy of feisty soccer moms everywhere. Riding in it pleased our inner superhero—even more than tying on that sassy sequined cape. Codpiece optional. www.chrysler.com

Power trip

The 400-horsepower club is a tightly knit group—there's Ferrari, Lamborghini, the Dodge Viper and the Lipizzaner stallions. The 2002 Corvette Z06 joins in the fun with its 405-horsepower V-8, which has more than enough juice to peel the outer casing off its massive 18-inch rear tires. Hell, it's enough to remove *your* outer casing. www.corvette.com

Up in smoke

Australian scientists at the University of New South Wales in Sydney are suggesting that it's possible to make car bodies by fusing natural fibers like hemp with plastics. Try smoking reefer in a Hefty bag and you'll get the drift. Lighter construction will make hemp cars more fuel-efficient, and the vehicles' biodegradable personality allows them to be buried in the ground, where they will be eaten by ravenous bacteria, just like you and me.

Photography: (Carl) Damien Donck.

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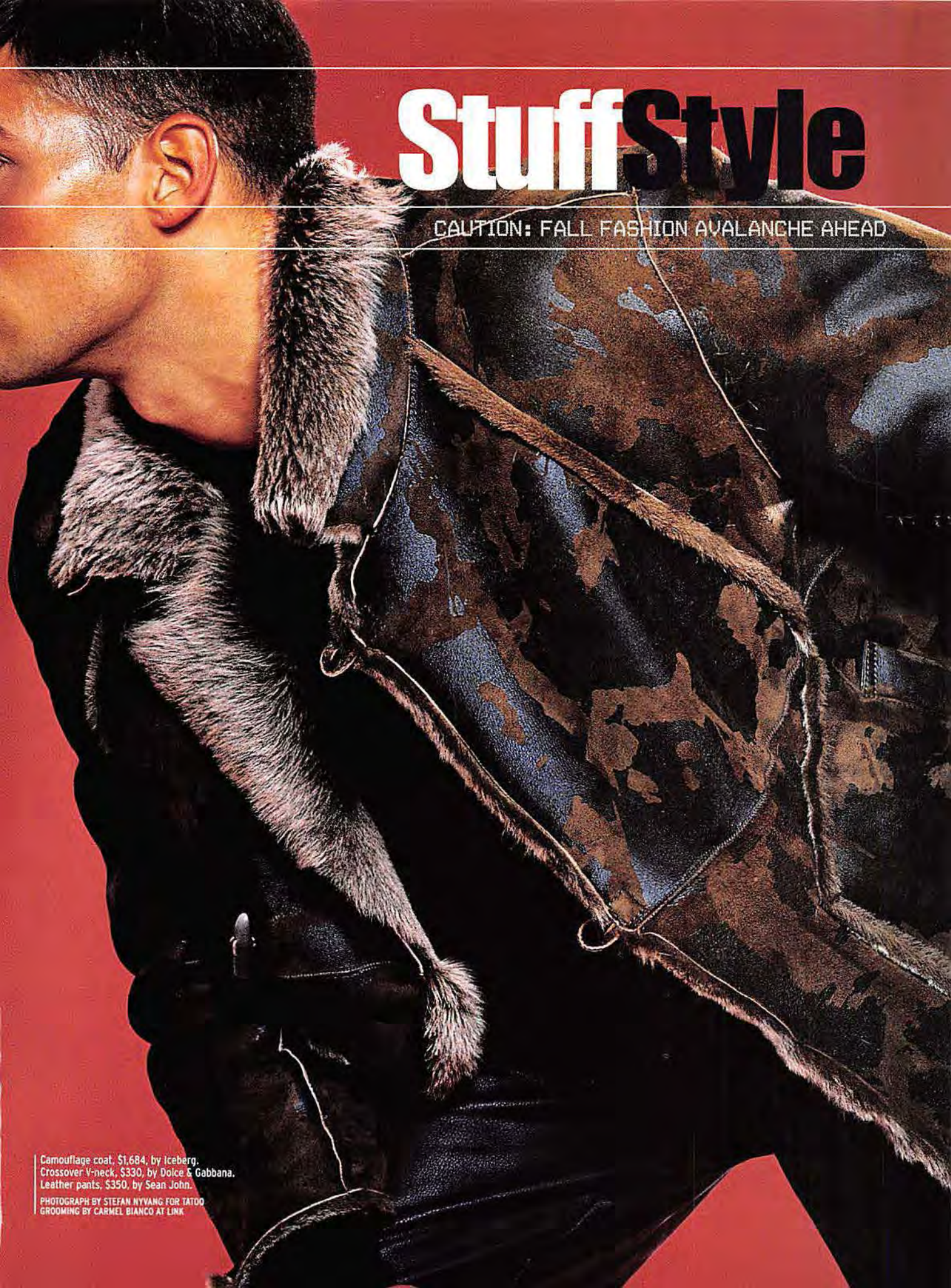
StuffStyle

CAUTION: FALL FASHION AVALANCHE AHEAD



Camouflage coat, $1,684, by Iceberg.
Crossover V-neck, $330, by Dolce & Gabbana.
Leather pants, $350, by Sean John.

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEFAN NYVANG FOR TATOO
GROOMING BY CARMEL BIANCO AT LINK

XLarge and in Charge

Every once in a while, a T-shirt comes along that breaks the mold, pushes the envelope, changes the way we live. You are looking at one right now. Designed exclusively for *Stuff* by our pals at XLarge (who ironically wear mediums), this very limited-edition tee (only 500 were made) is available for just 22 bucks at XLarge stores in New York City (212-334-4480) and L.A., at XLarge.com or—as a special bonus to our readers—via the *Stuff* Web site (www.stuffmagazine.com).

Tommy, Can You Hear Me?

This fall, Tommy Hilfiger shows his patriotism not only with classic American clothes like this cotton rugby shirt ($70), but also with his Earn Your Stripes and Be a Star program. Entrants who make a short video expressing what the flag means to them can win up to $25,000. If we won, know what we'd do? Open a tofu stand. We're so predictable. **888-TOMMY-4U**

CLOTHESMINDED

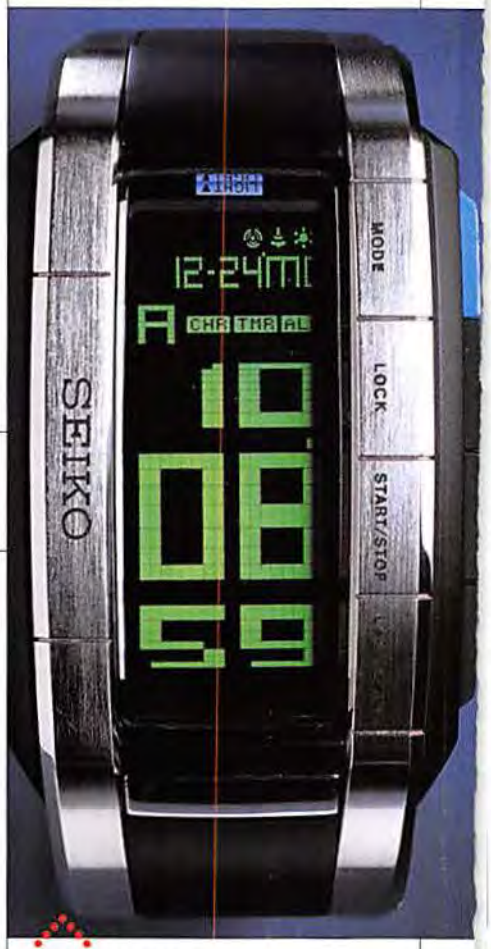
Fashion news for the wardrobe impaired.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIMOTHY HOGAN

In Your Face!

After 20 years of keeping Europe clean (no small feat), Nivea for Men introduces their men's skin-care products ($3–$6) to the U.S. Their shave gels and washes help you achieve facial nirvana in four easy steps. Provided you have the time... and a face. **www.niveausa.com**

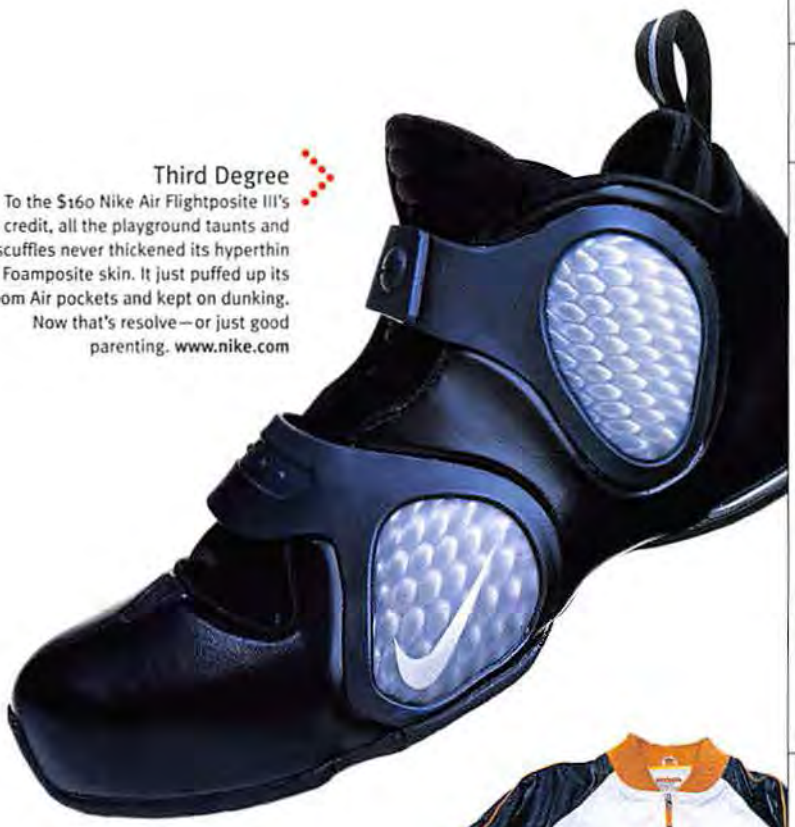
Mr. T

The Hypa T fabric used to make DDC Lab's Trek muscle tee ($68) is not woven but actually sprayed together using 100 percent flash-spun polyethylene. Kind of like Cheez Whiz that you can actually wear. Goes really well with your Triscuit trousers. **www.ddclab.com**



Fantasy Item

The *Final Fantasy* watch ($200) includes a chronograph, an alarm and an automatic calendar set through 2046. After 2046, it goes manual. Better work on those forearms. **Joseph Edwards, 212-730-7300**



Third Degree

To the $160 Nike Air Flightposite III's credit, all the playground taunts and scuffles never thickened its hyperthin Foamposite skin. It just puffed up its Zoom Air pockets and kept on dunking. Now that's resolve—or just good parenting. **www.nike.com**

Let's Be Frank

Famous for his signature monkey-branded T-shirts, Paul Frank has branched out into kung-fu boxer shorts ($22). So the next time you're in a fight, just whip off your pants for a pressure-point tutorial—it's there on the shorts' fabric. Then kick butt or run. Frankly, we'd run. **www.paulfrank.com**

Luggage of Champions

You know what pisses us off? Luggage with wheels. It makes every man look like a flight attendant. The leather Samsonite Blacklabel Travel Wear duffel ($615) is a man's bag. It does not roll; it does not coast. And it fits perfectly on your mom's shoulder. **American Rag, L.A., 323-935-3154**

Hey, Hey, Hey

Fatty's no fashion icon, but that didn't stop the folks at FUBU from putting his mug on their Platinum leather jacket ($700). Seems like nothing can stop them. FUBU Films will produce the next installation of *The Crow*. FUBU Records just signed rapper Drunken Master. FUBU Pancakes has promised to make their flapjacks fluffier than ever before! Just seeing if you were paying attention. **Macy's**

All Madden Team

Even after his conviction for money laundering, Steve Madden still managed to debut his men's collection of casual, dress and sports shoes ($70–$99). Padded linings and superflexible soles will make your feet just Sing Sing. **www.stevemaddenmens.com**

Wing It

Ray-Ban originally designed its Aviator line of sunglasses for World War II flyboys—and pilots. As you can see by these Wing IIs ($109), the Aviator line has changed. Instead of plain black, the new polycarbonate lenses come in a range of colors from purple to London smoke. Which is exactly what London was doing during WWII. Don't you see? The circle is complete. **Sunglass Hut, 800-SUNGLAS**

Photography: (XLarge) Shin Ohira.

Turning Japanese

Adidas' new Mangostins ($125), designed by Yohji Yamamoto, sport a breathable mesh outer layer and a soft rubber sole. Yamamoto sees it as a commentary on the difficulty of reconciling Eastern and Western philosophy. Yeah, well, it's gonna take a little more than that, Yammy.
Yohji Yamamoto, NYC, 212-966-9066

Cargo Hold

Pants or shorts? Why not have both? At full length, the legs of Nike's ACG convertible cargo pants ($65) keep thorns and rabid beavers at bay. When things calm down, just roll up the legs. Go ahead, live a little. **800-671-NIKE**

ODOR EATERS

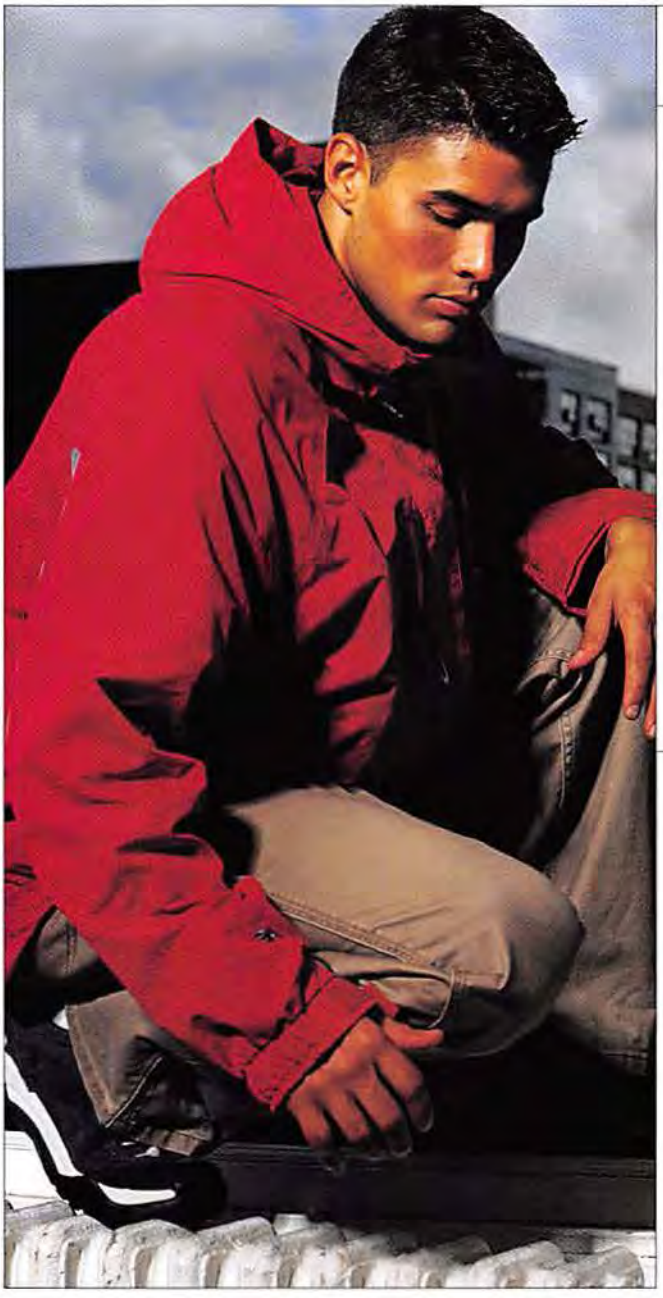
Five new fall scents that'll make you smell better.

MAMBO COLOGNE SPRAY, 3.4 oz., $45
PHAT FARM PREMIUM, 3.4 oz., $55
GIVENCHY II FRAÎCHE, 3.3 oz., $50
JACK BLACK SIGNATURE, 1.7 oz., $42
TOMMY HILFIGER T FOR HIM, 3.4 oz., $50

How to...

REMOVE A STAIN

Identify problem area | **Pour on gas, and ignite**



AMERICAN EAGLE OUTFITTERS

Eggs and one-ton eagle nest not included.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEFAN NYVANG

WHO WERE THE FOUNDING FATHERS?
In 1977, brothers Mark and Jerry Silverman decided to take the army-navy surplus store concept to American malls. Looks like it worked.

WHAT MAKES AE STAND OUT?
AE uses natural fabrics and some stretch materials for a more modern look. Know what else does that? Tron Underoos. The AE designs are for guys who would rather wear a T-shirt and jeans than anything else. Which pretty much covers every man on earth.

WHAT'S THIS FALL'S STANDARD ISSUE?
AE striped polo shirt ($29), utility pants ($39), sneakers ($49), Rider jacket ($68). **www.ae.com**

Hey, no waist! It's magic!

ROCAWEAR

Rocawho? Rocayou!

WHAT'S UP WITH THE NAME?
Rappers Jay-Z and Damon Dash started Rocawear as a result of trying to produce tour jackets for their Rocafella record label. Rocawear, Rocafella: starting to see a connection? Yeah, they've got something against *k*'s. Where are the damn *k*'s?

DO THEIR CLOTHES ROC?
Yeah, boyee. Rocawear, designed in New York City, utilizes an array of materials ranging from fleece and denim to leather and synthetics in their line of casual urbanwear. That's all well and good, but we really think our line of sandpaper thongs is going to sell like hotcakes!

WHAT ROCS THIS FALL?
Cable-knit sweater ($84), cotton T-shirt ($39), nylon pants ($84), denim jacket ($94). **Macy's**

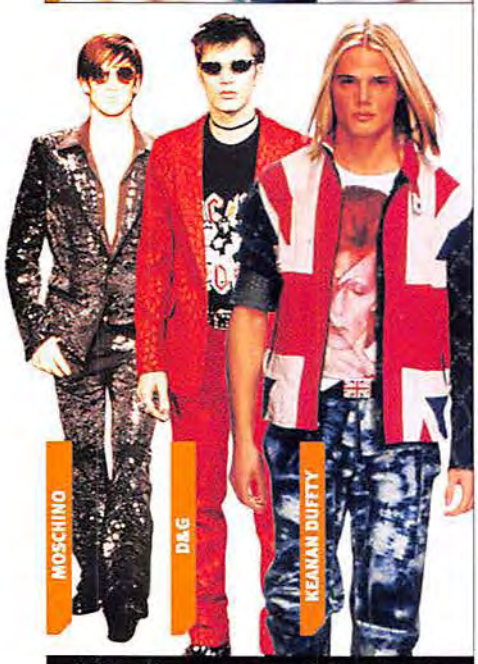
"Jacket" goes with "pants" to make "outfit."

Styling: Kelly Rae.

TRENDSPOTTING

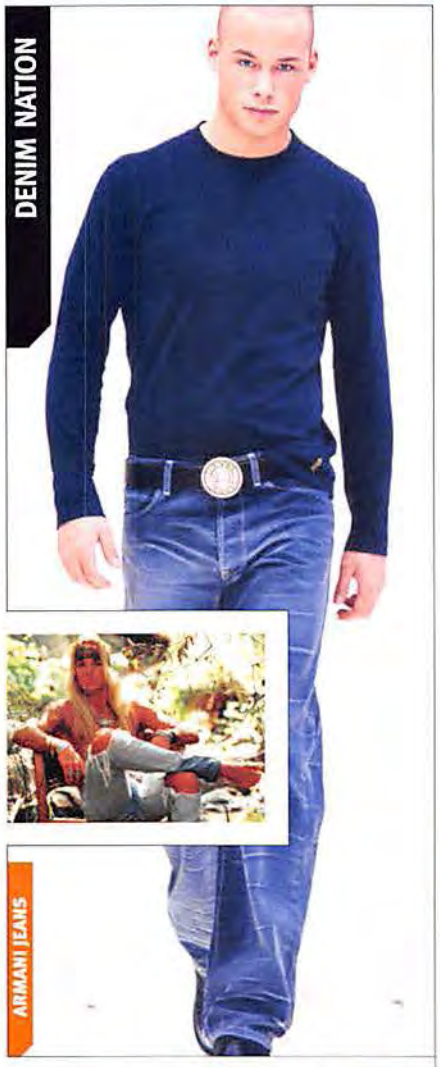
Look out! It's a stampede of style.

ROCK STAR



Their mothers are very proud. They cleaned their rooms without being told!

DENIM NATION



The guy on the right is wearing a hat. A very nice hat, mind you—but a hat nonetheless.

STANDARD ISSUE

Who needs to join the army when you can just start your own with some friends?

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TRENDSPOTTING

PREP WORK

MARC JACOBS

FUR SURE

GUCCI

IN THE FLESH

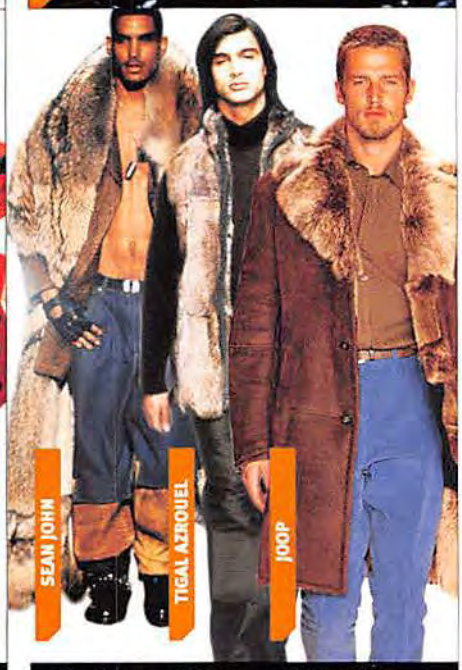
NAUTICA

TOMMY HILFIGER

ECKO

ECKO

Why so pouty? Homeroom can't last forever.

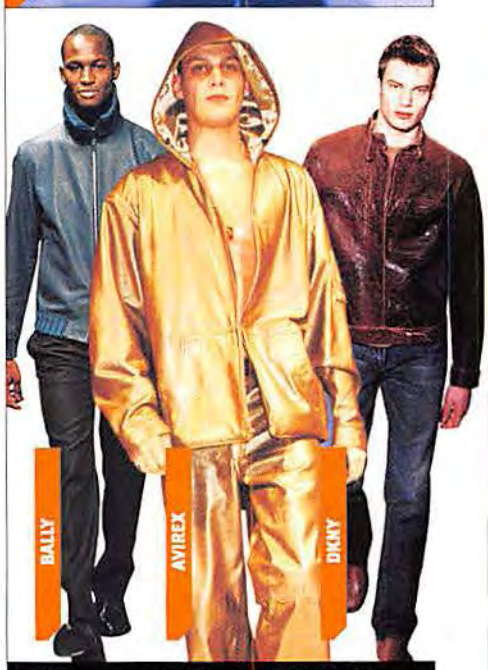


SEAN JOHN

TIGAL AZROUEL

JOOP

Fur: It keeps critters warm. And you, too!



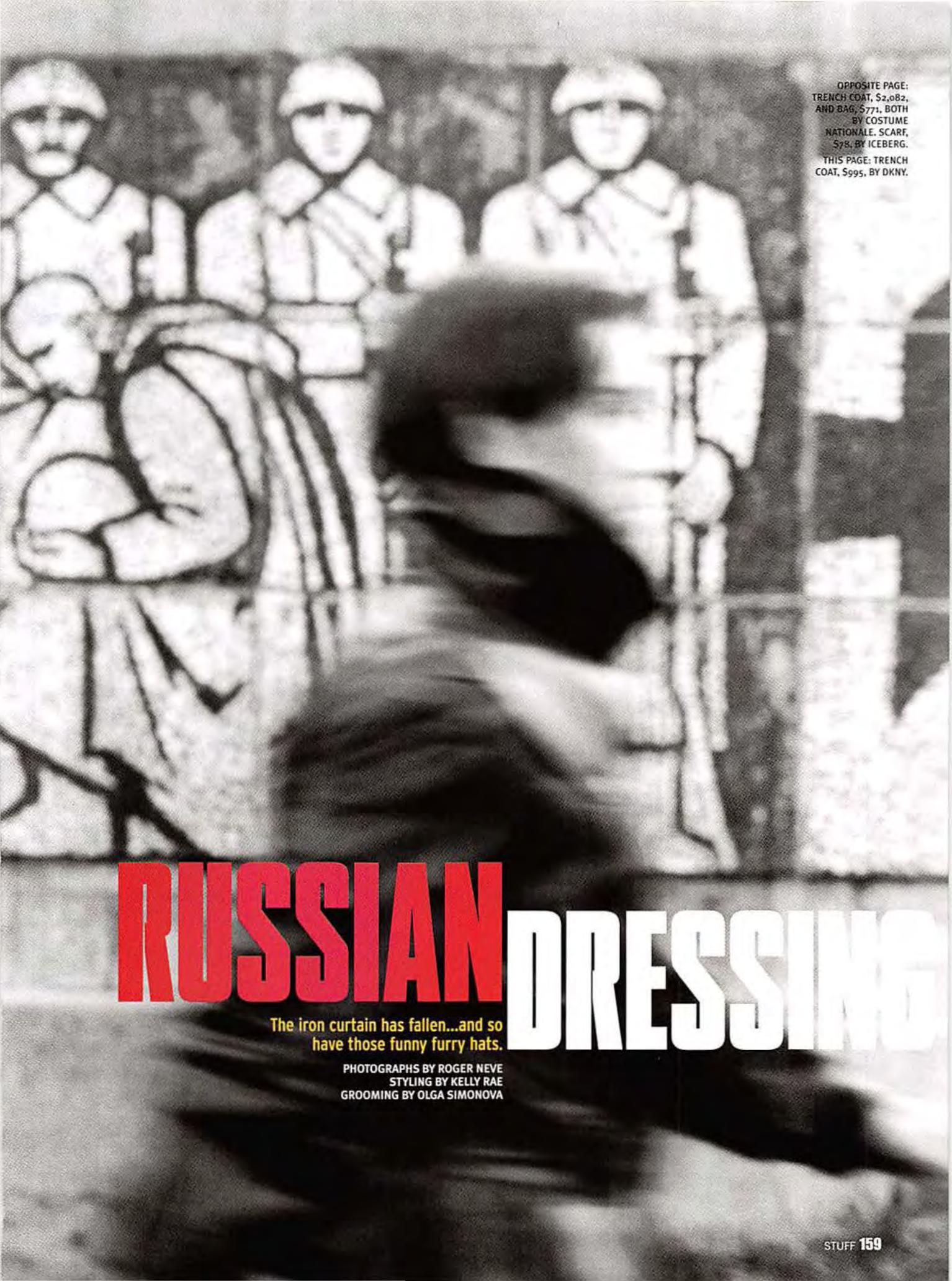
BALLY

AVIREX

DKNY

Three more people in a row? Will this fun never end? Alas, it has.

THE CRYSTAL METHOD
20
01
THE CRYSTAL METHOD
THE NEW ALBUM TWEEKEND
IN STORES NOW
SEVEN DAY TWEEKEND TOUR
07.27 Petaluma
07.28 Santa Cruz
07.29 Reno
07.30 Boise
08.01 Calgary
08.02 Edmonton
08.04 Seattle
08.05 Portland
08.06 Vancouver
08.08 Anaheim
08.09 Los Angeles
08.11 San Francisco
08.13 Sacramento
08.14 Fresno
08.15 Las Vegas
08.16 Salt Lake City
08.17 Denver
08.18 Kansas City
08.19 Minneapolis
08.20 Fargo
08.22 Cincinnati
08.23 Indianapolis
08.24 St. Louis
08.25 Chicago
08.26 Detroit
08.28 Toronto
08.29 Cleveland
08.30 Philadelphia
08.31 Worcester
09.01 New York
09.02 Washington DC
09.03 Washington DC
09.04 Norfolk
09.06 Jacksonville
09.07 Orlando
09.08 Boynton Beach
09.09 Tampa
09.10 Gainsville
09.12 Washington DC
09.13 New Orleans
09.14 Atlanta
09.15 Charlotte
09.16 Nashville
09.17 Little Rock
09.18 Tulsa
09.19 Oklahoma City
09.20 Dallas
09.21 Austin
09.22 Houston
09.23 San Antonio
09.25 El Paso
09.26 Albuquerque
09.27 Tuscon
09.28 Phoenix
09.29 Los Angeles
PARENTAL ADVISORY EXPLICIT CONTENT
EDITED VERSION ALSO AVAILABLE.
2001 Dupest Recordings



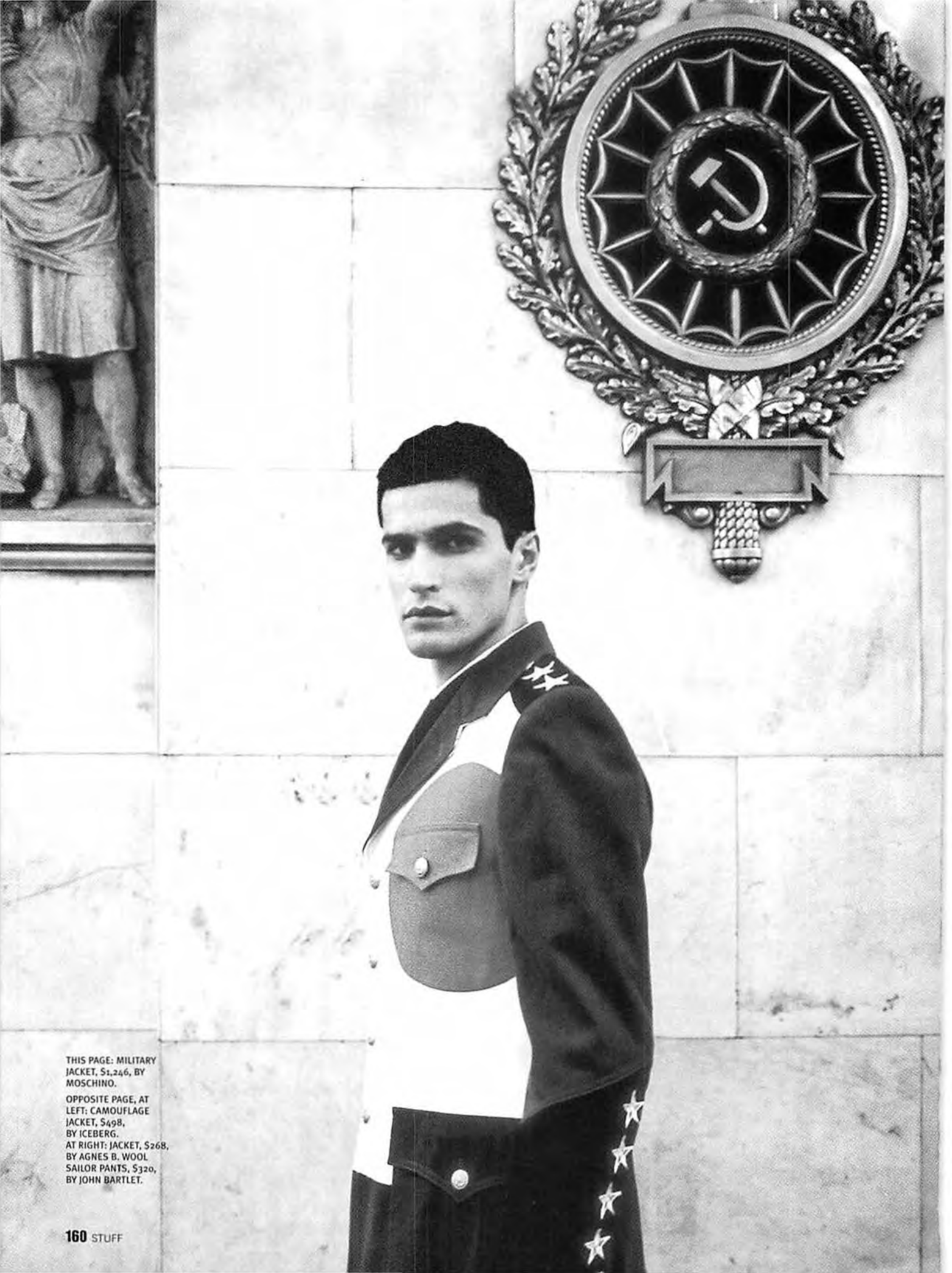
OPPOSITE PAGE: TRENCH COAT, $2,082, AND BAG, $771, BOTH BY COSTUME NATIONALE. SCARF, $78, BY ICEBERG.

THIS PAGE: TRENCH COAT, $995, BY DKNY.

RUSSIAN DRESSING

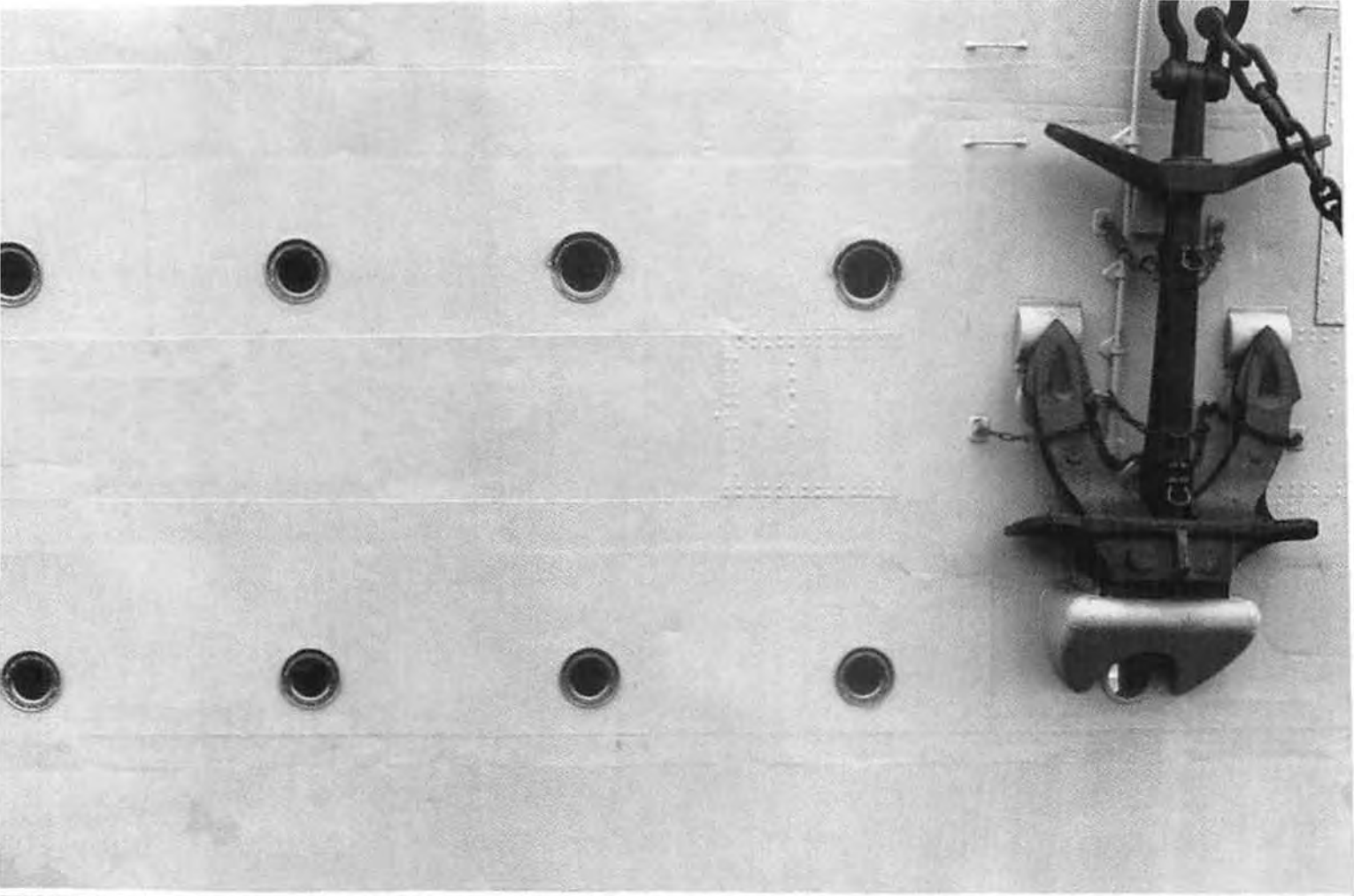
The iron curtain has fallen...and so have those funny furry hats.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROGER NEVE
STYLING BY KELLY RAE
GROOMING BY OLGA SIMONOVA



THIS PAGE: MILITARY JACKET, $1,246, BY MOSCHINO.

OPPOSITE PAGE, AT LEFT: CAMOUFLAGE JACKET, $498, BY ICEBERG.
AT RIGHT: JACKET, $268, BY AGNES B. WOOL SAILOR PANTS, $320, BY JOHN BARTLET.



OPPOSITE PAGE: CAMOUFLAGE SWEATER, $1,025, BY ROBERTO CAVALLI. VEST WITH FLASHLIGHT, $485, BY CP COMPANY. TWO-TONE DENIM PANTS, $250, BY E-PLAY. TOOLED-LEATHER BOOTS, $1,200, BY SANDY DALAL.

THIS PAGE, AT LEFT: TURTLENECK, $138, BY AGNES B. COAT, $1,214, BY MOSCHINO. OILCLOTH GURKHA PANTS, $240, BY JOHN BARTLET. BOOTS, $470, BY SERGIO ROSSI. POLARIZED AVIATOR SUNGLASSES, $135, BY NAUTICA. AT RIGHT: SUIT, $750, AND CAMOUFLAGE SHIRT, $218, BOTH BY ICEBERG. BOOTS, $260, BY D&G.

OPPOSITE PAGE, AT LEFT: MILITARY SHIRT, $786, BY MOSCHINO. MILITARY TAILCOAT, $1,375, BY JOHN BARTLET. STAINED-DENIM JEANS, $250, BY DIESELSTYLELAB. AT RIGHT: WINTER CAMOUFLAGE JACKET, $1,465, AND WINTER CAMOUFLAGE PANTS, $535, BOTH BY ISSEY MIYAKE. BOOTS, $260, BY D&G.

THIS PAGE, AT LEFT: T-SHIRT, $65; CASHMERE OVERCOAT, $2,150; AND PANTS, $215; ALL BY SANDY DALAL. AT RIGHT: PEACOAT, $1,475, BY ROBERTO CAVALLI. WASHED-LEATHER PANTS, $495, BY DKNY. BOOTS, $260, BY D&G.

1 FUBU AZURE $595
2 ANDREW MARC $295
3 SWATCH INVESTIGATOR $120
4 EBEL E-TYPE CHRONOGRAPH $3,250
5 NIXON ODYSSEY $199
6 MOVADO VIZIO SPORT $995
7 CONCORD IMPRESARIO CHRONOGRAPH $4,490
8 ORIS BIG CROWN TT1 CHRONOGRAPH $1,495
9 SEIKO SPORTURA $2,495
10 LONGINES OPPOSITION $1,850
11 TIMEX $50
12 TAG HEUER LINK DIAMOND-DIAL $2,895
13 LUMINOX SWISS QUARTZ $375
14 CASIO MTD1020G-9AV $65
15 TECHNOMARINE ALPHA AAGM $1,400
16 TISSOT TXL CHRONOGRAPH $495
17 BELL & ROSS VINTAGE 126 $2,500

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GREG BROOM
STYLING BY RICH STEWART

NOTHING BUT TIME

Fresh off the vine: A new crop of watches. And, man, do they taste awful.

GIMME SOME SKIN

Six jackets that will help you look better in leather.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEFAN NYVANG FOR TATOO
STYLING BY KELLY RAE
GROOMING BY CARMEL BIANCO AT LINK

THIS PAGE: FUR-LINED COAT, $10,100, AND JEANS, $340, BOTH BY DOLCE & GABBANA. POLO SHIRT, $240, BY BALLY.

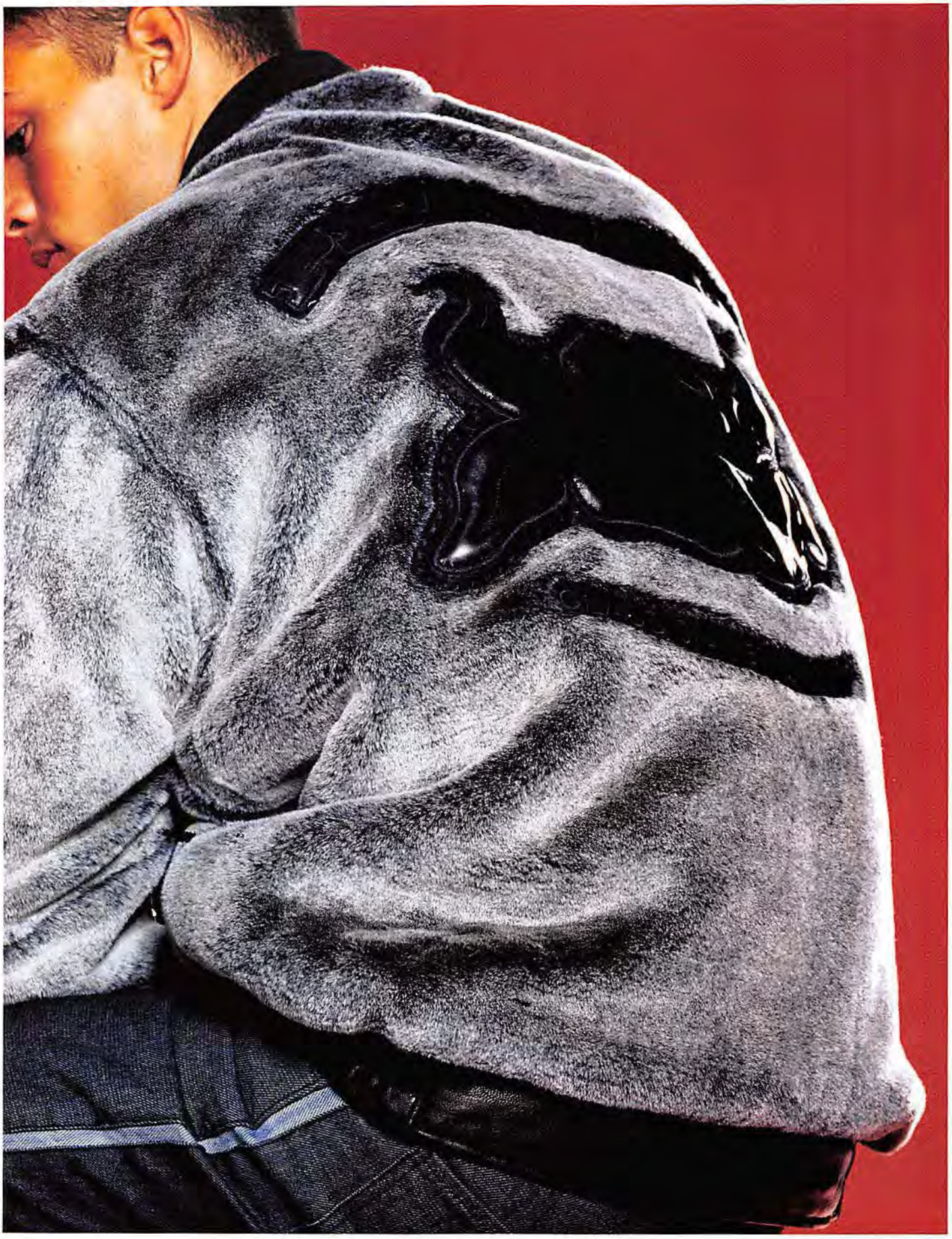
OPPOSITE PAGE: CORDOVAN NAPA PLONGE JACKET, $1,595; CORDOVAN COTTON AND SILK SHIRT, $325; AND CORDOVAN NAPA PLONGE PANTS, $995; ALL BY CALVIN KLEIN COLLECTION.

OPPOSITE PAGE: GOAT-HAIR BOMBER JACKET, $2,650, BY BALLY. PANTS, $235, BY NICOLE FARHI.

THIS PAGE: KNIT AND PERFORATED LEATHER ZIP SWEATER, $295, BY TOMMY HILFIGER.

THIS PAGE: ZIPPER JACKET WITH LEATHER FRONT, $1,559, BY MOSCHINO. PANTS, $750, BY SEAN JOHN.

OPPOSITE PAGE: LEATHER REVERSIBLE BULL JACKET, $450, AND INDIGO STRIPED JEANS, $75, BOTH BY PHAT FARM.



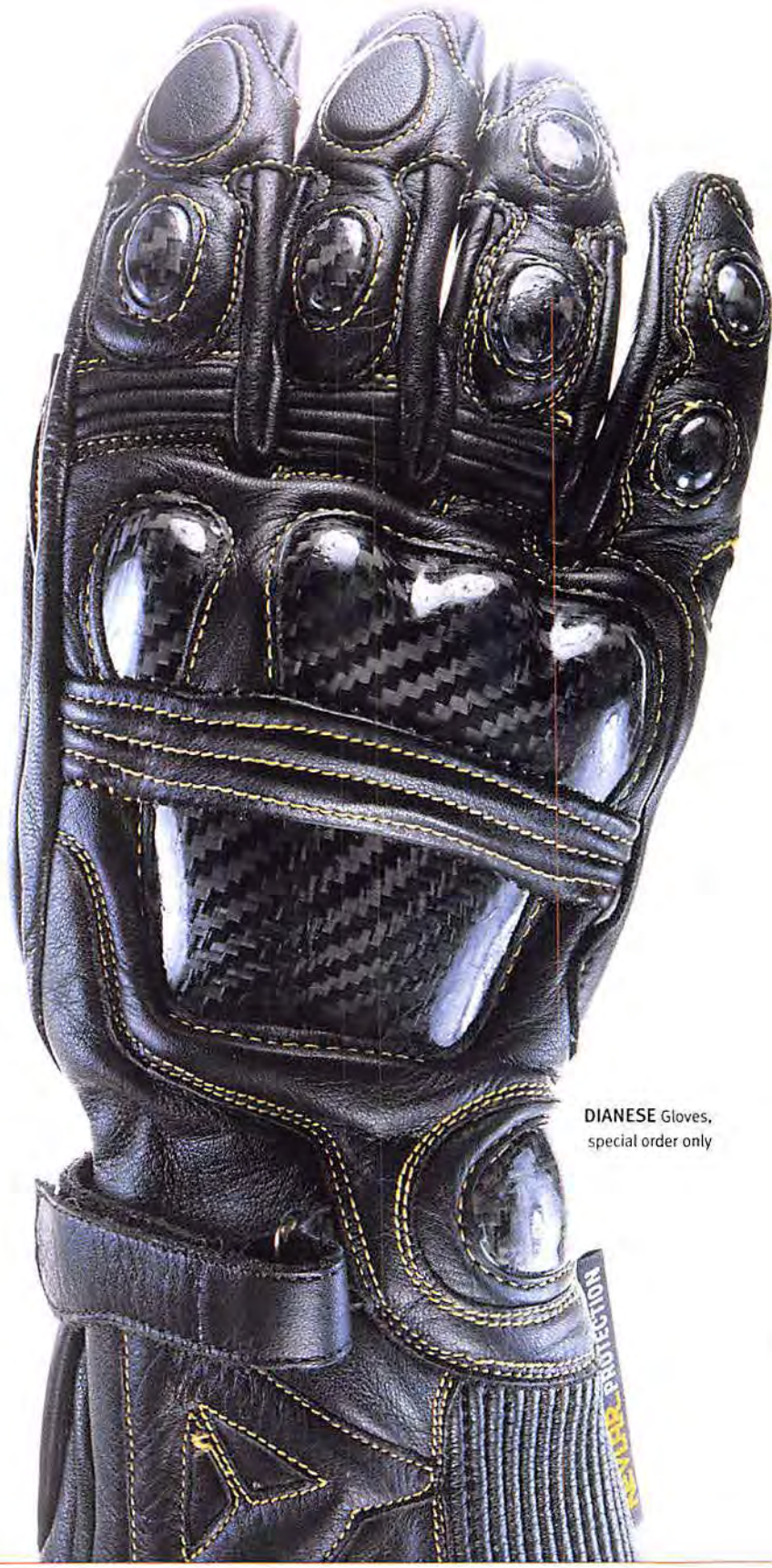
SUZUKI DR-Z250 motorcycle, $4,699

GUESS Selvage jeans, $88

HUGO BOSS Panoramic Perspective sunglasses, $210

MONTBLANC $8,850

DR. MARTENS 9787 boots, $130



DIANESE Gloves, special order only

BUILT FOR SPEED

Fashion for the fast lane. Bugs in teeth not included.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHIN OHIRA

STYLING BY RICH STEWART

FUCT Leather wallet, $13

TSUBO Zirzonium, $149

DEVIL DOG Jacket, $80

HARLEY-DAVIDSON Americana half-helmet, $190

DIANESE Motorcycle jacket, special order only

DOLCE & GABBANA Motorcycle jacket, $1,910

DKNY Washed-leather pants, $495

BUELL Blast motorcycle, $4,395

Bleacher Creatures

No dark sarcasm in the classroom.
Just lots of really colorful clothes.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DANIELLE LEVITT
STYLING BY RICH STEWART. GROOMING BY ERIC POLITO.
SPECIAL THANKS TO HOFSTRA UNIVERSITY, HEMPSTEAD, NEW YORK

OPPOSITE PAGE, AT LEFT: SHIRT, $52, AND RUGBY JACKET, $220, BOTH BY ECKO UNLIMITED. WORK PANTS, $94, BY AIX ARMANI EXCHANGE. GRIPPER SNEAKERS, $50, BY SAUCONY.
AT RIGHT: POON BABY T-SHIRT, $22, BY POON TANG. DISTRESSED-LEATHER VARSITY JACKET WITH REMOVABLE HOOD, $495, BY TOMMY HILFIGER. CHINO WORK PANTS, $60, BY XLARGE. SHOES, $145, BY TSUBO.

THIS PAGE, AT LEFT: RAZOR-STRIPE T-SHIRT, $30, BY POLO JEANS. DENIM PANTS, $185, BY JOHN VARVATOS. SK-8 HI SNEAKERS, $52, BY VANS.
AT CENTER: SHIRT WITH PINS, $220, BY D&G. FLEECE HOODIE, $68, BY GUESS. TRACK PANTS, $38, BY ADIDAS. KOLAT 2000 SNEAKERS, $90, BY NIKE.
AT RIGHT: SHIRT, $72, BY AKADEMIKS. EXPLORER DENIM PANTS, $75, BY VARCITY. TWINS SHOES, $151, BY CAMPER. LEATHER WRISTBAND, $20, BY RACHAEL HAWKINS.

THIS PAGE: GREEN T-SHIRT, $45, BY PERRY ELLIS AMERICA. RED UNIFORM JERSEY, $38, BY GUESS. MILITANT HOODED SWEATER, $60, BY TOMMY JEANS. AKA SEXY BASTARD JEANS, $120, BY BUCKLER. SUEDE SNEAKERS, $280, BY BALLY.

OPPOSITE PAGE, AT LEFT: MUSCLE TANK TOP, $20, BY CATERPILLAR. COLLEGE TRACK JACKET, $100, BY ADIDAS. STASH-POCKET CHINOS, $68, BY TRIPLE 5 SOUL. EVOS RASP SKATE SHOES, $110, BY AVIA.
AT CENTER: IAN T-SHIRT, $30, BY CATERPILLAR. SLING-DENIM SELVAGE JEANS, $68, BY GUESS. LEATHER CORTEZ SNEAKERS, $50, BY NIKE.
AT RIGHT: BASKETBALL TANK TOP, $53, BY XLARGE. JEAN LEATHER JACKET, $375, BY NAUTICA JEANS COMPANY. 18 CARPENTER DENIM PANTS, $68, BY POLO JEANS.

INTERNATIONAL
CONSTRUCTION

OPPOSITE PAGE: VARSITY T-SHIRT, $68, BY TRIPLE 5 SOUL. BLAZER, $750, BY MARC JACOBS. CORDUROY PANTS, $98, BY NYBASED. PELOTAS SHOES, $140, BY CAMPER.

THIS PAGE: MARTIN T-SHIRT, $28, BY CATWEAR. PRINTED POPLIN SHIRT, $290, BY MARC JACOBS. SWEATER VEST, $75, BY BEN SHERMAN. SANDBLASTED RL67 CORDUROY PANTS, $78, BY POLO JEANS. THE MONK SHOES, $130, BY STÜSSY.

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Breast-Kept Secrets

Have you ever sent a woman to the brink of orgasm just by breathing on her breasts? You will now. This month, *Stuff* sexologist Dawn Yanek talks to four women about how to touch, caress, nurture and worship a woman's most titillating parts.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAULINE ST. DENIS FOR VUE

BREASTS ARE NOT SUBTLE. They're smack-dab right in the middle of a woman's chest, just begging to be noticed and played with. And for good reason: They're her primary paths to pleasure, and they trigger all the wonderful chemicals that lead to sheet-searing sex, including the hormones oxytocin (which contributes to orgasms) and progesterone (her body's natural relaxant). But for the magic to happen, you need to touch them the way *they* want to be touched, not the way you think they should be touched. Breasts are moody. Do even one little thing wrong and you risk banishment from the bedroom. So this month, I've made it my personal mission to prevent that very avoidable tragedy. With a little help from these four goddesses, you will now be the Buddha of breasts.

DAWN: What's the best thing that a guy can do with your breasts?

KAREN: The best is feeling his breath on my breasts. When his mouth or tongue is almost on them, hovering over them, but I don't know if he's going to land there or go somewhere else first. Tease me and take your time. I love the anticipation.

SACHA: During sex, remember to keep touching and kissing them. It's really important for a man to act like an octopus when we're in bed. Every part of your body should be getting attention—from your head to your toes to your nose to your lips to your ears to your breasts. It obviously feels good, and it's like he can't get enough of you.

NIKKI: At first, a light touch is good, but when we're in the heat of the moment, I love it if a guy grabs my breasts aggressively, like he can't control himself. That totally gets me going. If I'm in that gray sexual area with a guy and he does that, I might get caught up in the moment and be persuaded to go for it with him—even if I'd initially decided that I wasn't going to. It's nice because then I don't have time to have second thoughts or get nervous.

"A really sweet area is the one between the side of your breast and arm. Kiss it or touch it or lick it...and it feels all tingly."

DAWN: Any other secret moves? Guys love this stuff.

NIKKI: Pay attention to the whole thing, not just the nipple. I mean, I've got C's—you've got something to work with. And be gentle with the nipples—they're very sensitive. Some men think they can pull on 'em and bite 'em. Do girls grab guys' packages and bite on the tips? If a girl did that, the guy would freak.

SACHA: Bite doesn't mean *bite*. It means *lightly nibble*.

KAREN: Trace the outer portion of the nipple very, very lightly. When a guy does that, I feel like I'm levitating off the bed. Oh, and pay attention to *both* breasts. Some guys forget that there are two.

RANDI: A really sweet area is the one between the side of your breast and arm. Kiss it or touch it or lick it or even just hold it. When a guy does that, it feels all tingly.

DAWN: On the flip side, what's the weirdest thing a man has ever attempted to do with your breasts?

SACHA: Try to have sex with them. But you know what? I actually enjoy that once in a while if I'm really turned on by the guy I'm with. In my experience, it's usually better when there's lubrication involved; that makes it go more smoothly and feel better. With my ex, it was lube city. He had his own spray bottle: K-Y jelly mixed with water. He was a freak, but he knew his stuff.

KAREN: I've done that, too, and I think the sensation is awesome. I had gone down on the guy, and when I was coming up, I hung out there for a little bit and moved back and forth, with him between my breasts. It was cool because I could feel the hardness and because I knew I was giving him so much pleasure. If I had bigger boobs—I'm only about a B-cup—if I had more hardware to work with, I might've stayed there longer.

RANDI: I've tried it, but I can take it or leave it. I mean, it's not like, "Oh, I'm getting off so much from this. Bring it on."

DAWN: What about the elusive pearl necklace? And I'm not talking about the type most women want for Christmas.

KAREN: I do it when I really want to please a guy, and that makes it hot for me. I'm letting him fulfill something he wants, and I do get off on that because I'm in control. I also like feeling him explode on me. If we're in the moment and he's about to go, I might say, "I want you to come on my breasts or on my back." That kind of dirty talk takes you both to another level.

SACHA: I agree. If I'm really inspired and if it's a once-in-a-while deal, I like it on my breasts, and if I like him enough, even on my face. But only once in a while—I can't stress that enough. And for it to happen, it's gotta be: I know you, I trust you, I feel you.

NIKKI: I'm not into it, but if you want to try it, please ask first. If you're going to persuade me to try something different, clear it with me. If you don't, you're taking something that could be an experimental, exciting thing and making me feel like I have no choice.

DAWN: If guys had boobs, they'd play with them all the time. Do you?

SACHA: In masturbation, I definitely play. A little bit, at least. I'll touch my nipples, as if to say, "Hi, guys." And during sex, I touch them even more.

RANDI: When I'm alone, I get kind of mad at mine. I was always the girl who had the boobs. And now that I'm getting older, I'm paranoid that they won't always be great, so I'm looking for stretch marks or something else to go wrong, even though they're still perky.

KAREN: I don't pay attention to them as much as I should. They're just kind of there. My whole thing has ▷▷▷

Styling: Jennifer Schwartz-Syed. Hair and Makeup: Sylvester. For clothes, see the Where to Buy page.

Location: Special thanks to Suite 16, 127 Eighth Ave., NYC.

THE LOVELY DAWN
SACHA, 27, MAKEUP ARTIST
RANDI, 24, ACTRESS
KAREN, 27, DANCER
NIKKI, 24, BARTENDER

The Bathroom Chronicles

This month, we go undercover in one of NYC's hippest bars.

TAPE 1: FEMINIST FASHION

GIRL 1 Why do I wear these things? They've been making my pants ride up my ass all night. Anyone got scissors?
GIRL 2 A man must've invented thongs, just to torture us.
GIRL 1 Yeah, because they don't do enough of that themselves, right?
GIRL 2 We should start a burn-the-thong movement, like in the '60s with the bras.
GIRL 1 It'll remind them that we're still in control.
GIRL 2 Let's get a few drinks first, OK?

TAPE 2: LIGHT A MATCH

GIRL 1 Anyone see an earring backing? I dropped it and can't find it.
GIRL 2 Ugh! This floor is so gross! My knees are sticking to it. Ick!
GIRL 1 Girls are such slobs. Bigger than men, I think.
GIRL 2 Yeah, but did you ever smell a men's room? Disgusting!
GIRL 1 What do they do in there? I don't get it. And they have such a weird attachment to it.
GIRL 2 Joe* says that men love the bathroom so much because it's their sanctuary. No one bothers them, so they can do all their thinking in peace.
GIRL 1 Yeah, but how can they think with that foul smell?
GIRL 2 I don't know. I guess men have a way of blocking it out.
GIRL 1 Oh, like the way they block us out when we talk to them?

TAPE 3: FASCINATING STUFF

GIRL 1 Do you like this outfit?
GIRL 2 Honestly? No.
GIRL 1 Really? I love it. Why don't you like it?
GIRL 2 I don't think the pants are very flattering. They make you look hippy.
GIRL 1 Oh. [*Long pause*] Do you think I look bad?
GIRL 2 No, but I've seen you look better.
GIRL 1 [*Annoyed*] Oh. OK, then. Fine. Whatever. Ready?

TAPE 4: MEOW!

GIRL 1 What the hell was that all about?
GIRL 2 She is such a bitch! Did you see how she looked me up and down? She's lucky I didn't pull that fuckin' Madonna-looking ponytail rag right out of her head! What is she thinking with that shit, anyway?
GIRL 1 Well, Madonna *is* coming back in concert, you know.
GIRL 2 That girl ain't no Madonna! She's a little Long Island JAP who'd better keep her fat ass out of my way. [*Fixes her hair, then breathes deeply*] All right. Let's go back out there. I'm in the mood to start trouble. *–Dawn Bruno*

**All names and identifying details have been changed to protect the petty and inane.*

Sitting in a semicircle was a decision they all made together

always been about my ass: I'm a dancer, so I'm curvier down there. Because of that, in bed I'm more in tune with the movement and the groove, but it's all below the waist. I'm not as connected with my breasts as I should be.

DAWN: Do you notice it when men stare at your chest? And if so, do you like it?

SACHA: Yeah, and it's normal for guys to look at someone's boobs, especially if they're on display. I think it's cool to notice for a second, but only a second. I actually like it when a guy is visibly uncomfortable. I don't want him to be too comfortable coming over and talking to me; instead, I like it when a guy's a little stupid and silly. It's like, *Wow, he really likes me and he wants to make an impression, and that's why he's messing up so badly.* The same thing goes for when a guy is unhooking your bra for the first time. Even if he's experienced, he's got to be a little nervous and not be able to do it right away.

NIKKI: Usually, when you wear a low-cut shirt, you want people to look at you in that way or else you wouldn't be wearing it. I feel good when a guy is looking at me and likes my breasts. Sometimes I'll put on a necklace to draw the eyes right there. As long as it's not the 70-year-old guy at work who always tries to look down my shirt or someone who's really staring and being creepy about it.

KAREN: You can use breasts as accessories. You can dress them up, dress them down, put a little body glitter on them.

RANDI: I'll be in a deli ordering something, and I'll turn my head for a second and realize the guy behind the counter is staring. Then I'll look back and say, "OK, what *else* do I want?" Men get really embarrassed. I don't mind if you look when I'm not looking, but I don't want to catch you.

DAWN: Is there an inoffensive way to compliment them?

NIKKI: If "nice breasts" was the first thing a guy said when he met me, that wouldn't be good, but if he said that he liked them after we'd talked for a while, it'd be OK. It's different when it's a boyfriend. One ex said to his friends, "You don't understand–that girl has the nicest boobs I've ever seen." I remember finding out and thinking that it was such a compliment because he'd been bragging to his friends.

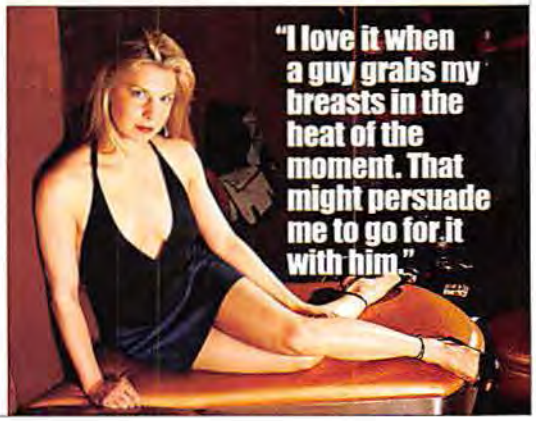
RANDI: I'll tell you a way *not* to do it. Once, I was doing a Budweiser promotion at a bar and asked a guy if he wanted a Bud. And he said, "No, but I'd really like some milk." Nice.

NIKKI: Sometimes, complimenting them is like positive reinforcement. For example, this guy I'm dating likes slutty clothes, and last Saturday, he asked me to put on these short-shorts with rhinestones, studded heels and this tiny black shirt. My best guy friend was like, "You look awesome. I don't know what else to say." And my boyfriend looked so proud to be walking into this party with me and said that I looked so hot. I was like, *OK, tonight I'm a piece of meat. I can handle that.* I couldn't do that every weekend, but it was nice to get those kinds of reactions for a few hours.

DAWN: Are we forgetting to tell men anything about the wonderful world under our shirts?

NIKKI: When our nipples are hard, we're not always aroused–it could just be cold or windy. For me, the only time the sensation of sexuality comes to my boobs is when someone is touching them. I won't even know they're hard sometimes, and when I realize it, I'm like, "Whoops!"

SACHA: One guy I knew could have orgasms by just touching his own nipples–or rather, when I touched them. He'd just explode. It was really wild and cool. So, guys out there, you might want to try it and get in touch your own chest instead of just playing with ours.



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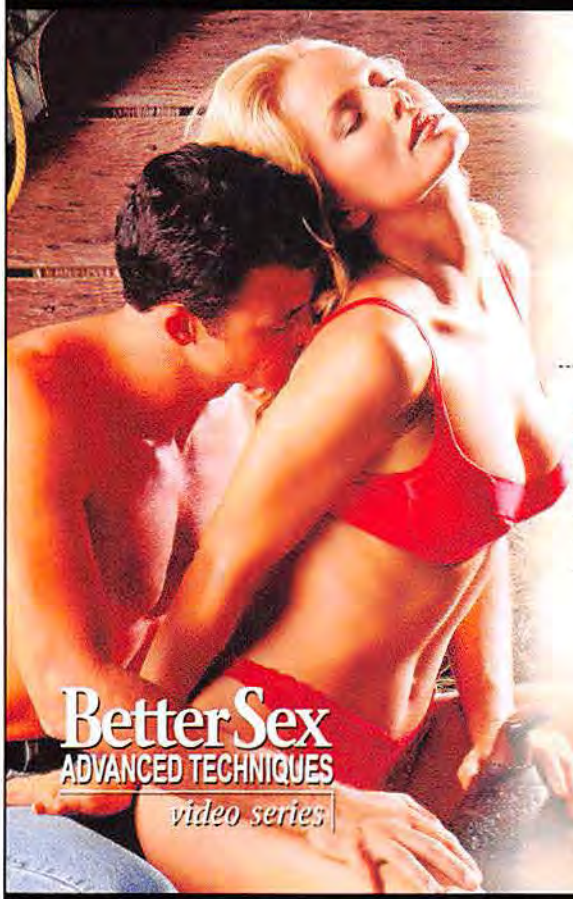

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KAROLINA ON THE STREET

NEW COLUMN!

The Women of 39th and Sixth

Ever pass a beautiful woman on the street and mentally undress her–as you walk under a bus? We're here to save your life. Every month, four of our very special interns will spend three hours outside our offices at 1040 Sixth Avenue, asking the hottest women they see the simple question that every guy wants to ask: "Excuse me, you're beautiful, so would you mind taking off most of your clothes so we can get your picture?"

Many are asked. Some say, "Sure." Some say, "Police!" But in the end, only one can appear here. Meet the best-looking woman to pass 39th and Sixth this month....

NAME Karolina

AGE 23

PROFESSION Recent college grad, looking for a job in fashion or public relations. (Shhh...she thinks *Stuff* is a fashion PR firm.)

RELATIONSHIP STATUS "Taken and not looking. He's my high-school sweetheart, and we've been together for seven years. Sorry!" OK, but *sorry* doesn't begin to say it.

WHAT SHE WAS DOING WHEN WE MET HER "I'd just gotten out of a job interview and was running for a train. I called your intern a liar, because when guys hit on me, they always say, 'You should be a model.' Oops."

WHAT'S UNDER HER CLOTHES "A thong, pretty much all the time. I really hate regular underwear. I wear lacy ones in bright colors, especially when I have a tan. Oh, and I never wear a bra."

HER SECRET SHAME "I was a total Long Island girl. I had a huge diamond-and-ruby nameplate, a studded red jacket and high, feathered hair–it was about six inches off the top of my head."

PROOF THERE IS A GOD "Once, I spent, like, $200 on lingerie–a bustier, a garter belt, thigh-highs, everything. My boyfriend was so surprised, he couldn't speak. Honestly, that was the best investment I ever made."

For more exclusive pictures of Karolina, go to www.stuffmagazine.com.

Photography: (Before) Matt Wakem. (After) Pauline St. Denis; Styling: Jennifer Schwarz-Syed; Hair: Sam Leonardi at Next; Makeup: Bata Plavsic at Next. For clothes, see the Where to Buy page.

...AND AFTER THE STUFF TREATMENT

PlayStation.2

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Amateur rider Trent covers huge distance with this late 180 tail grab in Canada.

Blinding speeds and endless combinations are Tara Dakides key to boardercross.

Todd Richards gets big style points with this inverted backside 180 in the Highland Half Pipe.

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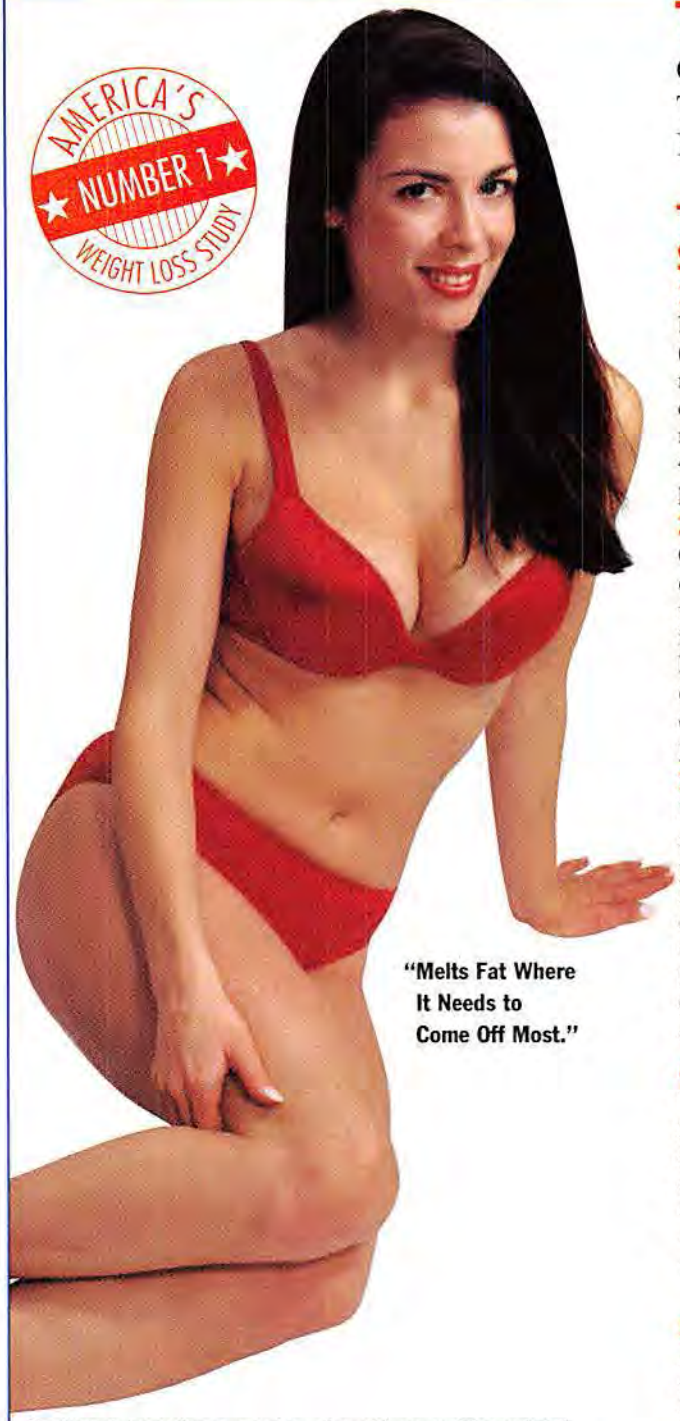
Bite The "Herbal Bullet"



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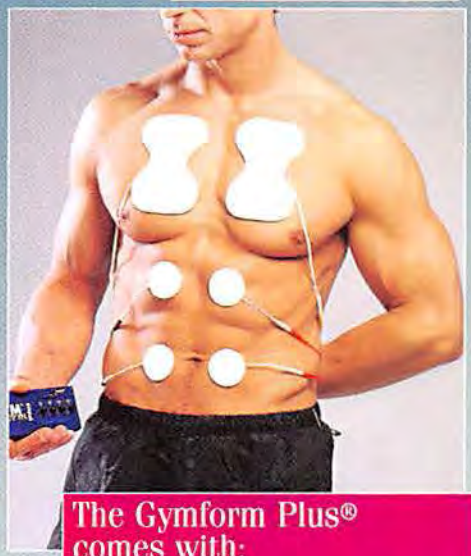

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WHAT YOU NEED TO KNOW, BECAUSE WE SAY SO

LET THEM WALK ALL OVER YOU Naturally, in a social environment that features a lot of genital rubbing, bonobos are matriarchal all the way. This sisterhood is so tight that when a male does get unruly and goes after a female who's not in the mood, one of her ladies will step in and hump, rub, lick and suck him into submission. The male bonobo isn't stupid: As long as the females are putting out and paying the bills, the males eat, screw and sleep. "Men always ask me why male bonobos put up with females having so much power," Block says. "It's because they're getting laid." Once human females realize this little secret, they could enslave us all.

PICK UP SOME FRUIT The bonobos' laid-back approach to getting laid is reflected in their whole ideology of food sharing and bartering. If someone wants sex, and if that someone is a bonobo, it's simply a matter of finding the hottest chimp around, giving her a nice piece of fruit and presto, he's in. Science guys also claim that a well-fed female is more likely to produce healthy offspring, but the bottom line is this: Bonobo babes not only are the cheapest dates on the planet, but also put out within seconds. Women can learn so much from their example, it's making us cry.

The days were filled with tennis and margaritas, the nights, romance and passion—it was all they could do to forget about their hideous appearance

What Primate Sex Can Teach Us

These apes have sex every 90 minutes, often in orgies, and they aren't even rock stars. Here's how they do it and why we should swing like them.

LOVE LIKE THE BONOBO The bonobo is a great ape, and we're not just taking the ladies' word for it. If you ask sex therapist Susan Block, Ph.D., the world would be an all-around better place if we'd only heed the sexual habits of the bonobo, a horny little primate hailing from the Congo whose penchant for kinky copulation is matched only by his love for red swollen ass. "If we took our cue from the bonobo," says Block, "humans might be more peaceful and live in a more egalitarian society, [one] that's all about sex, food and sharing, instead of money, power and violence." It's like a communist orgy. At her foundation (www.blockbonobofoundation.org), Block is devoted to spreading the good word about this sex-crazed, yet endangered, species.

Bonobos share 98 percent of their DNA with humans—which, genetically speaking, is similar to what a fox is to a dog or a dog is to a day trader. They're endangered because they'll stop anywhere to hump, which makes them easy targets for backward hunters who find such behavior immoral.

Why should we care about these hairy freaks? For starters, they are known to get it on every 90 minutes, whether it's orgy-style, one-on-one, playing with the same team or yanking their own cranks. And, since they're as monogamous as Frank Gifford, it's safe to say that an adult bonobo of either sex has gotten some from every other chimp in the village, save for his own offspring and his immediate family. And we heartily applaud such self-control.

Here's what you can learn from some real sex animals.

USE THE ENVIRONMENT Bonobos are swingers in more ways than one, says Block. They do the deed while swaying in trees, hanging from vines, screwing in groups of threes and humping in just about every other position imaginable—all while being watched by a nosy scientist named Susan.

Field researchers also marvel that the bonobo is the only primate that fornicates face-to-face—other than us—because the placement of their equipment is conducive to missionary sex. Those missionaries really do some great work.

DON'T BEAT AROUND THE BUSH, SO TO SPEAK Unlike their human counterparts—whose bad pickup lines, provocative clothing and pitiful attempts at flirtation can easily be rebuffed—there's just no mistaking a bonobo's intentions. Here's subtlety for you: The female will flash her swollen pink flesh, and the male will proudly sport his gigantic erection (called a "bonoboner" in monkey clubs). They also engage in heavy-duty tongue kissing, rump rubbing, a mutually masturbatory lesbian playtime called genito-genital (or GG) rubbing and penis fencing, which adds a fetching motif to any bonobo front yard. *—Colleen Rush*

MAKE LOVE, NOT WAR The bonobo, like a man, has figured out that sex isn't just about survival of the species—it's fun! So much so that Frans De Waal, a primatologist who has studied and written about bonobo sexuality for years, attributes their peaceful, nonaggressive existence to their use of sex as a tool for social healing and diffusing potentially violent situations, especially when used with Marvin Gaye CDs. As Block puts it, if someone's jealous or feeling left out or wants a piece of your banana, "They generally kiss and make up before the tension turns violent. It's like they're saying to each other, 'Hey, take it easy, man; let me give you a blow job, or come sit on my face, and I'll make it all better.'" In fact, if a group of bonobos meets another random group in the forest, they don't rumble or get territorial—they share food and screw one another's brains out. Now that's an army Clinton wouldn't have run from.

MORE APE LESSONS

- **If you're stressed, touch yourself or, better yet, someone else.**
- **When you're angry, don't do someone in—just do someone.**
- **And, most important, if you want to get laid, give her something that'll make her happy, whether it's dinner and a movie, a walk in the park or a nice ripe papaya.**

If that doesn't kill him, the gradual process of aging will

SHIT HAPPENS

You've Been Shot

If you can't dodge that bullet, at least find out what caliber it is.

Our consultant, James Gannalo, a member of the International Wound Ballistics Association, met a man who survived after being shot nine times...in the groin.

.22 Not many people use the .22 rimfire besides Olympic ski-and-shooters and rural rabbit stalkers, but it can still be deadly. A .22 bullet travels 1,000 feet per second, just slightly slower than a speeding bullet. Though it's small, if it hits you in the brain or the heart, you're probably dead. In the crotch, you're a eunuch.

.357 The .357 Magnum tip is about a third of an inch. If you're hit by one of these, your wound cavity is nearly half an inch wide. That's gaping enough for you to bleed to death if you're nailed in a major organ or blood vessel. But Gannalo says, "You can get shot with a .357 in the side of your stomach and it can pass through and not cause that much damage." Not so bad, really—if a colostomy bag or being pointed at in public doesn't bother you.

.44 To Dirty Harry, the .44 had a last name. It was "the most powerful handgun in the world, and [it] would blow your head clean off." Gannalo says, "That's not true." Even so, the .44 shell contains more powder than a snowdrift, and that's enough to blow your head apart. If you're lucky and get hit in an extremity far from major organs and blood vessels, the shock and adrenaline will numb your pain. But if you're unlucky, the .44 has enough muscle to shatter your skull and spray your best ideas all over the wall.

12-GAUGE A 12-gauge shot is equivalent to nine .32-caliber bullets. The little balls don't penetrate flesh as easily as the spiraling action of bullets, whose pointed tips bore more easily than an English major on ecstasy. Though headed for you at 800 to 1,200 feet per second, the shot's impact won't propel you backward like it does in the movies. As every action has an equal and opposite reaction, the shooter would also fly back, and that ain't happening. Now be a good boy and register that Uzi. *—Michael Olson*

Digital Imaging: (Opener) Eddie Bowen.

Talk like a...

Grifter

"He's no lop-eared mark, so the roper will run the payoff, and then the inside man will blow him off right after the send."

BLOW OFF To make a wish on a dandelion or to get rid of the mark once he's been conned.

COOL (A MARK) OUT To pacify a mark after he has been conned.

FLEECE As in "golden," it's the object of the con: to take a mark's money. Also helps you hold on to sheep, just so you can talk to them quietly.

INSIDE MAN The member of a con team who convinces the mark that a con has information that will allow both of them to earn some easy money. Think of the lottery: The inside man is the government, and we're the wise investors.

LOP-EARED Refers to a victim so stupid he cannot see his own advantage in a con game—and sometimes even so stupid he cannot be conned. Which is really pretty smart.

MARK The victim, aka apple, Bates, egg, fink, savage, Winchell, chump or Wahlberg.

PAYOFF A con game in which the mark thinks that he's been invited into a con involving fixed sporting events. He first plays with money given to him by the con men; then he's put on the send for all the cash he can raise. He's then fleeced and blown off.

ROPER The member of a con gang who locates the mark and fleeces him, often with the aid of the inside man. Also helps that fat guy review movies now that Siskel is dead.

SEND In a big con, when the mark is sent home for a large sum of money.

STING The point in a con when a mark's money is taken. Usually accompanied by spontaneous Scott Joplin piano rags.

TAT A short con that makes use of crooked dice. After intentionally losing a few friendly bets, the con uses the tat to fleece his mark. Also short for Tattoo, that weird dude from *Fantasy Island*.
–Matt Schneiderman

KNOW WHAT YOU EAT NO.15

Good job, Tang. Now I suppose you'll just roll over and fall asleep.

Xanthan gum A cornerstone of modern science, xanthan gum is a polysaccharide that inhibits syneresis. It keeps the jelly from soaking into the doughnut, and that sick perv Mister Softee from dripping down the cone. The snack universe would be a cosmic mess without it.

Potassium citrate This salty powder can alleviate frequent, painful urination in dogs and cats. How one can tell that a dog or cat is experiencing painful urination is a story for another time.

Yellow No. 5 Thanks to this ubiquitous coloring agent, some of our favorite things—Mountain Dew, macaroni and cheese, Cheetos—have a nice fluorescent glow. According to the Food and Drug Administration, Yellow No. 5 may prompt itching or hives in some people. It also makes Tang look sort of yellowish, but we actually like that. A lot.

Riboflavin Helps generate growth of new hair, skin and nails. We smear it on after Self-Mutilation Wednesdays.

Ascorbic acid This is why NASA fell in love with Tang in the first place: It gives you approximately one billion percent of the recommended daily allowance of vitamin C, yet it's as dry and portable as a handful of cat litter—and with no feline aftertaste.

Niacinamide A form of vitamin B_3, niacinamide combats everything from anxiety to dementia to insomnia, which is why it's fed to Ted Kennedy through the tubes in his astral port.

Butylated hydroxyanisol We don't want to get political, but this baby actually caught the wrath of Ralph Nader a few years back. Mr. Fun says it's a carcinogen. Tang says it's for freshness. Just know that it's also found in dog food and diaper-rash ointment, which have a tang all their own.

Cellulose gum Gluelike substance sometimes used to hold bits of used tobacco to form a new leaf. What? Didn't know that there was used tobacco? Philistine.
–Charlie Hasbrouck

Tang Timeline

1955 A team of scientists invents Tang for General Mills, the company that invented instant coffee. They wanted an instant surge of flavor. Back in the fast-paced '50s, it was all about now, now, now, flavor, flavor, flavor.

1965 Astronauts aboard NASA's *Gemini* missions bring Tang into space. For the same year, *The Sound of Music* wins best picture. Ironically, there is no sound of anything in space.

1969 Astronauts mix Tang with water, drink it, then hop behind the controls of their new *Apollo*—only to wake up on the moon.

1977 Dan Aykroyd eats dry Tang as Beldar Conehead on *Saturday Night Live*. It will go down in history as the least funny thing anyone's ever done. And he has a lot of competition (from himself).

1997 Tang introduces an orangutan as its spokesthing. Who better than an orangutan to shill Tang? Ever hear of Wilford Brimley, people?

IN A NUTSHELL

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Photography: (Tang) Damien Dorick; (Nutshell) Jens Mortensen. Illustration: Eddie Bowen.

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Somewhere, the French army surrenders...to hilarity! There *is* a French army, right?

HOW TO...

Perfect Your Poker Face

The toughest place to lie is among friends at a table covered with money. Would we bluff you?

USE DOUBLE-REVERSE PSYCHOLOGY The most obvious bluff to call, according to *Poker for Dummies*, is from the yahoo who bluffs often and against his cards: When he's holding a strong hand, he plays weak, and vice versa. "If he seems uninterested in the game, shrugs when he bets or sighs once too often, he's probably holding a powerhouse hand," says Mike Caro, the Mad Genius of Poker. Likewise, someone who is aggressive and slams down his chips or closely watches the game ain't holding jack, and his cards suck, too. It's like life—generally, the more bravado and the bigger the swagger someone has, the more weakness he's hiding. Unless he's got a gun. Then you're screwed.

BE A STEALTH LIAR "Tells" are facial and body movements that reveal you're lying. According to Caro, if you're a strong player, you can manipulate your opponent with misleading tells. If you're a novice, defend yourself with a poker face. Suppress all your involuntary reactions to stress by staring at the middle of the table so that your opponent is trying to read a statue. No movement, no tells. It's why Buddha kicked ass in Vegas.

"Pick a card," Burt told his cat. "OK, I'll pick one for you."

READ HIS EYES Someone who's trying to hide the truth typically avoids eye contact. Shifty eyes are a precursor of bald-faced lies, says body-language guru Jan Latiolais-Hargrave, coauthor of *Judge the Jury*. But we did this interview over the phone, so she may have been lying.

STUDY YOUR OPPONENT When trying to bust a bluffer, get to know his routine (or maybe his girlfriend). We're creatures of habit, some may say—and we're some. So if you notice your opponent breaking his habits—fanning his cards or fondling his chips just before he plays—according to Caro, he's really interested in his hand. Which means he's bluffing a really lousy hand or hiding something big. Gary Coleman big!

-Colleen Rush

PHYSICAL SIGNS OF FIBBING

- Mouth-moistening gestures, including swallowing before you speak, are side effects of lying, says Alan R. Hirsch, M.D., of the Smell and Taste Treatment and Research Foundation in Chicago, because stress diverts fluids away from your mouth. So the woman who looks at you, licks her lips and says the word *huge* really means, "If a trout spots that thing, you'll be in *huge* trouble."
- If your opponent yawns more than usual, he's pulling a fast one. Afraid of getting caught, liars perform the primitive response of yawning—sucking in the surrounding environment to see if they are safe or not. It also buys a bluffer time to conjure up a cover story. So the next time you see someone choking to death, don't believe a word he says.
- A guy who scratches his nose while betting earnestly is probably lying through his ass. Dr. Hirsch says that when you tell a lie, chemicals called catecholamines and histamines are released, causing the tissue inside your nose to swell and itch. If Clinton were still president, we'd make a joke about his nose. Instead, we'll just think about cute fuzzy ponies.

Think he'll call the next morning? Don't bet on it.

Self-Defense 101

HIDE Jump behind some foliage or a twig. You will still be quite visible to unruly thugs, but your pitiful yet ingenious attempt at camouflage will make a beating seem like a waste of time.

Illustration: Gary Brandham, Digital Imaging: Sosnovsky.com.

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WHAT IS THE HARDEST LANGUAGE FOR SOMEONE TO LEARN?

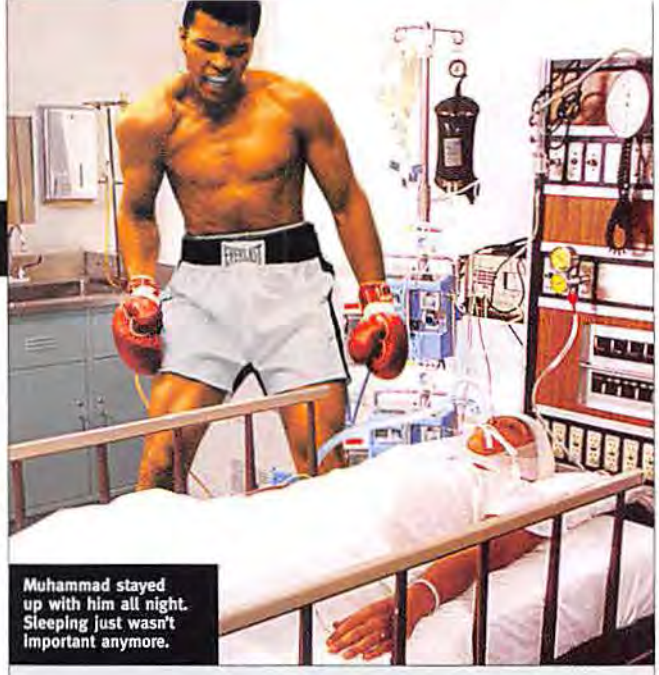
–Corey Rotkel, Miami, Fla.

For a child learning its first language, it is all pretty much the same. A Chinese *kiddiewinkel* will have no problem with Mandarin, despite its many thousands of characters. Similarly, in the unlikely event that *Star Trek* fans should ever succeed in reproducing, their offspring will no doubt be perfectly fluent in Klingon. But for an adult who speaks English? Hungarian is famously hard, and the Bushman tongue consists of nothing but clicks, so it is like conversing with a pair of castanets in your mouth. But *der evilingosprechen* award must go to Navajo, which has the most difficult verb form known to linguists. It must agree with a) the subject, b) the direct object and c) the indirect object–and this is before you attach all manner of prefixes to the *verdammt* thing. I tell you, if it had not been for that large stripper at the reservation-casino floor show, I never would have taken it up.

ARE THERE ANY NATIVE TRIBES THAT WE HAVEN'T YET MADE CONTACT WITH?

–Dax Burroughs, Boston

Probably not. But how would we know if we have not made contact with them? It is thought by some that the Huaorani of Ecuador were the last isolated tribe to be introduced to the Sharper Image catalog. They now make *der* big dough from ecotourists seeking a noble-savage experience. I am also trying to persuade some of the *jungefrauen* in my classes to do the same thing–with me. Heinz *mit* thong is a one-man Papua New Guinea.



Muhammad stayed up with him all night. Sleeping just wasn't important anymore.

IF SOMEONE IS COMPLETELY ASLEEP AND GETS A KNOCKOUT PUNCH TO HIS FACE, WILL HE WAKE UP AND THEN BECOME UNCONSCIOUS, OR WILL HE GO STRAIGHT FROM SLEEP TO UNCONSCIOUSNESS?

–Sean Coleman, Ontario, Canada

You are trying to waste Heinz's time, *nicht wahr*? This is, without a doubt, a question so stupid that even my moronic students would not lift their knuckles from the floor to ask it in class. However, my contract obliges me to give you an answer. Most likely, the punch will first wake the victim, then render him comatose, although in such rapid succession that he will know nothing about it. Nor will he remember afterward what happened, owing to a condition called retrograde amnesia. None of which explains why you would wish to knock out somebody who is already powerless to harm you. Unless you are Mike Tyson and he is one of your handpicked opponents.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF YOU GAVE A HEALTHY, CONSCIOUS PERSON CPR?

–Brian Davies, Saratoga, N.Y.

Gott in himmel, is it National Ask a *Dummkopf* Question Month? For this I left my home in Bad Homburg? I only came to America to buy a decent hat. *Ach*. Very well. CPR, aka cardiopulmonary resuscitation, delivered unnecessarily might actually induce arrhythmia, which is exactly the kind of thing you are trying to avoid. It's such a dangerous business that only a heart attack itself is worse. CPR can cause bruising, fractured ribs, contusions around the heart and, if badly administered, liver damage. In fact, it very much resembles a typical Friday night for your beloved prof.

Their days were filled with fighting and shankings. Their nights? Also fighting and shankings.

MEN HAVE MEN'S PRISONS, AND WOMEN HAVE WOMEN'S PRISONS. WHERE DO HERMAPHRODITES GO?

–John O'Donnell, Ann Arbor, Mich.

A felonious herm has the right to determine with which gender he/she/it is most closely aligned, and that determines which kind of prison he/she/it gets sent to. In 1999, convicted ax-murderer Cary Rehbein (Cary–*das est ein* both-way first name for sure, *ja*?) demanded a transfer to a women's facility on these very grounds. I guess life in *der* big *haus* can be tough for a *zwitter*.

Photography: (Prof.) Warren Salowe, Digital Imaging: Scanorama.com

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LONGitude is a breakthrough product that will make your penis grow until YOU are satisfied with your new size. Once you reach your optimum growth size, STOP taking LONGITUDE. The results you've achieved are permanent. I advise all users not to grow their penis past 8" or 9" because of the simple fact... You Will Be TOO LARGE For Most Women.

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Ratbear says: "The Bahama Mamas feature on page 128 has both a cameo by yours truly as well as the first sexual assault by a canine in the history of model interviews. Enjoy!"

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Triple 5 Soul www.triple5soul.com
Tsubo www.tsubo.com
Vans www.vans.com
Varcity 877-VARCITY
X-Large www.xlarge.com

Clothing Credits Table of Contents p.16
Lower left corner: Leather jacket with lamb-fur lining by Marc Jacobs (at Marc Jacobs, NYC). Smiley-face T-shirt by Jeep (www.jeep.com).

J.Lo and Behold p.74–87
Upside down: Lingerie set by Anna Molinarie. Anklet by Agent Provacateur. On swing: Tank top by Sonia Trussardi Sepe. Shorts by Charlotte Ronson. With bear on head: Briefs by Agent Provacateur. Cut-off tee by Rebecca Taylor. On steps: Nightie by Agent Provacateur. Bracelet by Noir. With lollipop: Tank top by Charlotte Ronson. Panties by Trashy Lingerie. Lying on bears: Custom-made tee by Spyder. Custom-made panties by Mike Ford. Belly chain by Noir. Topless: Panties by Pat Field.

Superheroes...and Superfriends p.114–118
On Warburton: The Three Musketeers track suit by Akademiks (at select Dr. Jays).

Bahama Mamas p.128–138
Lying in surf (on brunette): Striped Blue Marina bikini by James (at Nisa, NYC, 212-925-4772). Hugging (on both): Tie-dyed bikini by Plein Sud Sun (212-431-8800). With tree (on brunette): Pink and blue print bikini by Le Tart (at Eye of the Needle, Palm Beach, Fla.). Standing, topless (on blonde): Yellow bikini by Malia Mills (212-625-2311).

Sex Spy p.184–186
On Dawn: Cami top with beaded straps and black suede skirt by Parallel (at Parallel, Las Vegas). On Sacha: Top and skirt by To the Max! (top at Burdines; skirt at Dillards). Earrings by Janet Jewelry (www.janetjewelry.com). On Nikki: Leather top by Parallel. Pinstriped skirt by BCBG Max Azria (888-636-BCBG). On Randi: Black cowl neck blouse by BCBG Max Azria. Cobalt miniskirt by To the Max! Heart drop necklace by Janet Jewelry. On Karen: Black halter top and stiletto pumps by BCBG Max Azria. Pleather miniskirt by To the Max!

Women of 39th and Sixth p.188
Hibiscus camisole by Hanro (at Nieman Marcus or Saks Fifth Avenue). Black bra by Capucine Puerari (at La Petite Coquette, NYC). Ceylon culottes by Cosabella (at Bergdorf Goodman, 800-218-4918).

Where to Buy p.203
Shirt by Moschino (at Moschino, NYC). RL mock cardigan by Polo Jeans (888-POLO-JEANS). Embroidered *H* motif pants by Tommy Hilfiger (888-TOMMY-4U). Tarmac sneakers by Gravis (www.gravissoftwear.com).

Additional Photo Credits

StuffMagazine.com ad: (Presslyl) Sheryl Neilds; Styling: Kelly Rae; Hair: Keiko Hamaguchi for Celestine L.A.; Makeup: Nick Varose for aRT mIX the agency. **p.18:** Guy with microphone: Photofest; guy in leather jacket: Stefan Nyvang for Tatoo. **p.20:** Gutfeld: Greg Broom; chickens: Corbis; foliage: Image Bank; convertible: Globe; bodybuilder: Corbis; Carl: Damien Donck; keys: Corbis; mom: courtesy of Greg Gutfeld; Capri Sun: Damien Donck; pie: International Stock; measles: Corbis. **p.24:** Matthews: Globe. **p.26:** Randy: courtesy of Randy Constan and www.playland.org/peterpan; beach scene: M. Dillon/Corbis; women with sunglasses: Warren Berg/Corbis; old man: Index Stock; old woman: SuperStock. **p.28:** Illustration: Edwin Rosell (inks) and Bad @$$ (colors). **p.34:** Kafelnikov: Michel Euler/AP; Schiavone: Alex Livesey/AllSport; Safin: Mark Friedman/Sportschrome; Schaughnessy: Clive Brunskill/AllSport; Mac: Scoops; Davenport: Brian Spurlock/Sportschrome; Pierce: Clive Brunskill/AllSport; Corretja: Rob Tringali/Sportschrome; Fouraker: Scoops; Larsson: Alex Livsey/AllSport; Enqvist: Dusan Vranic/AP; Majoli: Bob Martin/Sports Illustrated; Stone: Scoops; Russell: Alex Livesey/AllSport; Viele: Caryn Levy/Sports Illustrated; Woods: Doug Mills/AP; Caddyshack: Photofest; Reeves: Corbis. **p.36:** Abi Normal: Foto Fantasies; Brain: Bank; Corbis; opossum: Animals Animals; ship: Superstock; Prince Charles: Globe; Spice Girls: Corbis. **p.40:** Main image: Eric Johnson/Corbis Outline; group shot: Neal Peters Collection; Justine with necklace: Diana Lyn/Shooting Star; with feather shoulders: Diana Lyn/Shooting Star; profile: Sato Ri/Shooting Star; pointing fingers: Diana Lyn/Shooting Star; gallery heads: MPTV. **p.42:** Bra ball: George Nikitin/AP; peacock: Sipa Press; kid in backpack: Image Bank; girl running: Hershkowitz/Bruce Coleman. **p.44:** Buck: Sipa Press; giraffe: Tony Lepp/Corbis; British guard: Corbis; Oscar: Globe. **p.46:** Ape: Foto Fantasies; joke illustration: Edwin Rosell (inks) and Bad @$$ (colors); underwater backdrop: Corbis. **p.53:** Nielson: Shooting Star; Wood: Neal Peters Collection; Costner: Liaison; Damon: Shooting Star; Affleck: MPTV; Moore: Yoram Kahana/MPTV; Sandler: Photofest; Jar Jar: Neal Peters Collection; Schneider: Everett Collection. **p.54:** Crystal Method: Chris Buck/Outline; Weezer: Marina Chavez; song pillow: Damien Donck; Adema: Dean Karr. **p.56:** Tricky: Jill Greenberg/Outline; the Kinks: Tom Reusche/Retna. **p.58:** Polka: AP; tofu: FoodPix; karaoke: Corbis. **p.60:** Marathon Man: Kobal Collection; tooth: Shin Ohira; Killer Clowns: Foto Fantasies. **p.65:** Burning building: Foto Fantasies; Airplane: Photofest; plane crashing: Everett Collection. **p.66:** Last Action Hero: Photofest; Eraser: Shooting Star; Predator: Photofest; Kindergarten Cop: Shooting Star; Kruger: courtesy of John Kruger; main image: Photofest. **p.72:** Cash in concert: Globe; with pistol: David Lee Guss/Globe. **p.91:** Stripper: Tony Stone; Flats: S.E.F./Art Resource; Dolgenes: Alinari/Art Resource. **p.92:** Wittgenstein: Granger Collection; couple in theater: Super Stock; Nietzche: Art Resource. **p.94:** Epicurus on couch: Erich Lessing/Art Resource; couple on couch: Image Bank; Sartre: Boccon Gibod/Image Bank; Epicurus: Araldo DeLuca/Corbis; Sopranos: Everett Collection. **p.98:** Gun silo: Tony Stone; man in handcuffs: courtesy of Bob Burton; Burton with shotgun: courtesy of Burton; Burton making arrest: courtesy of Burton. **p.100:** The Fugitive: Everett Collection; Midnight Run: Everett Collection. **p.102:** John in sunglasses: courtesy of Stanley; postcard: John Francis/Corbis. **p.104:** All courtesy of John Stanley. **p.120:** El Diablo: courtesy of Pure Steel; komodo headshot: W. 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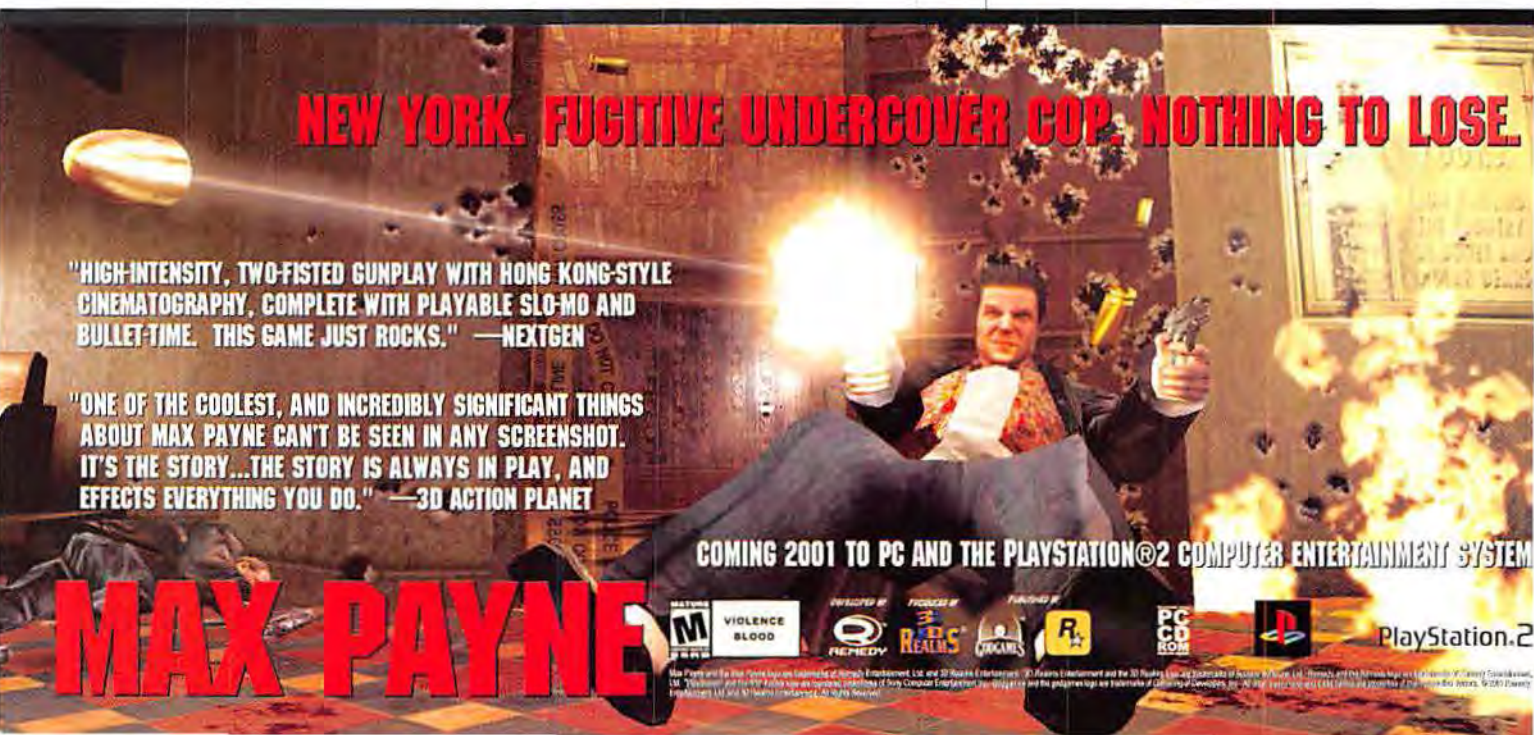
Salas/Liaison; Baio and Shields: Darlene Hammond/Archive; AbioCor: Jim Mahoney/Boston Herald; Hawking and wife: Jeremy Pembrey/Retna. **p.126:** McLaren F1 GT: Jack Sykes; giant salamander: Jack Dermid/Bruce Coleman; hairy man: Tao-Chuan Yeh/AFP; dump: Marc Asnin/Saba. **p.143:** Blue toilet: Corbis; toilet with man inside: Corbis; yellow toilet: Corbis; toilet with workers: Liaison. **p.154:** Johnny Rotten: Bettmann/Corbis; Michaels: Corbis; Sgt. Pepper: Everett Collection. **p.156:** Cheerleading: Farrell Grehan/Corbis; poodle: Jason Reed/Reuters/Corbis; plastic cow: Photonica. **p.192:** Orgy movie scene: Everett Collection; monkey heads clockwise from top left: Bruce Coleman, Getty Stone, Bruce Coleman, National Geographic, National Geographic, Corbis Images. **p.193:** Bonobo couple: Karl and Kay Amman/Bruce Coleman; The Godfather: Photofest; .22: Friend/Denny/The Stock Shop; .357: Friend/Denny/Stock Shop; .44: Friend/Denny/Stock Shop; 12-gauge: Stephen Meyers/International Stock. **p.194:** Dirty Rotten Scoundrels: Kobal Collection. **p.196:** Jerry Lewis: Bettmann/Corbis; vintage card player (2): H. Armstrong Roberts. **p.198:** Ali: Bettmann/Corbis; coma patient: Clemens/International Stock; primitive background: James Bevins/Big Pictures USA; women prisoners: Joe Raedle/Liaison; Williams head: Everett Collection; Swayze head: Kobal Collection; Snipe head: Kobal Collection; Hoffman head: Everett Collection.

Photography: (Ratbear) Damien Donck; (Guy on wall) Danielle Levitt; Styling: Rich Stewart; Grooming: Eric Pulito.



He was no garden gnome, but damn it if he didn't have heart

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WOMEN'S STUDIES

OFFICIAL RULES–NO PURCHASE REQUIRED

How to Enter: To enter, send your name, street address (including apartment number), zip code, daytime telephone number and a recent photograph of yourself to: Stuff's Scholarship Competition, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. Entries must be postmarked no later than September 15, 2001, for inclusion in the October 2001 selection. Dennis Stuff, Inc. is not responsible for lost, illegible, misdirected, postage due or late entries. You may enter as often as you like, but each entry photograph must be separately mailed. You must submit an entry each month that you want to participate in the contest; entries submitted in previous months will not be considered. No photocopied, mechanically reproduced or incomplete entries or airbrushed or altered photographs will be eligible.
Eligibility: Open to residents of the United States, 18 years and older. Winner must be enrolled in a school or planning to attend school on or before January 1, 2002. Winners will be required to sign an affidavit of eligibility, including an affidavit that the entrant has all rights in the photograph submitted, that the photograph is less than six months old, and that the entrant is the person in the photograph submitted. Employees and their families of Dennis Stuff, Inc., its parent companies, subsidiaries, affiliates and their advertising and production companies are not eligible to participate. All federal, state and local laws and regulations of the United States apply. Void where prohibited or restricted. Participants agree to be bound by these rules.
Winner Selection: Each month, the editors of STUFF will choose one photograph as the most attractive entrant of the month, as determined through their sole discretion. After 12 entrants are chosen, the readers of STUFF will vote for the most attractive of the monthly winners.
Prize/Value: Each month, the monthly winner's photograph will be featured in STUFF Magazine and/or on STUFF's Web site (prize has no monetary value). The person chosen by the readers as the most attractive of the monthly winners will win a grand prize of $4,999.
Notification/Terms: Winner will be notified by mail. Entry constitutes winner's permission to post winner's name in STUFF Magazine and/or on the World Wide Web, and their consent to use his/her name, photograph and/or voice recordings and likenesses for advertising or publicity purposes, in all media, without additional compensation or permission, except where prohibited by law. This competition shall be governed and construed by New York law, and the venue for all controversies will be in state or federal court in New York, New York. All federal, state and local taxes are the exclusive responsibility of the winner. STUFF reserves the right to terminate the contest early, and to award the grand prize to the woman chosen by its readers as the most attractive of the monthly winners already chosen.
Release of Liability: All entrants and winners release Dennis Stuff, Inc., and its parents, affiliates, subsidiaries, wholesalers, retailers, officers, directors, agents, employees and all others associated with the development and execution of this competition from any and all liability with respect to, or in any way arising from, this competition and/or acceptance or use of the prizes, including liability for personal injury, death, damages or monetary loss.
Winners List: For a copy of the Official Rules or the name of the winner, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to STUFF Magazine, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018 by May 15, 2002. (Vermont and Washington residents and residents of other states where prescribed by law may omit the stamp.)

LETTERS, TRUE LIES AND WRONG!

COMPETITION RULES

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How to Enter: To enter, send your name, address, daytime telephone number and entry to STUFF Magazine at 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. Entries must be postmarked no later than September 15, 2001.
Winner Selection: Selection of the winning entries shall be within the sole discretion of the editors at STUFF, and any decision by the editors shall be final.
Eligibility: Open to U.S. residents 21 years of age and older. Within 21 days of notification, each winner will be required to sign an affidavit of eligibility, a warranty and a representation of ownership of all rights in the winning entry. Neither the employees of Dennis Stuff, Inc., Birkenstock, Goslings, Nike, and their respective parent companies, subsidiaries and affiliates, and their advertising and production companies nor their families are eligible to participate. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply. Void where prohibited or restricted.
Prize/Values: Prize consists of $200 worth of Birkenstock Shoes ("Letters Contest"), a case of Goslings Black Seal Rum ("True Lies Contest") or a pair of Nike Air Hyperflights ("Wrong! Contest"). Value of prizes: $200 ("Letters Contest"), $200 ("True Lies Contest") and $125 ("Wrong! Contest").
Odds of Winning: Depends upon number of entries submitted. One winner per contest.
Notification/Terms: Each winner will be notified by mail. Except where prohibited, each winner will agree to use of his/her name and likeness for publicity and the publication in STUFF Magazine of his/her entry without additional compensation. The winners grant to STUFF permission to edit his/her entry within the sole discretion of STUFF, and publish his/her stories. Winners release STUFF, Birkenstock, Goslings, Nike and their parent and affiliate companies, subsidiaries, alcoholic beverage retailers, distributors/wholesalers and the directors, officers, employees and agencies of the above organizations from any and all liability whatsoever for any injuries, losses or damages of any kind caused by participation in the contest or resulting from acceptance, possession, use/misuse of the prizes. All federal, state and local taxes are the exclusive responsibility of the winners. For "Wrong! Contest," entries will not be returned.
Winners List: For the names of winners, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to STUFF by October 1, 2001. Vermont and Washington residents and residents of other states where this requirement is prescribed by law may omit stamp.

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E-mail

1960: Two boys in Michigan link their Etch A Sketch screens together using copper wire. When one draws nude pictures of Betty and Veronica, the other sees the images immediately, even though he's 10 feet away!

A government project uses the boys' model as the basis for hardwiring all the Etch A Sketch screens in a nuclear facility. Unfortunately, scientists spend all their time drawing crude sketches of ducks, and this overloads the system.

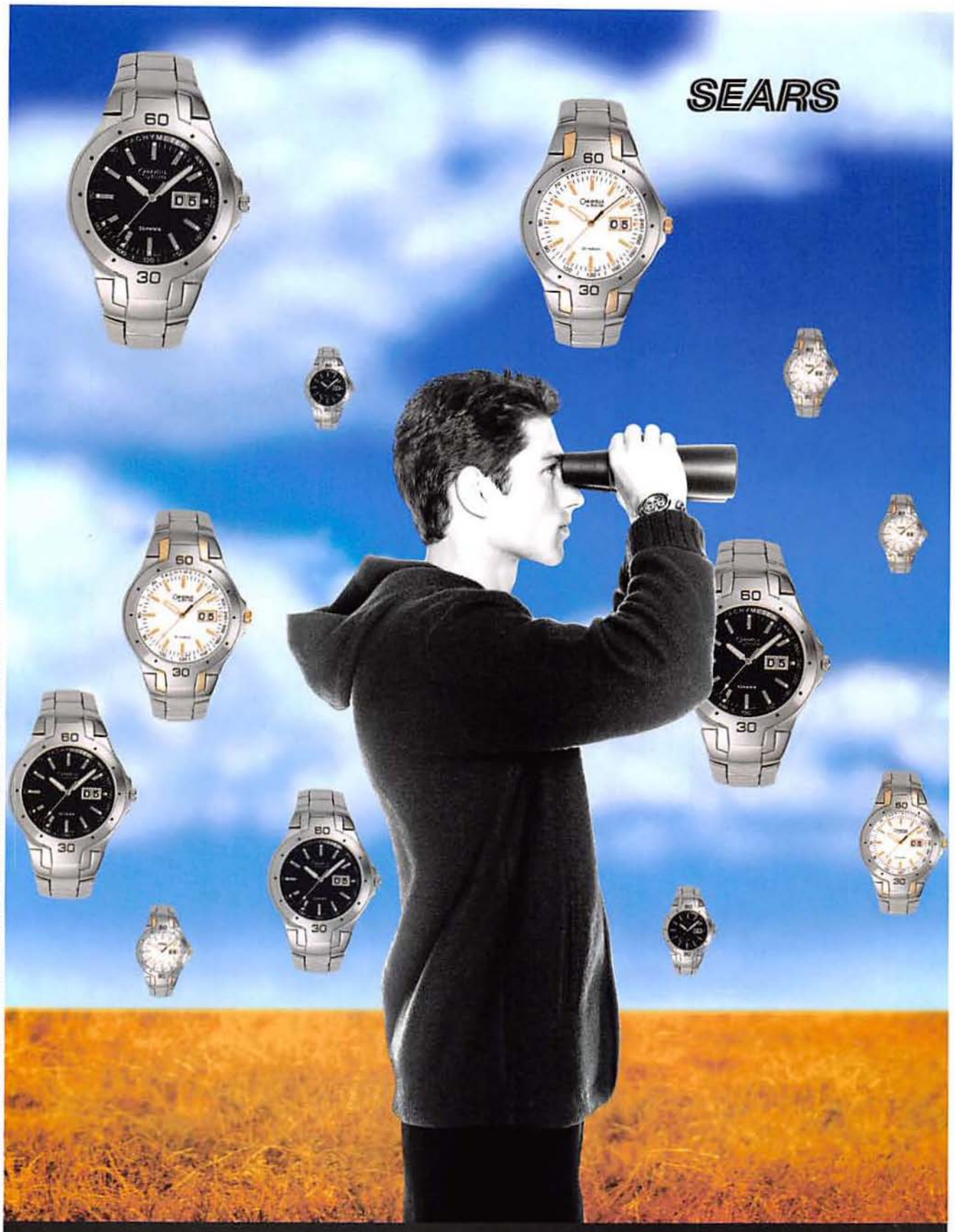
Meanwhile, Soviet scientists are loading instant messages into canisters and routing them. When the tubes are linked to computers, the canisters shatter the screens. Eight million people die. The Soviets blame the capitalists.

Fast-forward 30 years. Technicians find that messages can be easily transmitted if scrawled on poster board and shown to the technicians across the street, who have access to e-mail. They can then relay the message anywhere in the world.

Before long, "electronic mail" is all the rage. Lame jokes that once took months to spread are delivered instantly to desktops around the globe, where they're deleted unread. This requires millions of miles of orange tubes, shown above.

Today, as with so many modern conveniences, we take e-mail for granted. But computer scientists are slaving around the clock in dank basements to make it slightly less cumbersome and glitchy. If they fail, they die.

Illustrations: Simon Brown Words: Denis Boyles



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